December 17, 1938

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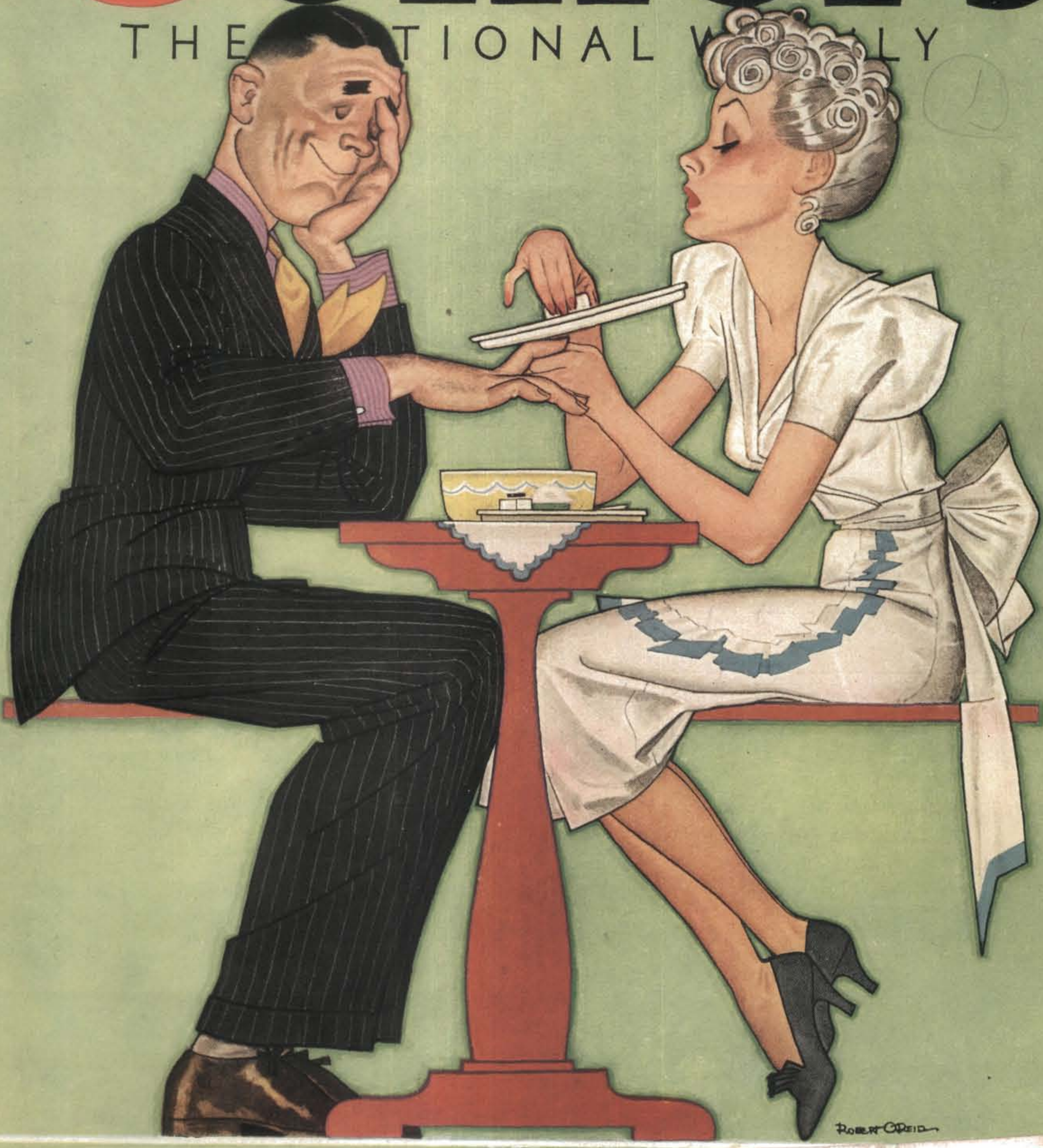

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THE ALL-AMERICA FOOT

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Ec. 17, 1938

NEVER SHEDS! CAN'T GET SOGGY! LASTS LONGER!

IT'S THE TOOTHBRUSH WITHOUT BRISTLES!

The New Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft

Dr. West's
Miracle-Tuft
HARD
DR. WEST'S Miracle-Tuft

SEALED IN GLASS • SURGICALLY STERILE

In the new red and gold label glass tube 50¢

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DuPont Exton* made it possible!

Ends animal bristle troubles forever

① **NO BRISTLE-SHEDDING**—EXTON is uniform—micromatically perfect! Cannot possibly break off or come out in your mouth.

② **100% WATERPROOF**—EXTON is non-porous! This new laboratory-made product cannot get limp or soggy when wet.

③ **LONGER LIFE**—Scientific tests show that EXTON outlasts animal bristle two to one. Yet, cannot scratch the enamel of your teeth.

④ **NEW SPARKLING BRILLIANCE FOR TEETH**—Greater tooth-cleansing power by far than has ever before been possible.

Until now, all good toothbrushes were made with animal bristles. Today, Dr. West's new *Miracle-Tuft* is the *single* exception. It is made with EXTON, a unique bristle-like filament developed by the great DuPont laboratories, and produced *exclusively* for Dr. West's.

Exton has *none* of animal bristle's undesirable qualities. It cannot break, split or pull out. Because each Exton fiber is identical in size and texture you will never find a loose tuft.

Science brings you the *Miracle-Tuft* Toothbrush as a surer way to lovelier, more attractive teeth. Dr. West's offers it to you in the world's most popular design and shape!

New or old—throw away your present toothbrush today. It is obsolete! Help yourself to new smiling beauty with a Dr. West's *Miracle-Tuft* Toothbrush sealed in glass, surgically sterile. 50¢ everywhere.

NEW! REDUCED PRICE ON THE FAMED DR. WEST'S WATER-PROOFED TOOTHBRUSH!

GOOD NEWS! The same famous brush that has outsold all others for years at 50¢! Made of finest natural bristle, water-proofed against sogginess. Now at a price anyone can afford.

Dr. West's
WATER PROOFED
HARD

Packed in new style Blue and Yellow Carton.... Sterilized!..... 35¢

Also try Dr. West's Tooth Paste—an amazingly effective aid to brilliant-white teeth. On sale everywhere.

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* **Heretofore all toothbrushes have been made with animal bristles. Now, after years of research, *DU PONT EXTON BRISTLE*—a product of DuPont Chemistry—has been developed and is used in Dr. West's *Miracle-Tuft* Toothbrush exclusively.**

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A Great New Value

NEW LOWER PRICES!

NO EXTRA COST

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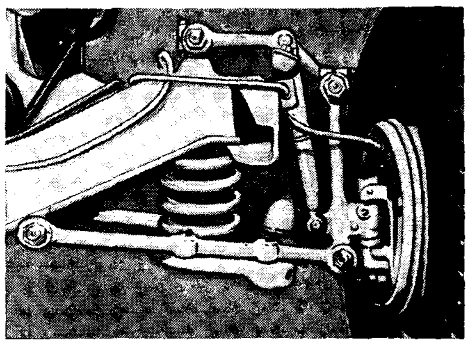
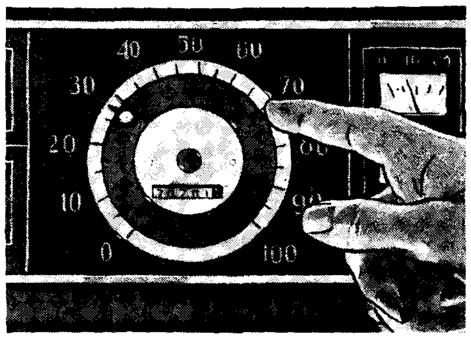
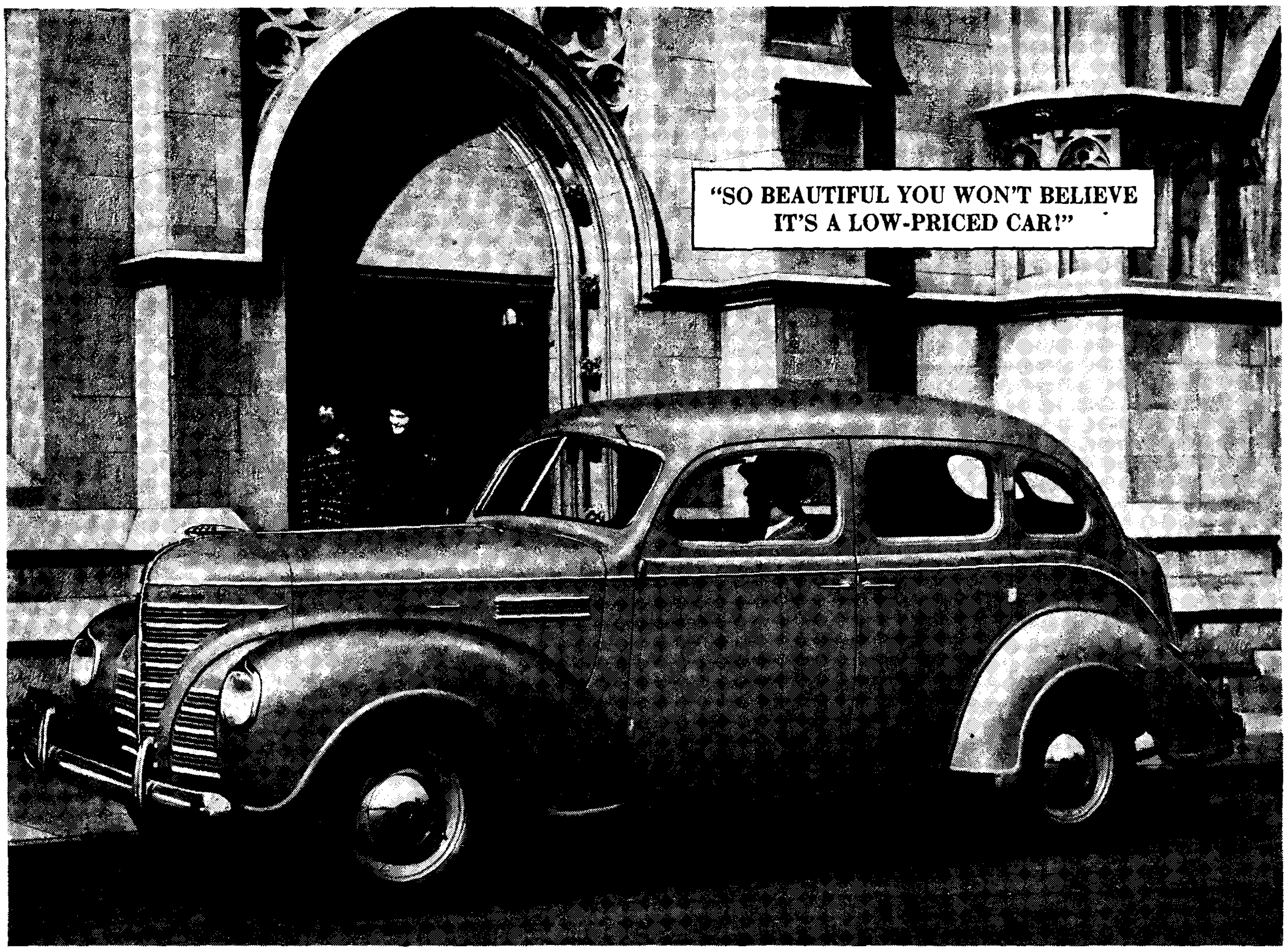


2 NEW COIL SPRINGS of special Amola Steel give a wonderful new ride. Amola Steel is the new marvel of metallurgy.



3 NEW "SAFETY SIGNAL" Speedometer helps you drive safely. A light shows green, amber or red, according to speed.



THE NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH "DE LUXE" Four-Door Touring Sedan...with completely rust-proofed Safety-Steel body. See it today!

Plymouth's Got It... New "Functional Design"... Thrilling New Performance...A Sensational New Ride!

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...glamorous new beauty, and new streamlined safety headlamps that give greatly increased lighting.

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...a marvelously smooth new ride with Plymouth's new Amola Steel Coil Springs and patented Floating Power engine mountings.

...new safety and wonderful new driving ease with its time-proven, double-action hydraulic brakes and new True-Steady steering.

...new ease of control with Perfected Remote Control Shifting and All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission.

Easy to own! Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...with the balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments.

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CONVENIENT TERMS

"Detroit delivered prices" include front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.6 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

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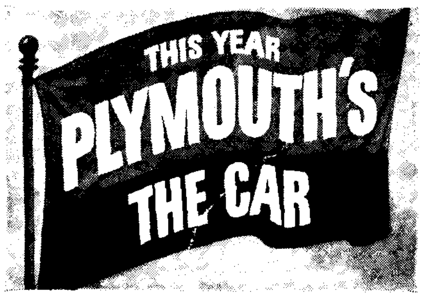
NEW "DE LUXE"



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Collier's

December 17, 1938

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Next Week

FATSO ZIMPF weighs three hundred pounds if he weighs a karat and as he is only about five feet eight inches tall he is really quite a tub of blubber. But Count Gregorio Ferrone is strictly out of line when he calls Fatso a fat bum. In fact, Fatso is insulted because while *he* does not mind being called fat or even a bum he does not care to be called both at the same time.

The only reason Fatso does not reach over and tag the count on the chops is because there is a female character present and Fatso is always very courteous to female characters, even when he can see that they are nothing but mountain lions. Now this, together with one thing and another, is how Fatso Zimpf comes to be the "Palm Beach Santa Claus," under the direction of Mr. Damon Runyon.

THE weather that makes you reach for your galoshes or ruins crops or crowds the beaches is born and bred way up north of the Arctic Circle. Men with little balloons and complicated instruments can watch the process. If there were enough men and enough little balloons there, we could tell weeks or even months in advance just what the weather was going to be. Captain Clifford MacGregor set out on his own to get as much of this information as he could. He tells you of his adventures in tracking the weather to its lair.

AUSTIN was a superb skier. He was so perfect that it was hard to believe that he could have any faults at any time. For Bill it was impossible: Austin had been his "College Hero." Even in the Austrian Alps he continued to be that. And it took Lilli to change his mind. The story is by Robert Spafford.

THE toughest gangster in the world of germs is the one that causes pneumonia; it also produces the most havoc. Hitherto doctors have had no direct way of attacking it. Now a drug has come to their aid. J. D. Ratcliff reports this important discovery.

ROGER SELWYN, on his way to a party on the Barbary Coast, stopped to leave his money for safekeeping with a Chinaman. It was thirty years before he came back. When he did, he had with him a girl who possessed the "Gift of Prophecy." Gouverneur Morris tells their story.

ADDITIONAL contributions come from Aimee Larkin, Agatha Christie, Octavus Roy Cohen, Frederick Mertz, Frank J. Taylor and others. Getting the holidays off to a good start.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

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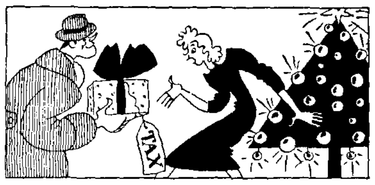
COVER ROBERT O. REID

Any Week

ODDLY enough, suggestions about Christmas are being hurled in this direction. This week brought several. For reasons of their own, most of the writers seem to be in favor of it. But there are exceptions. Mrs. John W. Goelganz of Seattle, Washington, would settle the whole business by taxing Christmas. We've been waiting for somebody to get around to that. Yuletide gifts valued at twenty-five dollars or more would be taxed from five to twenty-five per cent of the value of the gifts. But he who gives presents will discover that it is more blessed. The giver would be taxed from two to eight per cent of the value of what he has given. "This money," writes Mrs. Goelganz, "will be used to pay for military and naval armaments to protect our shores from undesirable aliens."



OFFHAND we'd say that Mrs. Goelganz is a bit late with her plan. The political trend is away from legislative oddities. We're not looking back at the recent elections so much as we're impressed by several reports we've had recently from our agents. Mr. Homer Offspring of Washington, D. C., thinks that he's discovered "a sound salvation note," whatever that is. "I hope," says he, "that you guys will rejoice with me in the fact that today, after five years, there is more stud poker than ping-pong being played in Washington. Other indications that our government is returning to a professional status are plentiful. I saw four of Mr. Harry Hopkins' hottest Rover Boys drinking rum-spiked tea (without lemon, sugar or cream) the other day, and a recent tour of the Treasury Department revealed that six of Mr. Morgenthau's important assistants have given up romantic novel reading at their desks."

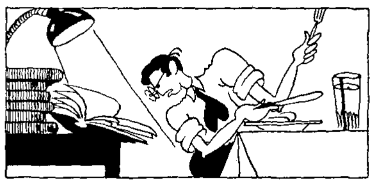
IN THE article "Tennis Money," published in the September 3, 1938, issue of Collier's, George Lott describes some of his experiences as a tennis player. He discussed the expense money that is paid to amateurs. Lott said that on the eve of his departure for Europe with the Davis Cup team in 1928 he and his doubles partner, John Hennessey, were invited to appear before the Executive Committee of the United States Lawn Tennis Association and were questioned about previous expenses. According to Lott's account, he and Hennessey were each required to return about $40 that they had received for expenses on trips around the country.

We have recently received word from John Hennessey about this incident. He says that, insofar as he is concerned, it never happened, and the fact that it didn't occur has been verified by the U.S.L.T.A. officials.

Collier's did not intend to portray Mr. Hennessey in an unfavorable light and it regrets that this reference may have been unfavorably interpreted.

AND Mrs. Horace Mack of Providence, Rhode Island, would mend matters by "making democracy change its name." Says she: "To begin with, the United States is not a democracy. It has gone Republican more than Democrat. The very name democracy gives the wrong idea of our country. We are a nation and not the property of any one party. . . . I offer repocracy or republicy for a starter. P. S. Did you ever work in a bakery?"

THERE'S very little we can do for Mr. Karl Emerhurst of Toronto, Canada. Mr. Emerhurst assures us that he has "absolutely no fault to find with a good wholesome soft drink." He probably has no idea how comforting that is. "But," says Mr. Emerhurst, "can't soft drinks be sold in something else besides bottles? The average child, taking a bottle of soft drink in his hand, drains it like it was beer. In fact, I hear that many a child pretends to his playmates that he is drinking beer. This can easily lead to intemperance or the eventual indulgence in the real thing—alcoholic beverage. Suggestion is very powerful and lasting."



"HOW would you like for me to write something for your magazine?" asks Mr. John Leonardo of San Francisco, California. "This is important. It is something for teachers and parents too, but will be good for school children most. It is about too much homework, which is not only bad for the eyes but I cannot eat my supper comfortably." We're sorry Mr. Leonardo has not given us his address. Our son would like to write to him.

OBJECT: Collaboration. W. D.

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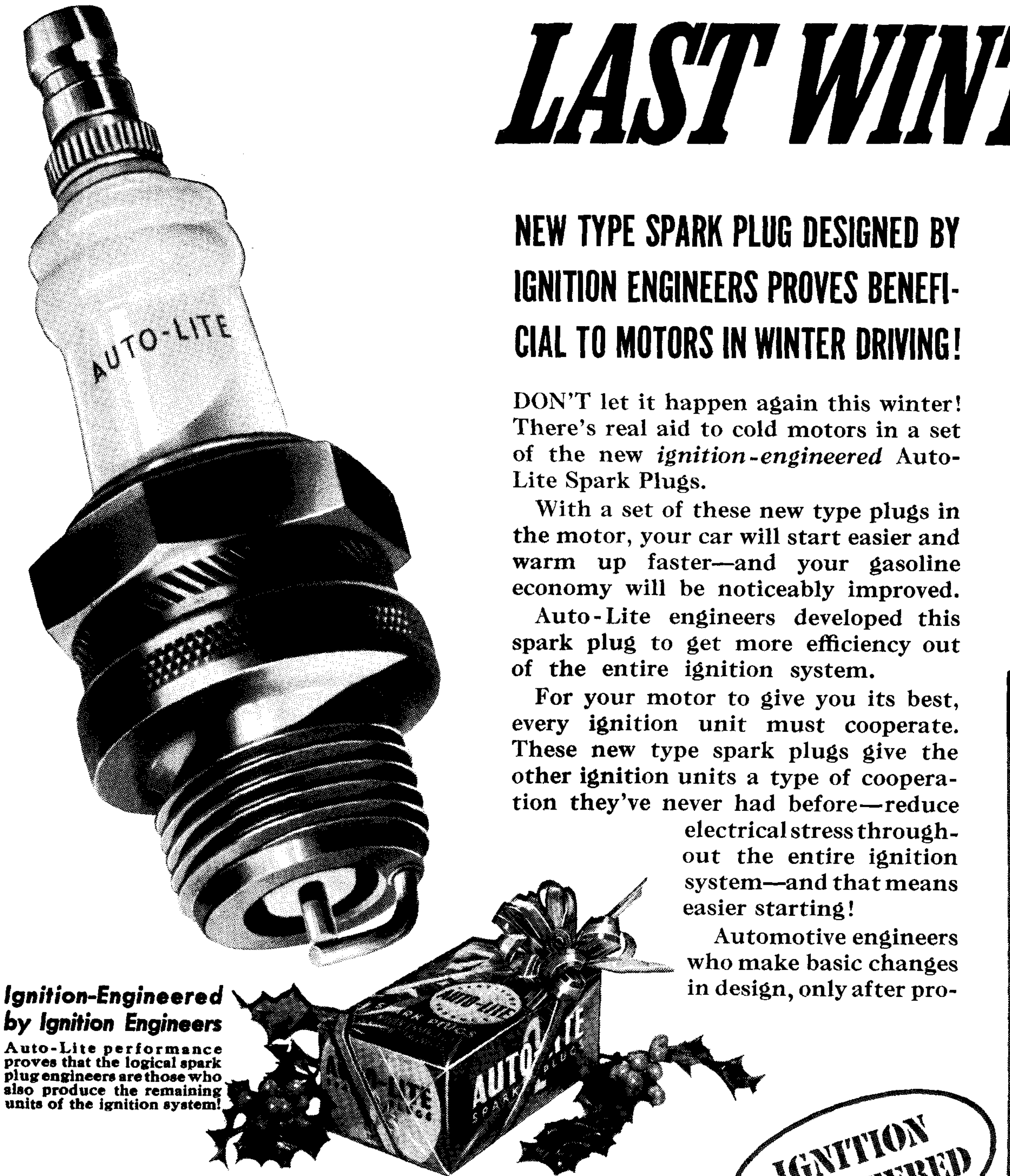
YOUR
AUTO-LITE
SPARK PLUG
DEALER

ARE YOU THE DRIVER WHO HAD TROUBLE STARTING HIS CAR LAST WINTER...?



Ignition-Engineered by Ignition Engineers

Auto-Lite performance proves that the logical spark plug engineers are those who also produce the remaining units of the ignition system!

NEW TYPE SPARK PLUG DESIGNED BY IGNITION ENGINEERS PROVES BENEFICIAL TO MOTORS IN WINTER DRIVING!

DON'T let it happen again this winter! There's real aid to cold motors in a set of the new *ignition-engineered* Auto-Lite Spark Plugs.

With a set of these new type plugs in the motor, your car will start easier and warm up faster—and your gasoline economy will be noticeably improved.

Auto-Lite engineers developed this spark plug to get more efficiency out of the entire ignition system.

For your motor to give you its best, every ignition unit must cooperate. These new type spark plugs give the other ignition units a type of cooperation they've never had before—reduce electrical stress throughout the entire ignition system—and that means easier starting!

Automotive engineers who make basic changes in design, only after prolonged tests and absolute proof of superiority, are adopting Auto-Lites as standard equipment. Eighteen manufacturers have chosen them for 1939 models!

Put Auto-Lites on the job in your car today!

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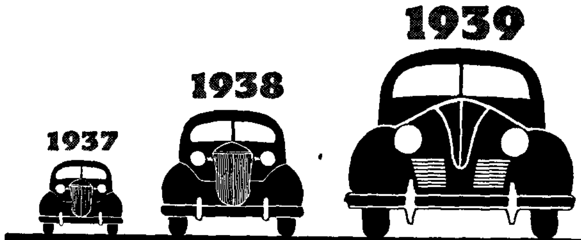

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THESE MANUFACTURERS NOW INSTALL AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS AS STANDARD FACTORY EQUIPMENT

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DIAMOND T
DODGE
GOTFREDSON
GRAMM
NELSON-LeMOON
PLYMOUTH (Commercial)

TRACTORS
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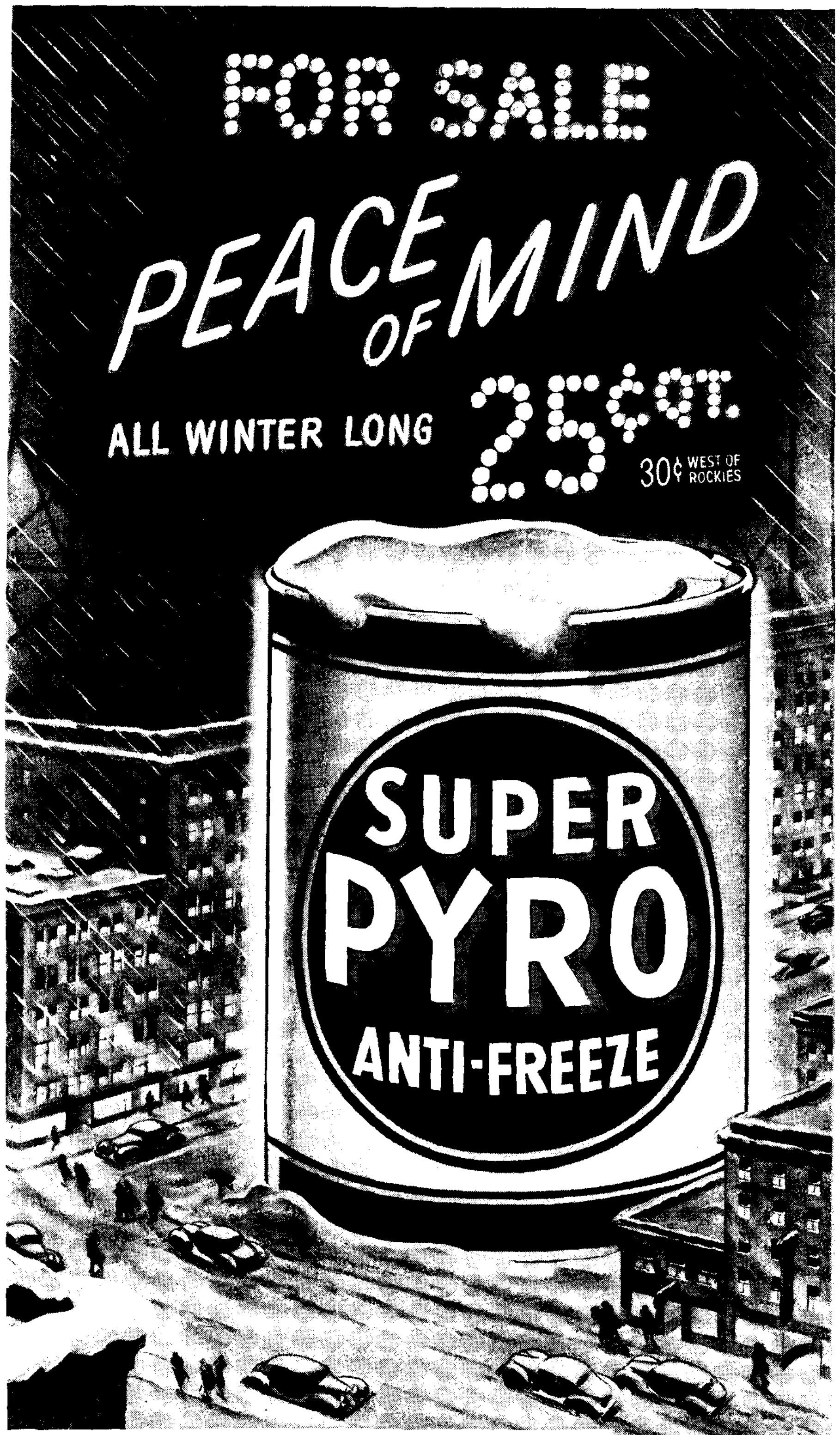
Ask for **AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS**



BECAUSE Super Pyro protects the cooling system of your car against freezing even at lowest temperatures . . . is safe for your engine . . . harmless to your health . . . and *economical* to use—it gives you real peace of mind.

It is an exclusive product of U.S.I., world's oldest manufacturer of anti-freeze. Contains patented ingredients which stop rust and corrosion in the cooling system. Available in 100,000 service stations and garages.

If your cooling system doesn't leak water, it can't leak with Super Pyro. Therefore, no tightening of the engine or radiator is needed. Your service man will put in the right amount of Super Pyro according to the scientific safety chart . . . and you will be on your way again in just two minutes flat.

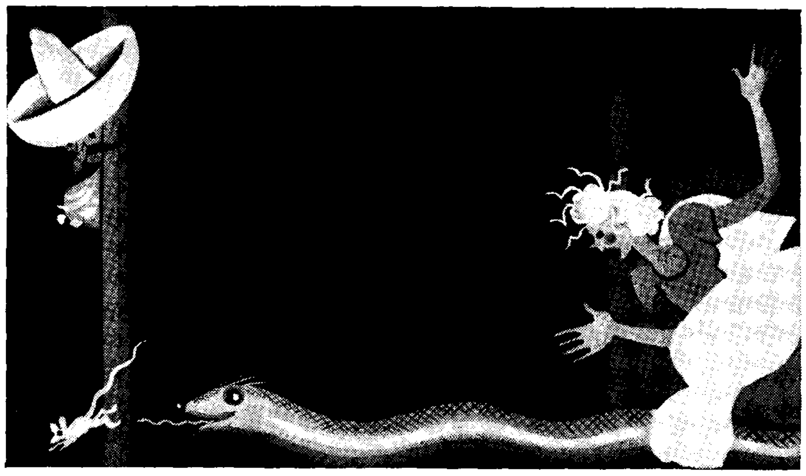
When the weather man predicts a severe cold spell, visit your dealer again . . . maybe an extra quart or two of Super Pyro is needed to give complete protection to sub-zero temperatures.

Get freeze-up worries off your mind *at low cost* by asking your dealer for Super Pyro.

PROVED IN 15 MILLION CARS

Safety Chart
SUPER PYRO

This scientific safety chart shows exactly how much Super Pyro your car needs for complete protection.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Several small-town hotels in Mexico keep boa constrictors to catch rats and mice. The snakes, about ten feet in length, are docile and harmless and reputed to be far better "mousers" than cats.

Some living organisms, such as the bacteria *Streptococcus gracilis,* are so buoyant that, in still air, they require more than three hours to fall one inch.—*By Joe Fulton, Crawfordsville, Indiana.*

Centuries ago in several European countries, an hourglass was usually buried with the dead to symbolize the passing of their brief "hour" of life.

There are about 425 distinct types of Nazi uniforms in use in Germany, more than a hundred of which are unofficial, unauthorized and meaningless. This is exclusive of army, navy, postal service and police and fire department uniforms.—*By Robert J. Wehrle, Norwood, Ohio.*

Back in the old horsecar days, the transfers issued by the street railways in several cities were cleverly designed to prevent their resale and misuse. They carried pictures of four men and four women and the conductor punched the one the passenger most closely resembled.—*By Clinton S. Cook, New York City.*

"Firewater" was an appropriate name for some of the liquor once sold to the American Indians. Often it was a boiled concoction consisting of alcohol, ginger, molasses, tobacco and red pepper that made real whisky seem mild.—*By Emmett McCarthy, Washington, D. C.*

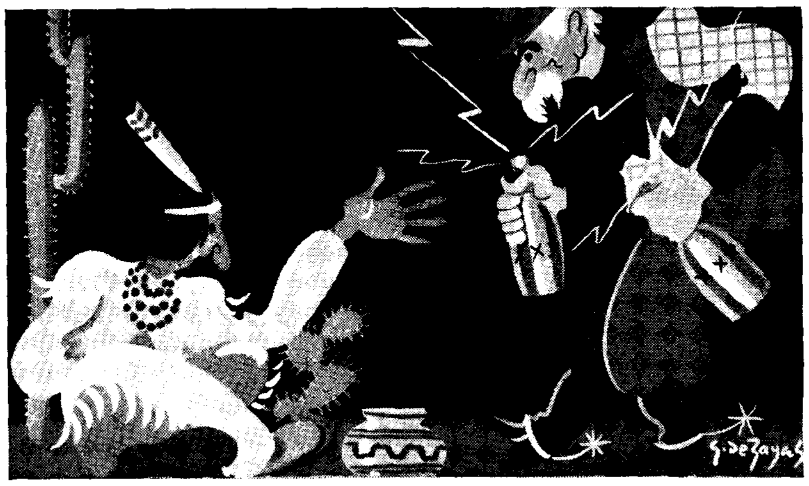
In 1636 a band of about one hundred English colonists settled in what is now the Connecticut Valley and, within three years, wrote and adopted the world's first written constitution of a self-governing people.

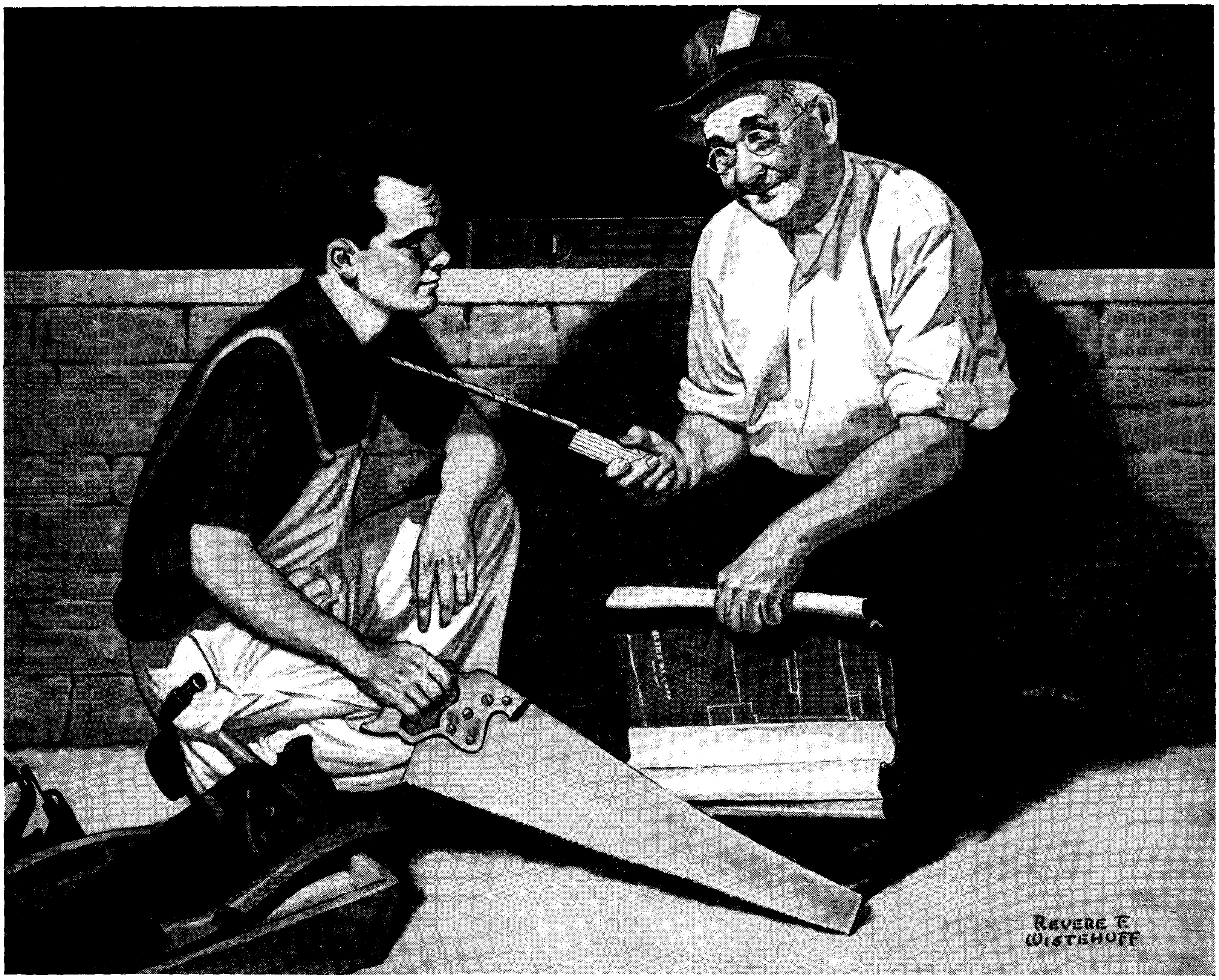
Before horticultural nomenclature was standardized a few years ago, many plants had a large and confusing number of common names. One remarkable example was that of the European white water lily, which had 15 English, 44 French, 81 Dutch and 105 German names, a total of 245 vernacular appellations for this one plant alone.—*By Merrill E. De Longe, Austin, Texas.*

Until recent years, many Oriental peoples believed that they could take a particular possession to the next world if its picture was tattooed on their bodies. The custom was quite prevalent among Hindu women who had pearls thus shown on their necks, bracelets on their wrists and rings on their fingers.

An outstanding case of mistaken identification occurred in a criminal court in Boston in 1913. Seventeen witnesses, all unknown to one another, positively identified the accused as the man who had given them worthless checks. Subsequently he was released from prison through the capture and confession of the real forger who bore no resemblance whatsoever to him.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher





"It took time to make these plans, Son. All planning takes time."

AMONG the possessions you would leave your family if you should die, would you provide the most valuable one of all—TIME TO PLAN LIFE ANEW?

Suppose your income NEXT WEEK should be cut in half, reduced to a quarter of its present amount—or cut off entirely. . . . Your problem at that time would be exactly what most widows face. . . . There is no time for planning. Last month's bills come in. The children must be kept in school. Cheaper living quarters cannot always be found immediately. A family cannot trim expenses right away. They need an income substantially as big as usual for some time to come.

A John Hancock "readjustment" policy gives dependents time to plan by providing adequate income for a limited period. Every family needs one.

Find out about the John Hancock "readjustment" plan. The cost of the small amount of insurance needed to give readjustment benefits is in line with present day incomes. For a booklet illustrating the readjustment plan write Department C-12.

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JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

IT'S A THRIFTY* THRILL LONG DISTANCE LENDS

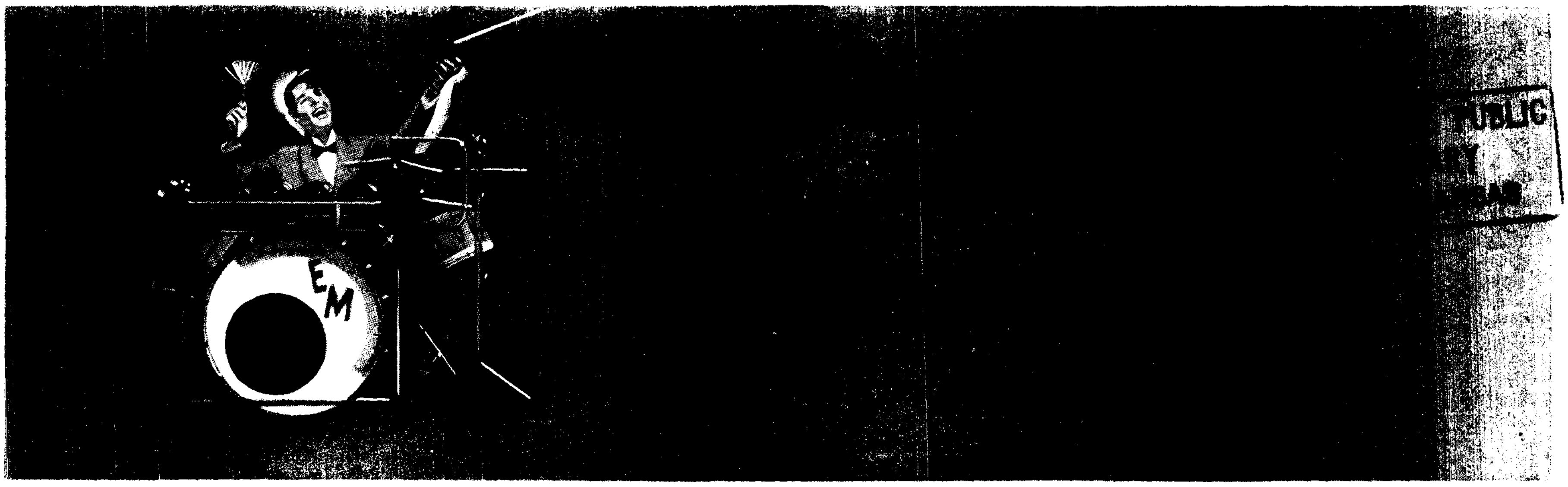
TO HOLIDAY CHATS WITH FAR-OFF FRIENDS!

The holiday season brings back memories of bygone days and old-time friends. You find yourself wondering how they are and what they're doing.

That's the time to pick up your telephone and renew acquaintance across the miles. Greetings are warmer when they're *spoken*. Familiar voices make family news more satisfying. And genuine pleasure goes *both* ways, always.

Try a telephone reunion at holiday time—and you'll want to do it all year round. Rates are low during the day and are even lower to most points after 7 P. M. and all day Sunday. Long Distance rates for calls to many points are listed in the front of your telephone directory.

* *Especially after 7 P. M. or all day Sunday!*



WHEN I went into the society end of the music racket, some years ago, I learned two things right away. The first thing was to forget I was ever a hot-style pianist. The customers at debutante balls, Junior League affairs, and uptown private parties like their music simple. And while I never could beat out a solo like Lenny Hayton, or Fats Waller, still I like to swing out a little, now and then. But that's no good with the richies, so I learned to play strictly oom-pah. Even now, toward the end of a party, when everyone is ginned up on champagne, I sometimes give out with a little fancy noodling, just for the good of my soul. But most of the time I play very straight. It's not good, but it's a living.

The second thing I learned was never to mess around with the customers. That isn't as easy as it sounds. Some of those little biddies out of finishing school would just as soon get amorous about a musician as anybody else. And that's really poison. Keep away from those society dolls, I say. You get mixed up with them, and you just get your feet into a lot of muddy water. Dipsy Dorgan found that out, but he was slow learning. By the time he did, it was too late, and he was facing a murder rap.

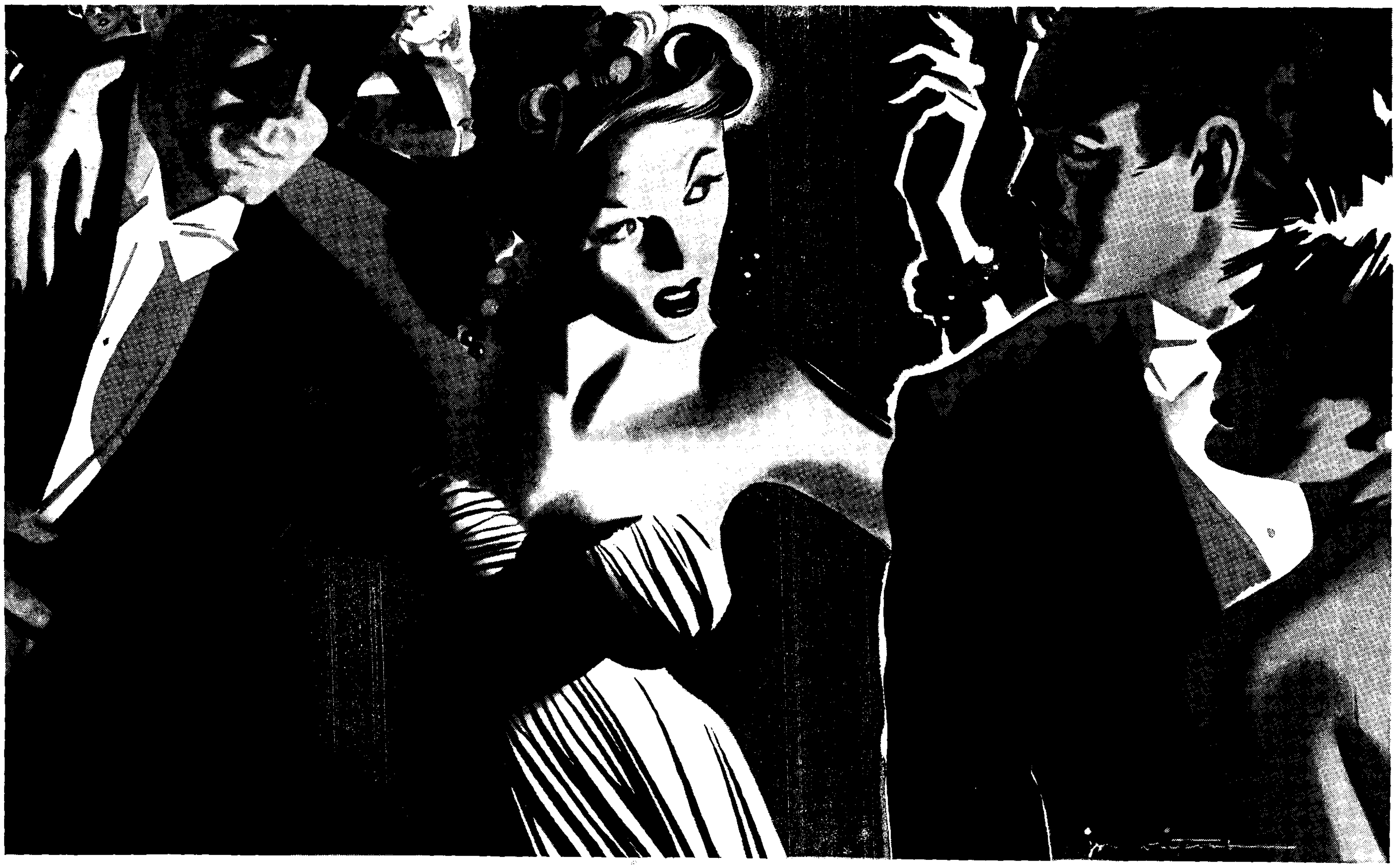
It was too bad, because Dipsy Dorgan will rate up among the greatest trumpet players of all time. A great hot-man like him had even less business than I had going into society work, where his talent wasn't really appreciated. But, like me, he sort of drifted into it, and stayed with it, because it was a good living.

But there was one catch in it. Dipsy was very dumb about the way he handled the customers. You see, he is the tall, blond, handsome type, and those little society dolls couldn't keep their hands off of him. He hadn't been playing private parties very long before the word got around the Junior League, and that was the beginning of Dipsy's downfall. Pretty soon, it got to be the regular thing for some rich mouse to come around the bandstand and put the arm on him. Sooner or later, there would be trouble, and Dipsy began to get nothing but a bad name with the mommas and the poppas. He couldn't help it that he was too dumb to know he was just a sucker for a wrong look.

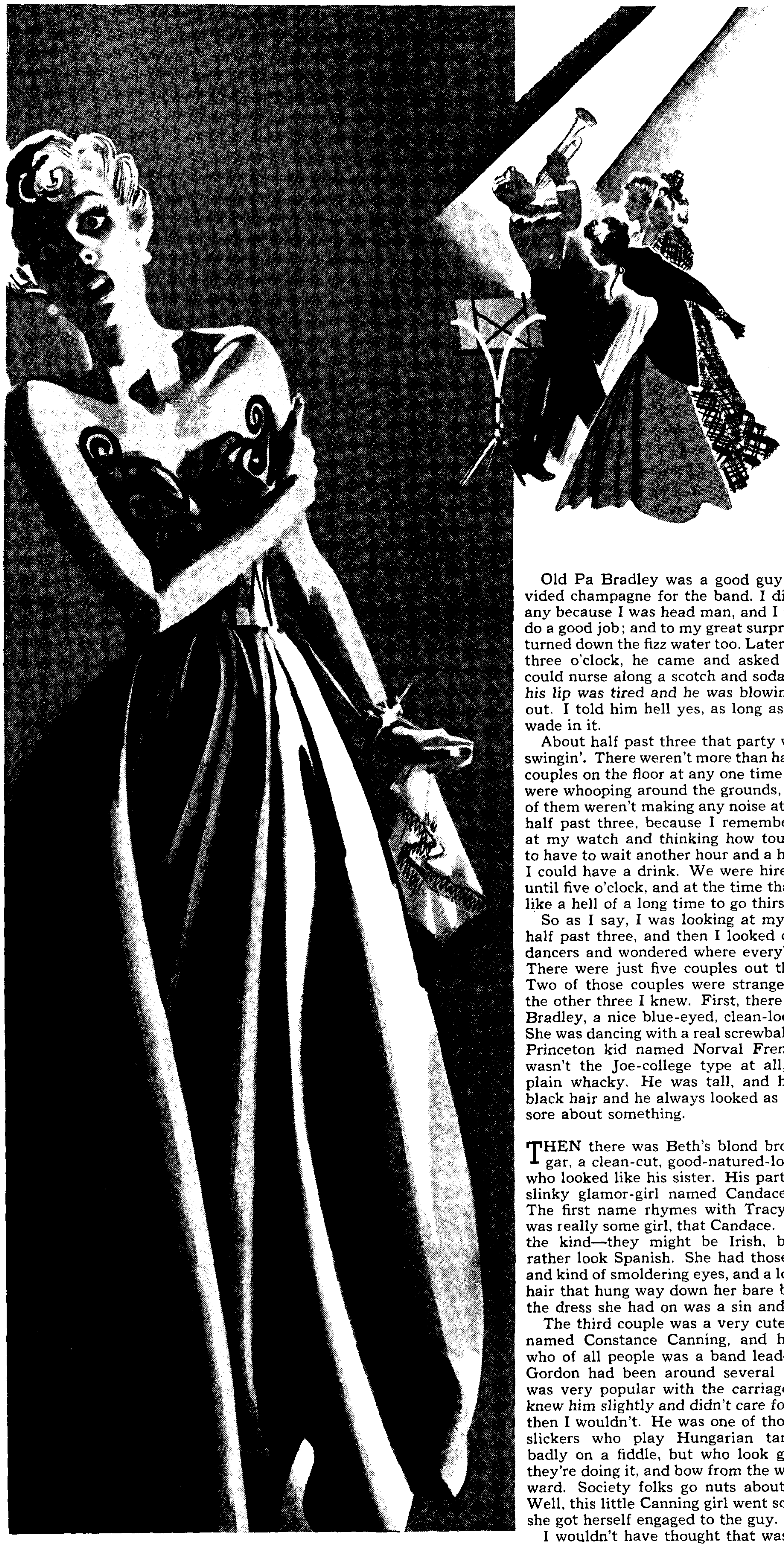
I DIDN'T see him for a long time, until one day, late in the summer, I bumped into him at Hurley's Bar. He hadn't worked for two months, and he was broke. I felt so sorry for the kid that when I got a call the next day to take a small band out to Long Island, I decided to give him another chance. He nearly cried over the phone, he was so grateful.

The thing out on Long Island was a going-away party for Beth Bradley. She was leaving for Paris to take some courses at that Sorbonne school they have over there, so her parents wanted her to have a blowout before she went. They put it on out at their estate near Little Neck. Pa Bradley had a dance floor built out back of the house, right handy to the kitchen, and they invited about a hundred people.

For some reason, good men were hard to find that night, and I landed out there with an awful gang of tramps. There were ten in the band: seven bums, Dipsy and I, and a young drummer by the name of Eddy Moore who is very good. But it wasn't so bad. People of that kind don't know good music when they hear it anyway, so my bunch of clowns got over all right. The rhythm was good, and I had Dipsy, and Dipsy played like the angel Gabriel. He was a terrific hit.



"Anton!" she screamed. "Edgar doesn't want to dance with me any more, he wants to dance with Connie, so you've got to let him"



"I had a motive!" Connie babbled. "I hated Candace Armour! She was trying to take Anton away from me. But I didn't kill her!"

Old Pa Bradley was a good guy and provided champagne for the band. I didn't have any because I was head man, and I wanted to do a good job; and to my great surprise, Dipsy turned down the fizz water too. Later on, about three o'clock, he came and asked me if he could nurse along a scotch and soda. He said his lip was tired and he was blowing himself out. I told him hell yes, as long as he didn't wade in it.

About half past three that party was really swingin'. There weren't more than half a dozen couples on the floor at any one time. The rest were whooping around the grounds, and some of them weren't making any noise at all. I say half past three, because I remember looking at my watch and thinking how tough it was to have to wait another hour and a half before I could have a drink. We were hired to play until five o'clock, and at the time that seemed like a hell of a long time to go thirsty.

So as I say, I was looking at my watch at half past three, and then I looked out at the dancers and wondered where everybody was. There were just five couples out there then. Two of those couples were strangers to me; the other three I knew. First, there was Beth Bradley, a nice blue-eyed, clean-looking girl. She was dancing with a real screwball, a young Princeton kid named Norval Frentrup. He wasn't the Joe-college type at all, but just plain whacky. He was tall, and had bushy black hair and he always looked as if he were sore about something.

THEN there was Beth's blond brother, Edgar, a clean-cut, good-natured-looking boy who looked like his sister. His partner was a slinky glamor-girl named Candace Armour. The first name rhymes with Tracy, and she was really some girl, that Candace. You know the kind—they might be Irish, but they'd rather look Spanish. She had those full lips, and kind of smoldering eyes, and a lot of black hair that hung way down her bare back. And the dress she had on was a sin and a shame.

The third couple was a very cute little girl named Constance Canning, and her fiancé, who of all people was a band leader. Anton Gordon had been around several years and was very popular with the carriage trade. I knew him slightly and didn't care for him, but then I wouldn't. He was one of those slender slickers who play Hungarian tangos very badly on a fiddle, but who look good while they're doing it, and bow from the waist afterward. Society folks go nuts about his type. Well, this little Canning girl went so nuts that she got herself engaged to the guy.

I wouldn't have thought that was so smart for her, but it was mighty nice for Anton Gordon. He was marrying into an awful mess of dollars there. He could lay down his fiddle for keeps if he wanted to. In the meantime, he was enjoying taking nights off from work, and coming around to parties like this and acting like one of the customers.

While I was watching Anton and his girl friend, there was a big whoop, and Candace Armour started running very unsteadily across the dance floor dragging Edgar Bradley with her.

"Anton!" she screamed, in an awful, raucous voice. "Anton, listen! Edgar doesn't want to dance with me any more; he wants to dance with Connie, so you've got to let him, and then you dance with me. Anton, you got to. Edgar's in love with Connie, only he's too bashful to let on about it, so be magnanimous and go ahead and let him dance with her."

Candace was lit. Edgar was sort of standing to one side with astonishment written all over his face. He made some feeble motions of denying the whole thing, but Anton came through and kind of saved the situation by bowing elegantly and turning Connie over to Edgar. Then he put his arms around Candace and swept her off in the opposite direction.

I YELLED over my shoulder to the band to *segue* into Dipsy Doodle. I figured Candace needed exercise, and with Dipsy Dorgan and Eddy Moore to give her the beat, she would get it. Beth Bradley gave me a grateful look as she danced by with Norval Frentrup. His face just then was a picture. In fact, it was like some of the faces you see in old daguerreotypes of those young Confederate officers. The blazing-eyed type. His eyes were blazing at Candace right then. I recall thinking to myself: Why should that Frentrup kid look so annoyed at a drunken dame? Drink and let drink is my motto. But right there Dorgan picked up his solo on Dipsy Doodle, and he really got off. He played three sensational choruses, and by the time we finished the number the crowd was all coming back onto the dance floor.

Up to this point, everything about the party was perfectly normal. Candace was drunk and disorderly but so what? Beth Bradley had had plenty but she was holding it well, and as for Frentrup, you couldn't tell he wasn't drunk if you saw him sober. As I say, up to now, the party was perfectly normal, but then a couple of little things happened that were annoying, and at the same time were a little spooky. When they happened, I felt silly to be paying them any attention; later on I kind of wondered, although I didn't see how they could really have any significance.

In the first place, after we finished Dipsy Doodle, we started a full arrangement of a slow number, Thanks for the Memory. And on the very first chord, this yokel I have playing tenor sax delivered a nice clinker. He played a B flat instead of a B natural, which changes that bright opening chord into a gloomy minor one. I shuddered; I didn't even look around. I wondered what he would do to mess up the eight-bar solo he had coming up in the last chorus. When he came to it, the big ham elected to play it hot. He honked out the first four bars of Taps in rhythm. My hair stood straight on end, and I lifted my hands off the keyboard for the moment. Musically, Taps fit that place in the tune we were playing—after a fashion—but any musician will tell you it's extremely bad luck to play it unless you're playing it for someone who's dead.

I WAS thinking up some choice words to hand that tenor man, and at the same time trying to decide what to play next, when Eddy Moore, the drummer, yelled over at me.

"Hey, Johnny," he yelled, "I just got a request."

"Well, what is it?" I snapped. Eddy is the nuts as a drummer, but he's awful vague. I had to ask him what the request number was.

"Oh!" he said—he just remembered he hadn't told me the title—"Somebody wants to hear I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You."

I suppose that title should have made my scalp crawl, but it didn't. It's a good old barrel-house number, and the fact that it was requested didn't *(Continued on page 40)*

Least Effort

By Katharine Roberts

The only thing that keeps Mr. Robert Morley from complete immobility is a genial desire to be agreeable. This has made him a playwright and an actor

ROBERT MORLEY has a great-aunt Mary who awakened one morning and said, "I think I'll stay in bed today." She stayed in bed seven years. Then one day she got up and, without more ado, started on a trip around the world. He thinks that during the seven years she may have taken an occasional short walk, but if she did it was very occasional and very short. He is not really sure she took one. She typifies the Morley family. They all love bed. Actor Robert Morley has inherited this family predilection in concentrated form. Next to staying in bed and sleeping, his preference is for sitting around doing nothing. But, like his celebrated relative, when once roused, he is likely to make a large gesture.

He hoisted himself out of the downy about a year ago to travel six thousand miles from London to Hollywood to take a special film test. He'd never been in pictures before, but he stayed long enough to play Louis XVI in the film Marie Antoinette, and casually walked off with the acting honors of the picture. Then he went back to England, rested a little, and returned this autumn to give such a performance on Broadway in Oscar Wilde as to cause the first-night audience, usually known as the "deathwatch," to start climbing over the seats at the final curtain, yelling "Bravo!" and behaving generally as though they would have liked some of Oscar's own sunflowers to wave at the large, plump gentleman who, in a state of pleased bewilderment, took twenty curtain calls up on the stage.

Something over a year before this, Mr. Morley had roused himself to write a play—his second one—and it opened in London this season while the New York audience was still dancing in the streets over Oscar. The London play is called, Goodness, How Sad, and is a definite success. Consequently, Mr. Morley, age thirty, is being heard in London as a playwright, heralded as an acting genius on the New York stage, and seen for the first time in pictures all at once.

When Oscar Wilde was being cast, producer and playwright sent for Morley, thinking that at least he'd be delighted at a chance to try for the part. He wasn't but he agreed just out of a genial desire to help them out of a tight spot. But he felt rather doubtful of the whole thing.

He absorbed the extra-long part in two days and, with the remaining six days of rehearsal, gave on the opening night a performance that was the sensation of London. In fact, says Mr. Stokes, who ought to know, it was exactly the same performance he is now giving here.

If there is one thing Morley abhors, it is exercise. But he apparently thinks better on his feet, so he roams about the room when talking to you, collapsing into a chair now and then for more meditative moments.

The reason he scatters everything on the floor is because he was sent to military schools where he was taught to be neat. He is still objecting to it. His father, Major Robert Morley, having retired early from active army service due to wounds in the Boer War, decided when young Robert put in appearance at Semley-in-Wiltshire that he should carry on the family tradition. At the word "tradition," he let out his first squall. It took half a dozen governesses before he was ready for prep school.

After the nurse-governess stage, he was in six or seven prep schools. "Some of them didn't like me," he states, "and I didn't like some of them." To be accurate, he didn't like any of them.

A couple of years at Wellington College, "where they don't give a boy a split second to himself," made it perfectly clear to the family that Major Morley's son, Bob, wasn't going to be an army man no matter what they did. So his father thought he might make a diplomat.

Young Robert embarked for the Continent to learn languages. His first (*Continued on page* 39)

IFOR THOMAS

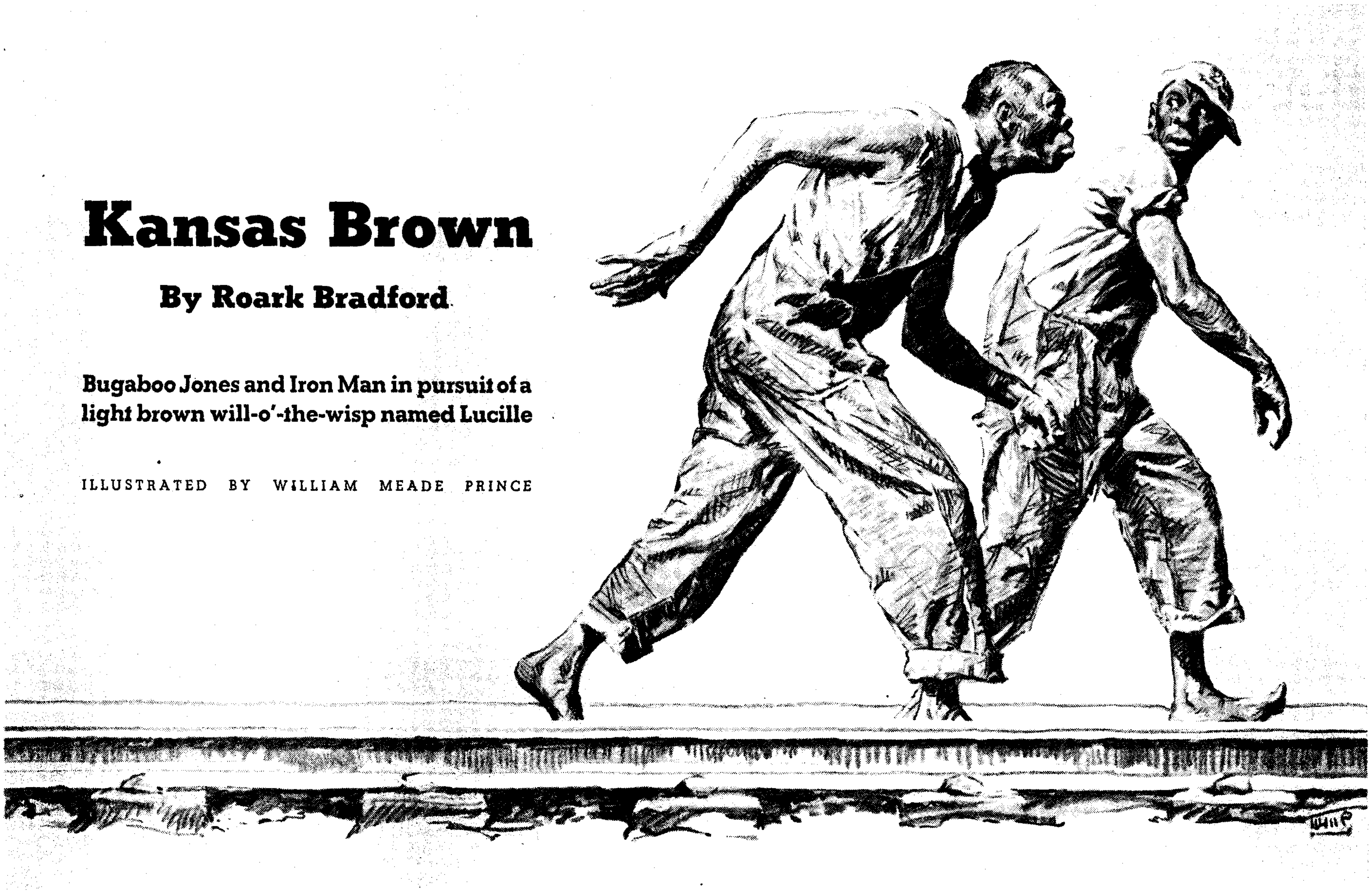
Robert Morley as Oscar Wilde in his last tragic days in Paris, in the current Broadway dramatic success

Kansas Brown

By Roark Bradford

Bugaboo Jones and Iron Man in pursuit of a light brown will-o'-the-wisp named Lucille

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



THE trouble with Bugaboo Jones was he was bored. And worse, he did not know it. He had climbed to the after texas deck of the steamboat, John D. Grace, to exchange smart-talk with May Bell, the steamboat's colored maid. May Bell was able usually to provide an escape from the humdrum of work, sleep and riding. But today, with crisp little breezes blowing across the deck from time to time, even May Bell was no tonic.

"What ail you, May Bell," Bugaboo Jones told her without much feeling, "you's too big in de body and too little in de haid."

"My haid big enough," retorted May Bell.

"Big enough, yas," Bugaboo conceded, "but you stayed wid de little gals in yo' brains. You got de brains like a baby."

He walked away before the maid could think of a suitable reply. At the stern of the boat he stood, arms resting on the rail, and watched the huge paddlewheel churn the muddy water. The old wheel was kicking up a heap of foam and pushing the boat along upstream. That old wheel had already shoved the boat against the current from New Orleans, past Baton Rouge, past Natchez and past Vicksburg.

"And dat's good to git away f'm all dem places," the big roustabout ruminated. "I'm sick er all er dem towns."

Then, in the natural sequence of his mental processes, he realized that the wheel was getting them on toward Greenville. He made a rueful mouth at the idea.

"Dat's bad," he complained. "I'd might' druther be at anywhar in de world den at Greenville."

Directly below, on the boiler deck, Munroe was peeling potatoes and singing softly to himself:

"Well, I wawked up Main and I turned
down Beale,
Say I'm huntin' for a lady dat dey calls
Lucille,
But she moved to Kansas City, baby,
Whar dey don't like you."

"Dad blame my hide!" exclaimed Bugaboo. "Dat song make me too sorry." He turned abruptly and walked down the two flights of steps to the main deck. There his friend, Iron Man, was half asleep, breathing a lonesome tune into a harmonica.

Bugaboo listened for a moment and, without even thinking about it, he sang softly:

"Well, hit's so much er dis, and so much
er dat,
To I wish I don't be's whar I'm is at;
Well, I'm bound for Kansas City, baby,
Whar dey don't like me."

IRON MAN sat up and grinned. "What de matter, Bugaboo?" he asked. "You got de eetchin' heel, too?"

"How come you think I'm got a eetchin' *heel?*"

"You was singin' a travelin' song," Iron Man said.

"You was blowin' hit on dat harp," Bugaboo accused.

"Dat's right," admitted Iron Man. "And I'm blowin' dat song on account er I got ramblin' in my soul."

"Whar you fixin' to git about at?" Bugaboo asked.

"Ah, Lawd," Iron Man mused dreamily. "Hit'll be hard to find a place whar I ain't never been at. I done been at Memphis and Argenta and Mageehee and Marked Tree and Luxora and all er dem places."

Bugaboo was impressed. "I ain't never did no travelin'," he confessed. "Only up and down de river. Memphis ought to suit me, f'm what I hyars."

"Memphis!" snorted Iron Man. "What dey got in Memphis?"

"I hyared Munroe singin' 'bout a lady up dar, name er Lucille. But she done moved to Kansas City."

"Kansas City!" Iron Man exclaimed. "Boy, I bet dat town would suit me."

"What dey got in Kansas City?" Bugaboo wanted to know.

"A lady name er Lucille, de song say," laughed Iron Man.

Bugaboo got the idea. "Suits me, too," he chuckled. "Mind out, Lucille, cause hyar I comes, all de way to Kansas City, like a windin' ball."

That settled, Bugaboo went to sleep and dreamed of far-off places filled with handsome women who had a quick smart word for a big man like him, and all of them were named Lucille.

Bugaboo awoke suddenly and took up the conversation where it had left off.

"How," he wanted to know, "is us gonter git to Kansas City?"

"Hunh?" It was the first time the question had occurred to Iron Man and it required a minute to think up the answer. "Ride on a train, I reckon," he decided. "Hit ain't no boats runnin' above Greenville, ev'y since I quit roustin' up dis-away."

Bugaboo thought that was reasonable enough, but the matter of the train worried him. "I hyars," he stated, "dat hit costes money to ride de plush, and us ain't got one dime."

Iron Man was a seasoned traveler. "Us ain't fixin' to ride de plush," he explained. "Us fixin' to leap in some old lonesome boxcar and ride her to she stops. And den when she stops, us gonter git out. And dar we be's."

"Sounds good," Bugaboo agreed, "but whar us gonter leap in dat boxcar?"

"Greenville. Us git over to de C. & G.—"

"Well, anyway," Bugaboo said, "de wawkin' hyar is mo' better den hit was along de ditch"

"What dat?" Bugaboo inquired.

"De Cough and Grunt," Iron Man explained. "Hit's a railroad which I he'ped build when I was up hyar, doin' railroad work, one time."

"Mind out, boxcar!" Bugaboo yelled enthusiastically. "I'm fixin' to ride you down!"

He closed his eyes and slept until the dinner gong waked him.

SHORTLY after noon, the boat landed at the long concrete ramp at Greenville landing. There was but an hour's work of toting off a consignment of freight, and Bugaboo and Iron Man took their places in line, just as though jumping boat was the thing farthest from their minds.

"Us start loadin' at daylight in de mawnin'," the driver warned them. "Ev'ybody better be ready to git in line when I hollers, efn y'all wants to ride dis boat back to N'Awlins."

Bugaboo and Iron Man exchanged confidential grins, and started across the levee. They wandered about town until they came to the railroad tracks. Iron Man, who was acting as guide, had become confused in the streets that crossed at odd angles, but when he and Bugaboo came upon four boxcars coupled to a railroad engine, he felt reassured.

"Hyar de C. & G.," Iron Man announced. "Jest *whar I built hit* when I was doin' dat railroadin' work."

They climbed into an open boxcar

(Continued on page 30)

The All-America Football Team

By Grantland Rice

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THE All-America Football Team of 1938—Collier's forty-ninth—takes its bow. The new lineup in football's hall of fame emerges from a season that ran riot in color and action, a season that in many ways stands as football's all-time peak.

It was a season that found Notre Dame, Texas Christian, Duke, Tennessee and Oklahoma driving together along in the lead with Pittsburgh and others in close pursuit.

It was a season where man power and speed wrote most of the story when it came to victory.

It was a year in which the East finally took the lead again in all-around team strength. The South was also well set up, but the Big Ten in general was below its normal par and the Pacific Coast slipped several notches.

Notre Dame upheld most of the prestige of the Midwest with one of the best squads South Bend has sent into action through many years. Texas Christian led the Southwest, while Oklahoma had one of the country's best.

These teams from coast to coast drew out the greatest all-time attendance in the somewhat ancient history of the game. Notre Dame alone played to nearly 500,000 spectators in its nine-game schedule, a record that has never been surpassed.

There were over 12,000 football players in action this last fall and most of them were young, keen, strong and well-coached. The reserves and the replacements for the shock troops won any number of games that otherwise might have been lost.

It is from this widespread panorama that we move into the selection of Collier's forty-ninth All-America team.

How can eleven men be named from 12,000 starters and over 400 stars? The answer must include: 1. Length of service. 2. Outstanding ability. 3. Schedule played. 4. Check on every game played from September to December by Collier's All-America Board of nine experts, with the assistance and support of all the leading coaches and officials.

In looking over the long list I find an unusual number of fine passers: O'Brien of T. C. U., Luckman of Columbia, Pingel of Michigan State, Cahill of Holy Cross, Bottari of California, Sidat-Singh of Syracuse, to mention a few around the top. The list shows a group of fine centers, high-class ends and brilliant backs with the usual scarcity of outstanding guards and tackles.

From this extended list, carefully covered by Collier's All-America Board of veteran football writers, the survivors in turn were all checked by opposing coaches and players.

As this has been largely a season of squad strength, it is the All-America squad that is important. Replacements here would be practically on a par with the first-string set.

For this reason our All-America squad, from which the final eleven are picked, carries more than normal importance. Here it is:

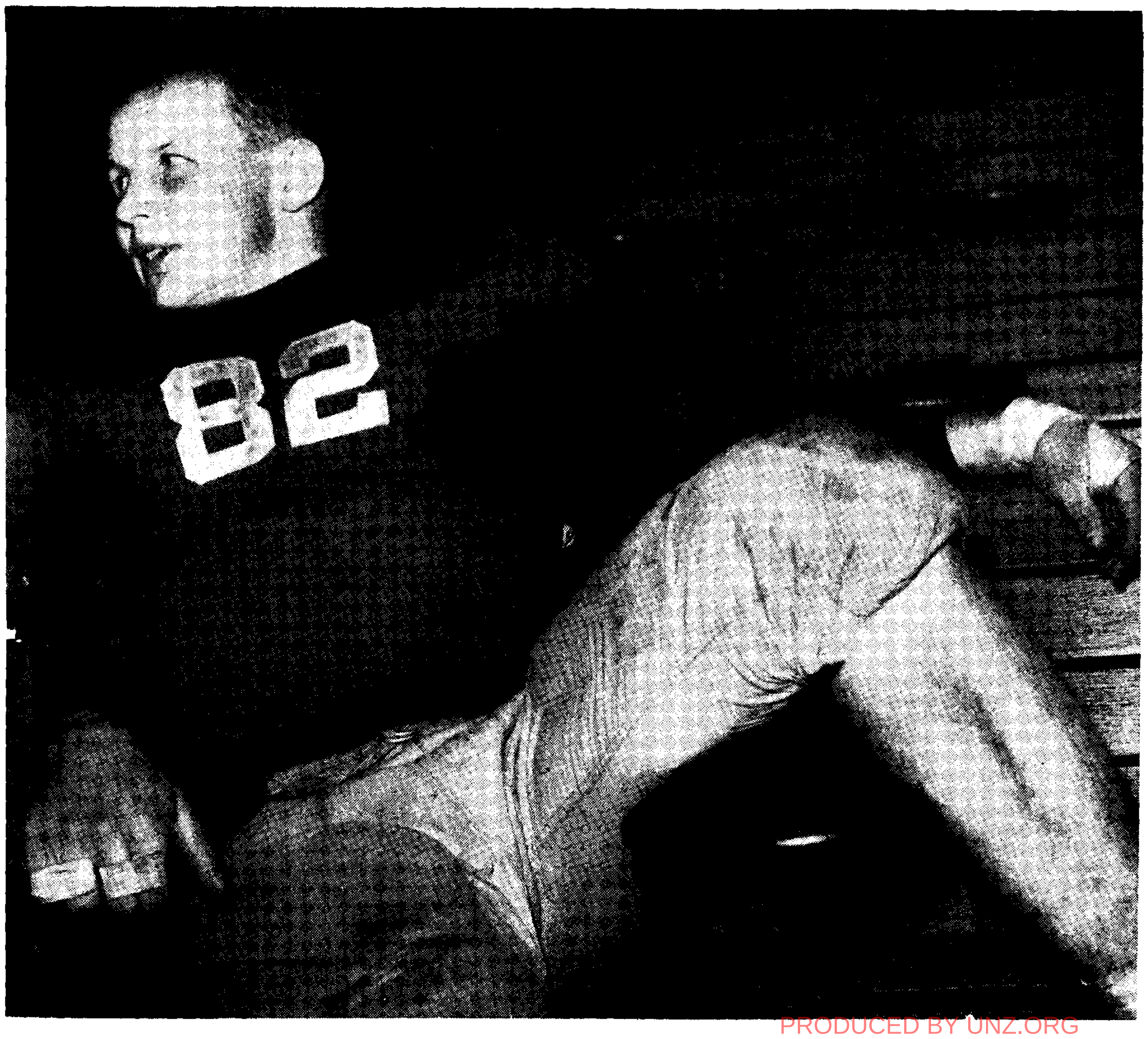
Centers: Aldrich, T. C. U.; Hill, Duke; Gibson, Dartmouth; Brock, Nebraska.

Guards: Heikkinen, Michigan; Roth, Cornell; H. Smith, Southern California; Bock, Iowa State; Suffridge, Tennessee.

Tackles: Beinor, Notre Dame; McKeever, Cornell; Wolff, Santa Clara; Maronic, North Carolina; Coon, North Carolina State; Russell, Auburn; Stella, Army.

Ends: Wyatt, Tennessee; Young, Oklahoma; Brown, Notre Dame; Holland, Cornell.

Backs: MacLeod, Dartmouth; Bottari, California; O'Brien, T. C. U.; Goldberg and Stebbins, Pittsburgh; Hall, Mississippi; Cafego, Tennessee; Lans-



Tackle William McKeever majors in Chemistry at Cornell. He's captain of the track team, holding school record for hammer throw. Hobbies: hunting, fishing. He hopes to find first job as apprentice in a large industrial establishment and work up to an eventual executive position. He will not play pro football

Ki Aldrich

CENTER — TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY
HEIGHT, 5:11 — WEIGHT, 193 — AGE, 21
HOME, TEMPLE, TEXAS

Ralph Heikkinen

GUARD — UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
HEIGHT, 5:10 — WEIGHT, 180 — AGE, 21
HOME, RAMSEY, MICHIGAN

A. Sidney Roth

GUARD — CORNELL UNIVERSITY
HEIGHT, 5:11 — WEIGHT, 205 — AGE, 21
HOME, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Joseph Edward Beinor

TACKLE — UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME
HEIGHT, 6:2 — WEIGHT, 207 — AGE, 21
HOME, HARVEY, ILLINOIS

William McKeever

TACKLE — CORNELL UNIVERSITY
HEIGHT, 6:2 — WEIGHT, 210 — Age, 22
HOME, WAYNE, PENNSYLVANIA

Bowden Wyatt

END — UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE
HEIGHT, 6:0 — WEIGHT, 182 — AGE, 20
HOME, KINGSTON, TENNESSEE

Roland Young

END — UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA
HEIGHT, 6:2 — WEIGHT, 201 — AGE, 22
HOME, PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA

David O'Brien

QUARTERBACK — TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY
HEIGHT, 5:7 — WEIGHT, 150 — AGE, 20
HOME, DALLAS, TEXAS

Robert F. MacLeod

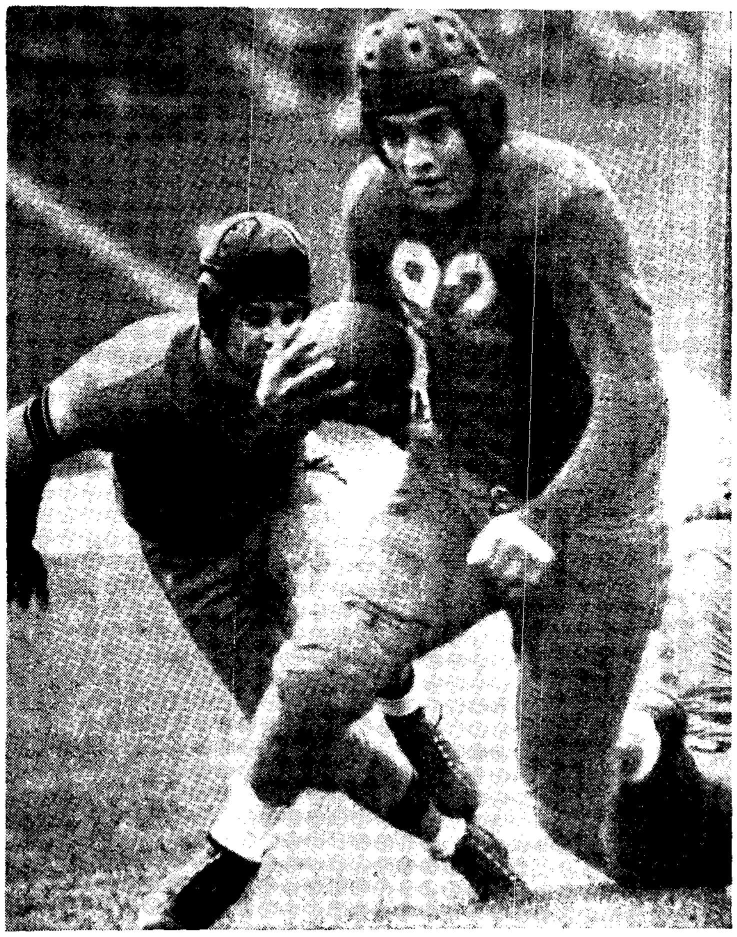
HALFBACK — DARTMOUTH COLLEGE
HEIGHT, 6:0 — WEIGHT, 190 — AGE, 20
HOME, GLEN ELLYN, ILLINOIS

Vic Bottari

HALFBACK — UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
HEIGHT, 5:9 — WEIGHT, 177 — AGE, 21
HOME, VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

Marshall Goldberg

FULLBACK — UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH
HEIGHT, 6:0 — WEIGHT, 192 — AGE, [illegible]
HOME, ELKINS, WEST VIRGINIA



Halfback Vic Bottari of California majors in Physical Education. Won eleven sports letters at Vallejo High School and once threw football 230 feet for California record. His ambition is to become as great a coach as Stub Allison but does not intend to play pro football. Above, Bottari in the California-Oregon State game

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●

Fullback Marshall Goldberg studies Economics and Journalism at Pittsburgh. His ambition is to coach an outstanding football team. Does not intend to play pro ball but may if offers are good. Plans to enter father's real-estate business

dell, U. S. C.; Weiss, Wisconsin; Luckman, Columbia; Condit, Carnegie Tech; Osmanski, Holy Cross; Todd, Texas A. and M.; Pingel, Michigan State; Willis, Clemson; Brock, Purdue; Wilson, Harvard.

Why Selections Were Made

Upon what basis were the final awards made? The race at center was among Aldrich, T. C. U.; Hill of Duke, and Brock of Nebraska. Aldrich, a fine center in 1937, reached his peak this last fall. The battle for the guards found Heikkinen of Michigan, Roth of Cornell and H. Smith of Southern California in the lead. Smith was a fine guard after a slow start but Heikkinen and Roth completed three years of outstanding play.

As usual there was a scarcity of good tackles with Beinor and McKeever in the lead. It might be mentioned here that Roth and McKeever were the star performers of a powerful Cornell line, the best line I saw all year. McKeever at two hundred and ten and Roth at two hundred and five were big, fast, alert and aggressive, star veterans of three hard campaigns. Yorke of Duke was another fine guard, while Coon of North Carolina State and Maronic of North Carolina were among the season's best at tackle. So were Russell of Auburn and Stella of Army.

Young of Oklahoma and Wyatt of Tennessee were well in the lead for ends with Brown of Notre Dame and Holland of Cornell close up. The backs again gave most of the trouble. It was difficult to leave off such stars as Sid Luckman, Columbia's passing and running ace; Parker Hall, Mississippi's fine triple-threat performer, a really outstanding back; Weiss of Wisconsin, Stebbins, Lansdell and many others. But when you consider not only the 1938 campaigns of O'Brien of T. C. U., MacLeod of Dartmouth, Bottari of California and Goldberg of Pittsburgh but also their three-year records of all-around performance, you get most of the answer. O'Brien not only ran his team brilliantly but also completed well over 90 passes for over 1,500 yards. He carried most of the offensive burden in ten games.

MacLeod, a 190-pound sprinter and the best defensive back of the year, a star climax runner, has been luminary in Green for three years. Bottari inherited a team that had lost seven fine regulars from a year ago, yet carried on through a winning season against heavy odds. Goldberg, to my mind, is one of the best football players I've seen in years. And Curly Stebbins isn't far away.

And here is a backfield that would be hard to stop along the ground or in the air, aided by two exceptionally fine blockers in Goldberg and MacLeod:

ALDRICH—*Center, Texas Christian*

A year ago Ki Aldrich of T. C. U. fought out a bitter battle for All-America honors with Carl Hinkle of Vanderbilt and Wojciechowicz of Fordham. He is the greatest center the Southwest ever developed. This last fall he came to his peak—a flaming ball of fire on both offense and defense—the main-line spark plug of T. C. U.'s great machine. Aldrich is something more than a great center. He was the defensive quarterback on T. C. U. His coach used him in addition to pull out and run interference on running plays and to drop back and protect his passer. He was also on defense down the field to break up passes.

HEIKKINEN—*Guard, Michigan*

The outstanding player in one of the best lines that has represented Michigan. Heikkinen is the smartest of the Michigan linemen, quick to diagnose a play and adept at maneuvering opponents out of position. He is the spearhead of Michigan's running interference, an aggressive, hard and sure blocker. No team has been able to make any appreciable gain through his position.

ROTH—*Guard, Cornell*

Over a year ago Carl Snavely, Cornell coach, rated Roth as one of the best guards he had ever coached. This last season he came forward with a new bound. Roth combined speed, power and alertness. He was not only a star defensive guard but also just as valuable on offense. Cornell had one of the great lines of the country this fall—possibly the greatest line—and Roth was the Big Red's outstanding performer.

BEINOR—*Tackle, Notre Dame*

Beinor is the best tackle Notre Dame has had in five years. He is a slashing tackle who never yields an inch but his downfield play has been as good as his play in the line. He is probably at his best in charging through when his team is on offense. On defense he has kept opposing backs worried. Beinor frequently pulled them down behind the line of scrimmage. He is of extreme value in defending against forward passes because he harasses the passer and prevents him from getting set.

McKEEVER—*Tackle, Cornell*

In a season where star tackles have been scarce, McKeever again stood out. He handled his 210 pounds like a fast back. Although injured before the Dartmouth game he still was one of the leading stars against Dartmouth in Cornell's vital game of the year. It isn't so often that you find 210 pounds as full of speed and quickness and smartness.

WYATT—*End, Tennessee*

Bob Neyland, Tennessee's fine coach, is a crank on ends. He rates Wyatt as the best end he ever saw. He was one of the great blocking ends of the year. Opponents averaged less than a yard per game around his position. He was a star at covering kicks and catching passes. Wyatt was also a fine placement kicker.

YOUNG—*End, Oklahoma*

Some ends are fine defensively, not so strong on offense. Some are star offensive ends. In Roland Young of Oklahoma we have a star who combines both qualities—a great blocker on offense—a fine pass receiver and one of the few skilled in the use of the forward-lateral; one of the best at rushing a passer. A rugged, 60-minute type of player. Young won 13 out of 15 wrestling matches on the side, to show his versatility.

O'BRIEN—*Quarterback, Texas Christian*

There isn't a more perfect field general in football than Dave O'Brien. There isn't a greater passer. In this respect he has the death thrust for the touchdown kill with one of the most remarkable records of ground gained through the air that football can show. Every star is entitled to his off day, but this chunk of steel has known no such happening. His stamina was amazing. In his generalship and his passing he is rated upon a par with Sammy Baugh in Baugh's senior year.

MacLEOD—*Halfback, Dartmouth*

Bob MacLeod was a nip-and-tuck choice for Collier's All-America a year ago. From a fast, elusive running back, one of the most dangerous on any field, MacLeod this last season proved to be one of the star defensive backs and one of the leading blocking backs of the year. For three seasons he has been an iron man—practically a 60-minute player in every game. Ask any coach what that means.

BOTTARI—*Halfback, University of California*

Bottari is something more than a great ball carrier. He has the sheer driving power to crash through a line. He is one of the best passers the West Coast has ever known. He has been the best defensive back on the coast and in addition is a high-class drop kicker, a rare art. Bottari also has an unusually keen football sense. As an all-around star he has no superior.

GOLDBERG—*Fullback, Pittsburgh*

Marshall Goldberg has been the Panther spearhead for three years. He was a great halfback and Jock Sutherland rates him just as great a fullback. This last season he turned into a brilliant blocker. No one who ever played loves the game better.

The honorable mention list following comprises additional names submitted by the Advisory Board:

EAST

Ends

Jacunski, Fordham
Daughters, Harvard
Radvilas, Columbia
Holland, Cornell
Daddio, Pittsburgh
Moody, Yale
Spang, Cornell
Wysocki, Villanova
Histen, Holy Cross
Goodreault, Boston College
Striegel, Carnegie Tech

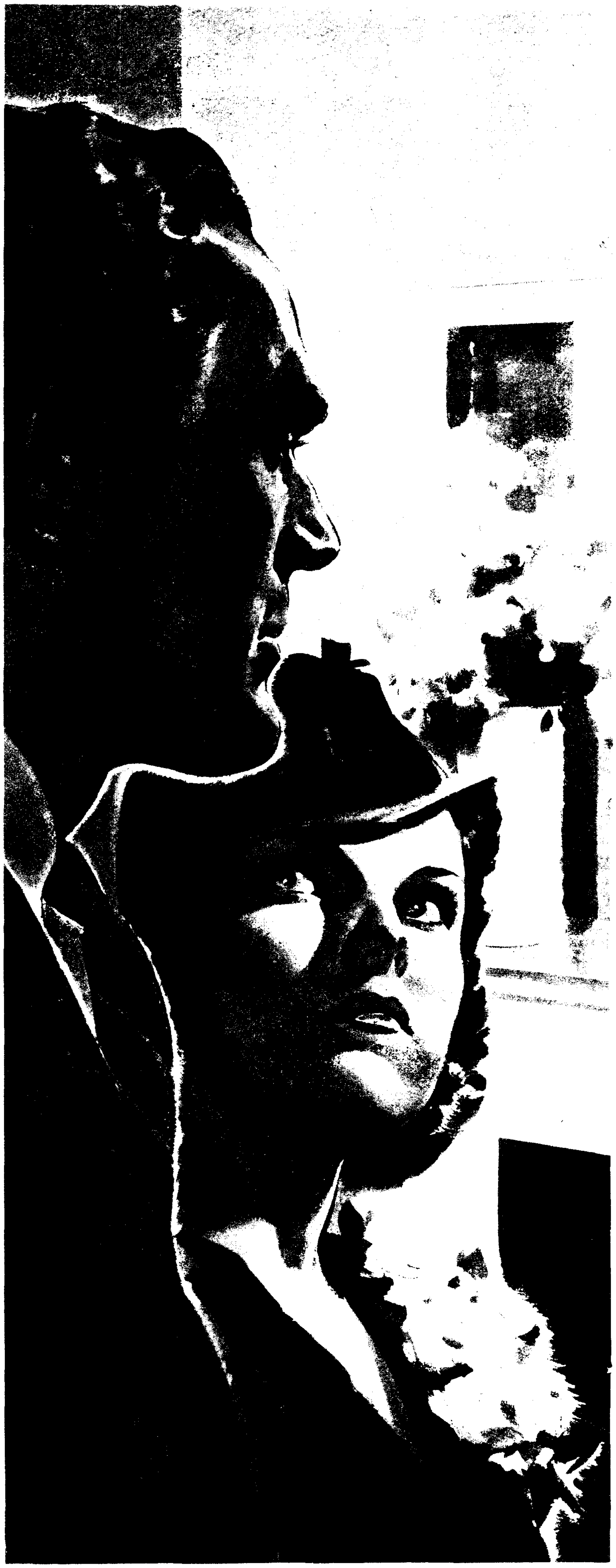
(Continued on page 68)

Halfback Robert F. MacLeod of Dartmouth majors in Economics. Is captain and backbone of the Green eleven. A varsity basketball player. Is considered shy and retiring by his friends. Plans a business career and may take postgraduate degree in business. Is not interested in pro football

Strange Honeymoon

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



The Story Thus Far:

JUDITH CLAYTON'S wealthy father dies, leaving the bulk of his estate to Judith. In his will, he designates Jonas Morgan, his brother-in-law, as the sole executor. When Judith is twenty-one, Morgan will hand over the estate to her—*if she is married.*

Several years pass. Judith tells Martha Hastings, a friend with whom she shares an apartment, that Morgan has been misappropriating her funds. She tells Martha that, although she is in love with no one, she is going to gain possession of her fortune by finding a husband. True, she could have Morgan ousted by the courts; but she wishes to avoid scandal. She must marry *someone!* And the man she hopes to marry is Alan Hughes.

Alan and Judith are old friends. Reared in luxury by an indulgent father, Alan has had a pleasant, carefree life. Now, at the time Judith picks him as a husband, he learns that his father, dying, had left him only the remains of a fortune. He is in financial difficulties; he must find a job.

He has one bitter enemy—Joe Carter. Carter, once the owner of a crooked gambling establishment, had been exposed by Alan. He knows—Angel Fremont, an attractive young butterfly who lives by her wits, warns him—that Carter is out to "get" him. Dubious as to how he should guard himself against Carter, he decides to secure the advice of Gene Lyons. Lyons runs an escort bureau; he is wise in the ways of every stratum of life in New York City.

Judith phones Alan, tells him she has something of importance to discuss with him. At a restaurant, together, they chat of this and that. Then Judith, outlining the terms of her father's will, tells him that she must find a husband.

"But," Alan says, "what can I do? How can I help?"

Judith leans forward. "You can marry me," she says.

II

ALAN'S eyes popped open. Then the boyish grin crept back to his lips, and he ran long, sensitive fingers through his hair. He said, "Phew! I'm weak, Judith. You could knock me down with a crowbar."

"I'd like to."

Her cheeks were white and she was embarrassed. Alan reached impulsively across the table and touched her hand. He said, "I'm sorry. Honest, I am. But . . ." he laughed awkwardly, "this is so damned sudden."

"I feel the same way about it."

"And impossible," he finished.

"Why?"

"Why? Because—well, it just isn't in the cards, that's all."

Something tightened inside of her. She tried to make her tone impersonal as she asked, "You're in love?"

"Gosh, no. Never have been." He grinned once again. "Trouble with me, I'm too particular. It'd take a girl like you to make me plunge off the deep end." He took her hand and held it. "Look, honey," he said, "I'm completely bewildered. And I'd like to know just why did you honor me by . . . well, by suggesting . . . ?"

She moistened her lips. "Because I thought you were not in love with anyone else. Because we've always known and liked each other. And because you're about the only man whom I could trust to . . . well, not to . . ." she flushed and her voice trailed off.

"I see. You mean, I'd be a means to an end."

"Something like that," she said miserably. "But you make it sound so different from the way I meant it. I've *got* to marry someone to protect myself. I can trust you. And you'd be personally just as free and independent as you are now. Then, Alan, if it didn't work—or if you fell in love with somebody else . . . you know you could have your freedom in a minute."

"I know. But the idea is so—well, preposterous."

"It seems that way to me, too, Alan. But I know you so well, and you're such a fine person—"

"THAT, my dear young lady, is a gross prevarication. Thus far in life I haven't taken on one iota of glory. Let's see: I can fly a plane, I can shoot a tough course in the low 80's . . . or the high 70's if the long ones are dropping. I'm reputed to be better than average at such highly useful occupations as badminton, squash and tennis. I've broken a few polo mallets in my time, and I can handle a thirty-footer like nobody's business. Also, if she capsizes, I can swim any reasonable distance to safety at fair speed. I play bridge well enough not to trump my partner's ace more than once an evening, I have read a book, I operate a typewriter with one finger of each hand, and I'm a dog fancier without a single fancy dog. And there, Judith—you have the list of tangible assets with which I face the grim battle of life. They appear to add up to zero in the column marked 'Desirability As a Husband.' "

She said, "Maybe it will surprise you to know that I think you've lived rather intelligently."

"You're an overwhelming minority of one."

"I think so, just the same. I've never checked with the theory that hard labor is the only standard by which one should measure."

"Judith! You're bright! You scintillate! You're terrific!"

"I'm practical."

"There you go. Spoiling everything." He leaned forward. "Are you sure," he inquired, "that your kind heart hasn't made you sympathize deeply with young men who have no jobs or money? Myself, for instance?"

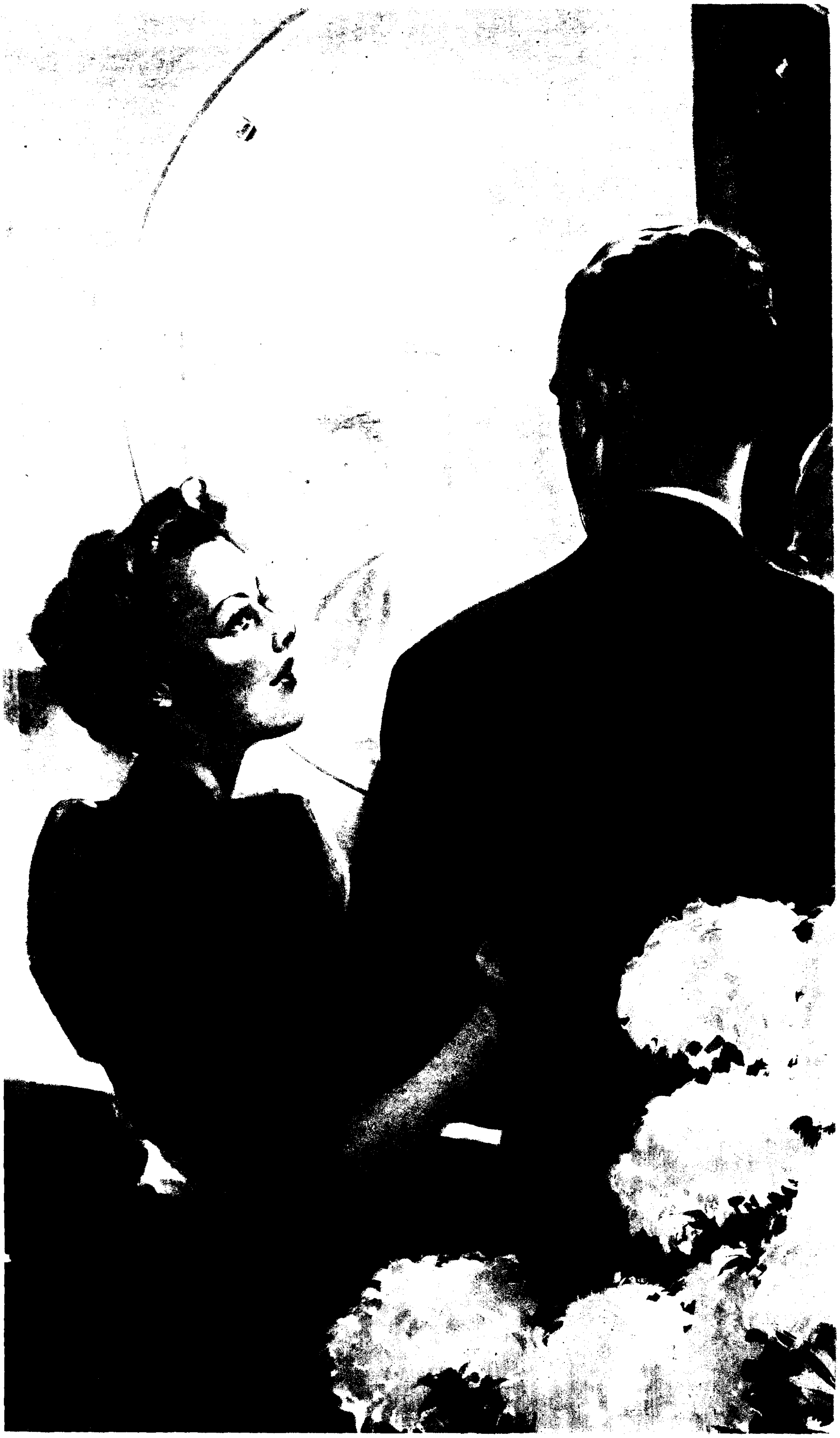
She hated the telltale flush that crept into her cheeks. "I was afraid you'd think that, Alan."

"Dumb as I am—I do think of logical things occasionally. Let's take stock: After living a sybaritic life, I'm suddenly confronted with the necessity of grappling with the cold and cruel world. You know you can't present me with money direct . . . so, as a lifelong friend, you make this generous gesture." He shook his head. "You're sweet, Judith—but I'm not having any."

She looked away, so that he wouldn't see the disappointment in her eyes. She said, "All right, Alan. If you won't help . . ."

"Aw, Judith! Don't put it like that. Don't you see, I just *can't*. I'm broke—or darn' near it. I can't support you."

"Look, Alan; there's such a thing as being sporting and there's also such a thing as being downright silly. I have more money than I could spend in ten lifetimes. It isn't a case of who would be supporting who. It's a case of your doing me the favor of making it possible



Jim Terry seemed unconscious of the girl at his side and had eyes only for the bride. Martha, looking up at him, thought: "He's taking it on the chin. It's a rotten shame"

for me to protect myself. And if you won't . . ."

"You'll marry someone else, in the same nice, platonic way?"

"No! I—well, I could marry you because I know you so well. I couldn't just . . . go out, and . . . Oh, Alan! Please be sensible. We . . . well, we could live in your house. That should make you feel all right about it."

"It *would* help," he conceded. "But I thought that this marriage wasn't to be —well, you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know. And it isn't."

"Simple but involved. If you know and it isn't, then why this outward show of living together?"

"Because—well, when folks get married they usually do live together. And if we didn't, people would start gossiping . . . and I'm afraid I wouldn't like that."

Alan said, "You're a pow'ful smart gal."

She said, "I'm simply protecting myself." But she was thinking, "I'm protecting myself the way I want to. I'm asking you, Alan—because I want you, because I've always wanted you." Then, because her thoughts were running riot, she spoke again. She said, with a lightness she did not feel, "How about it, Mr. Hughes? Will you, or will you not, accept my hand in marriage?"

He laughed. "Imagine my embarrassment—"

"I'm not exactly at ease myself."

"BUT you're all set in your own mind. You've got common sense on your side. As for me: well, the role you're asking me to play isn't precisely inspiring."

She said, "You're really a very conventional soul, after all, aren't you?"

"I? Madame—that's slander. But I've always had a bit of an aversion for impecunious young men who committed matrimony with wealthy gals—"

She shrugged. "Forget it then, Alan. You're taking the wrong slant. I asked you because you weren't tied up—emotionally—anywhere else, and I thought you'd be glad to help."

He said gruffly, "Don't put it that way. You make it sound as if I'd be doing you a favor."

"You would." She pressed her slight advantage. "And afterward . . . well, you could help me. I'd be taking over the whole estate, and that means work." To herself she was saying fiercely, "Oh! he's got to say yes—he's *got* to!" Then she turned her hands palms up on the table and said, "I'm really not very good at proposing to a man. I'm afraid I haven't enjoyed the experience."

He was instantly contrite. "I'm putty in your hands, Judith."

"You mean . . . ?"

"Give me a little time to think, will you, honey? Let me referee my own battle between Kid Pride and Kayo Commonsense. You've got me so nearly convinced that I'm afraid of myself."

Martha Hastings slammed the front door, slipped out of the black coat with its black fox collar, breezed into Judith's

(Continued on page 63)

To be My Pride and Joy

By W. B. Courtney

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Japan's tidal sweep through China throws a backwash across the islands which breaks in a foam of small white boxes. Each contains the ashes of a soldier and a life story

THE wind and the rain had let up at dawn. Now, under the washed April morning sun, little bright round puddles glinted like coins left by the wild night.

Mama-san was going to the railroad station to get a box. She walked carefully along the wet country path, raising the hem of her clean kimono. In her right hand she carried a small white flag with a red center spot, and jerked it up and down automatically in time with her diffident steps: one, two; one, two—

Mama-san was very happy and very proud.

She knew that she was very happy and very proud because the village headman told her so.

Mama-san had always been a little afraid of the village headman, who cleared his nose onto the road with a great blast and spat and glared whenever he stopped to speak to anyone. But Mama-san had always seemed a little afraid of everybody. Papa-san grumbled to her one day, "Tsuma, you are a frightened one, to be sure. The neighbors say that if they notice you at all when you are in the field or in the village, it is in the same way they would notice a sparrow!"

Then Papa-san had smiled to himself, and she knew he was thinking: well, all this may be, yet she is a better worker than any of those bigger, fatter women who laugh at her. None can make a *straw coat as quickly, as neatly, as she* can; one that will hold out the rain so well. And Mama-san smiled to herself, also, because she knew that she had never been afraid of Papa-san; nor of Jiro-san, either. That is, she had never been afraid of Jiro before he had gone away to be a soldier. But such a change had come over him.

SUCH a change had come over everybody lately. The men gathered in quiet groups in the village street at night; talked in low tones. There was little of moving about, or bantering. The children, watching their elders, played uneasily. What had become of the old warm life, when you could sit indoors just before bedtime and talk and joke through the paper walls with friends in the street, or in near-by houses, whom you could hear but not see?

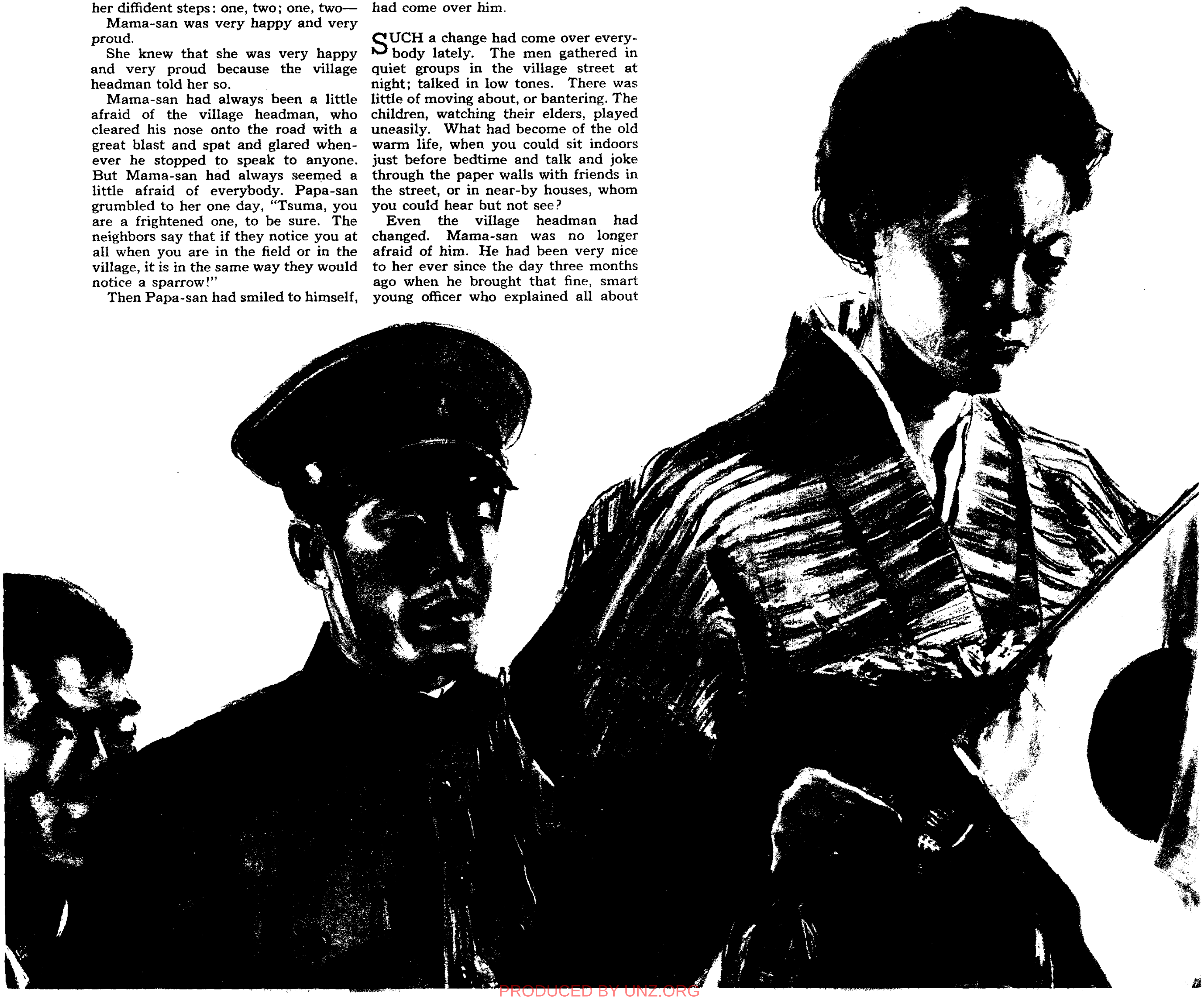
Even the village headman had changed. Mama-san was no longer afraid of him. He had been very nice to her ever since the day three months ago when he brought that fine, smart young officer who explained all about Jiro. Later on he had been nicer, when he came alone with the telegram from the barracks in Sapporo. He said that he, personally, would pay to have the telegram placed in a frame, under glass, for it always would be a proud thing for them to have. Last week he had been nicest of all, when he came full of information for Papa-san and Mama-san.

Quite deferential, indeed. He had bowed one more time than Papa-san. Mama-san had observed this, with wonder, out of the corner of her eye although, of course, in common politeness she did not straighten up until several moments after the men had finished their exchange of greetings. First he told them of all the money they were to get—1,000 yen from the privy purse of the imperial household itself: another 1,500 from the government.

THEN he told them to go to the railroad station on this day for the box.

"Things can't be done here, of course, quite the same as in a larger village, or one not so remote," he said. "But already there have been respects in the barracks at Sapporo, and we shall do our little best. Yes—yes—you should be the happiest and the proudest woman in our village!" He had told Mama-san this every time he had met her, since the lieutenant's visit. This time he added, shrewdly: "Just to think, now you are also the richest." Mama-san, hearing this, quickly thought she must remember to ask Papa-san whether there would be enough left over, after they had settled their debts, to send to Hakodate to buy the release of their daughter and bring her home.

Meantime, the village headman was



patting her shoulder, and Mama-san wished that he would go on talking forever, now that she was no longer afraid of him. For when he spoke to her it was as though she heard many voices. Jiro-san's was among them. Jiro when he was five; and not yet going to school where he had learned to march and to play with a toy gun and to slap his sister because she was a useless girl while he was a man who, the teacher said, would grow up to be a soldier upon whom the emperor would rely as upon his own limbs. Mama-san believed in voices. Mama-san believed in everything she did not understand. While the other voices she heard, beside Jiro's, when the village headman spoke to her were unfamiliar, they seemed important and comforting. "No doubt they are my ancestors; as well as some of the great ones in Tokyo," she reflected.

NOW, in the fresh morning, Mama-san and Papa-san were on their way to the railroad station for the box.

The big fast express train that always ran through here on its way to Sapporo without as much as a toot of its whistle actually was going to stop for their benefit. Overnight they had become the most prominent persons in the village. Everyone had turned out for them. Mama-san walked quietly, with her eyes down; she pretended it was so that she could pick the dry spots, but really it was because she knew all the villagers were looking at her.

Mama-san had spent most of yesterday laundering and pressing the holiday kimono, which she had not worn more than a dozen times in her whole life. The last time she had worn it was the night of Jiro's conscript going-away party. Their relatives and friends had sat up all night, feasting. Mama-san had traded much of the family rice store for bean paste, salt dried fish, seaweed, pickles and sake. She had made tidbits by wrapping the bean paste and certain pickles in the seaweed leaves. For months thereafter she and Papa-san and their daughter, Hana, who had not yet gone to the brothel in Hakodate, were forced to pinch to make up for this extravagance; they ate practically nothing but millet.

Jiro-san had grinned and swaggered around like a six-month-old bull calf when they toasted him in sake because he was strong and fortunate. "At the barracks when they examined us," he boasted, "the doctors said that only about one in three are found mentally and physically up to snuff for active service. Of course," he reasoned, magnanimously, "I suppose that if ever war should come they could not afford to be so strict. But now they take only the very best of us!" Mama-san remembered that he did not talk so big and brave in the morning, when the whole party marched down to the station with flags and banners on which his name was written, to "banzai" him off on the train. For his head was aching from too much sake, and he belched from too much food; and his eyes were red, for a reason that only Mama-san knew.

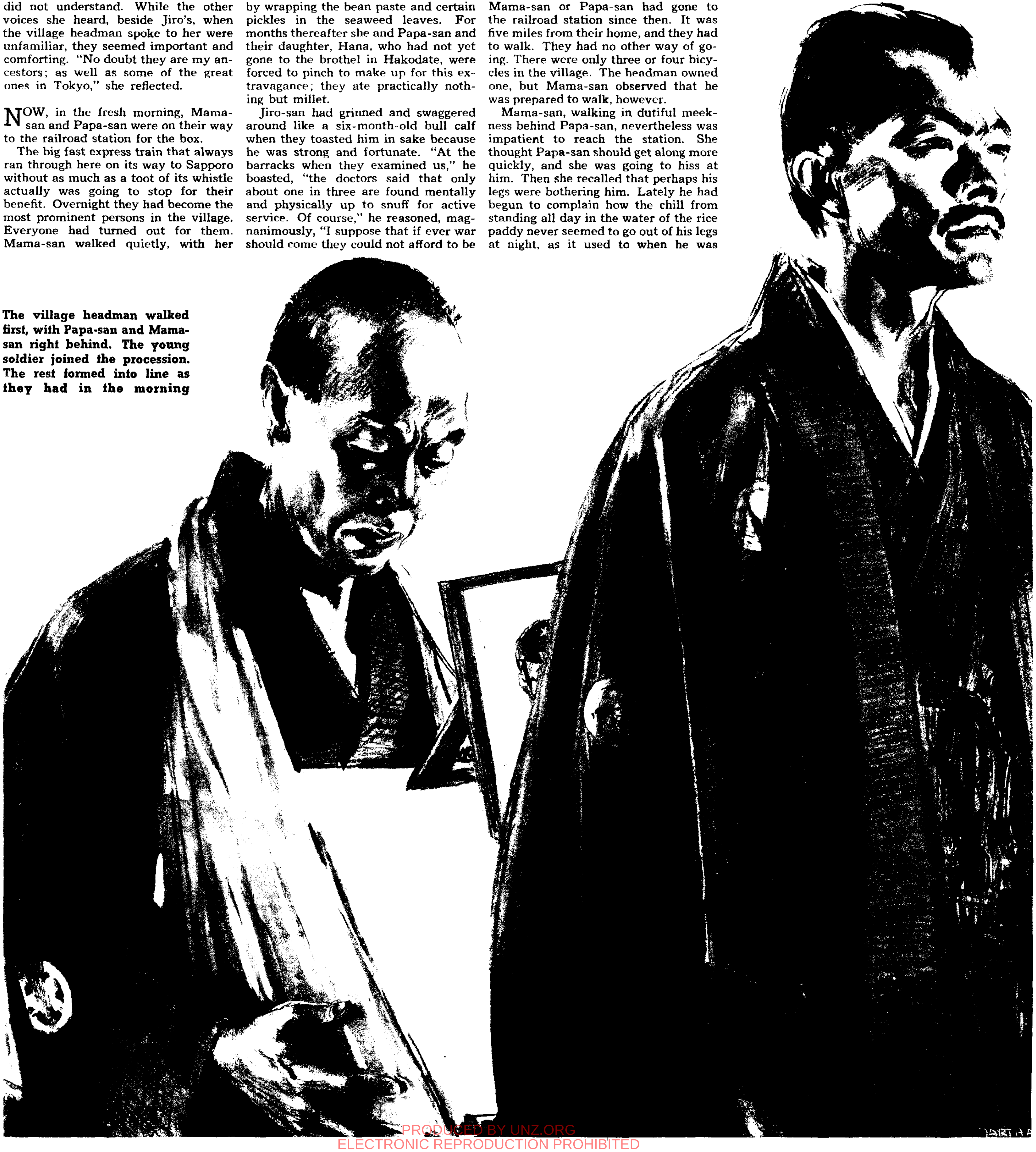
THAT had been more than three years ago.

This morning would be the first time Mama-san or Papa-san had gone to the railroad station since then. It was five miles from their home, and they had to walk. They had no other way of going. There were only three or four bicycles in the village. The headman owned one, but Mama-san observed that he was prepared to walk, however.

Mama-san, walking in dutiful meekness behind Papa-san, nevertheless was impatient to reach the station. She thought Papa-san should get along more quickly, and she was going to hiss at him. Then she recalled that perhaps his legs were bothering him. Lately he had begun to complain how the chill from standing all day in the water of the rice paddy never seemed to go out of his legs at night, as it used to when he was younger. Mama-san had scraped up more charcoal for the brazier, and he sat a lot these evenings with his legs beside it and a blanket over them. Things had been much harder for Papa-san since his sturdy twenty-year-old son and helper had gone.

There was nothing in Mama-san's quick, birdlike little steps to suggest that she ought to be tired. She had been up virtually the whole night; cleaning the furniture out of the house, hanging black and white curtains around the front

(Continued on page 51)



The village headman walked first, with Papa-san and Mama-san right behind. The young soldier joined the procession. The rest formed into line as they had in the morning

LEO AARONS

The Gadget Girl

By Selma Robinson

Meet Martha Sleeper, a pretty and remarkable young lady, who would rather make bugs than star in moving pictures

IF, AT this moment, hundreds of thousands of feminine lapels are alive with crawling spiders or quivering palm trees, if women's throats are surrounded by wooden nickels and their wrists by blushing raspberries, blame it on Martha Sleeper's childhood. If decoy ducks and bubbling fish and grinning Congo masks have replaced roses and sweet violets as proper adornment for ladies, it is all due to that crazy game the Sleeper kids played on rainy days.

They played it with anagrams and chewing gum. First they chewed the gum. The letters, fortunately, did not have to be chewed but merely rearranged. H-O-R-S-E-G-R-A-S-P-P, by much shifting of vowels and consonants, turned out to be not something you did on a horse's back your first time in the saddle, but merely an innocent insect, Grasshopper. Nor was N-E-C-K-C-H-I any kind of sneeze; it was a species of bird that tastes equally good in the hand or fried à la Maryland. The best part of this game, as *far* as Martha was concerned, was the second part, where she molded in chewing gum the grasshopper or chicken or cricket spelled out in the scrambled letters.

With all the gum-chewing Martha Sleeper did, you'd think she'd grow into what the advertisements promise, a healthy, beautiful young woman with perfect teeth, a winning smile and a good digestion; that Broadway and Hollywood would sign her up, and that she'd marry well. You would think that. And you'd be right.

But what gum-chewing really did for her was to establish her as a gadgeteer, a creator of impudent, fantastic ornaments. For she proceeded, by slow stages, through gum to her present finished jewelry in wood and metal and composition.

From chewing gum she went to plastics that did not have to be chewed. She made a smelly mixture of paper towels and instant-drying glue, and out of this horrid pulp she fashioned, with lightning speed, her earliest insects, tarantulas and grasshoppers and praying mantes; and painted them in bright unearthly colors.

Acting as a career was something thrust upon her when a movie producer saw a photograph of her, and offered her the lead in his forthcoming production. Since that time she has appeared in innumerable movies, mostly as the spoiled society beauty who holds her man until he meets Joan Crawford or somebody slinging hash in a beanery. She has played leading roles in such stage hits as Russet Mantle and Dinner at Eight. But what she really wanted to do was to make things with her fingers.

Whatever women think about spiders crawling on their chests apparently has nothing to do with the way they feel about Miss Sleeper's glorified bugs. Her first tarantulas marched in a row down her own linen sun suit. Dolores del Rio and Fay Wray got very rude about wanting to know where and how they could get some. She made a Mexican chameleon to hold up the split brim of her sports hat and peer impudently down on her eyes. She made a hat shaped like a beehive with bees hovering on it and a necklace of bees for her gown. She carved by hand wooden decoy ducks three inches across and wore them on the lapel of her tailored suit. And "Where can I get some?" asked Joan Crawford, Betty Furness and the other Hollywood pretties.

There was no place where they could. Suddenly an idea hit her hard: if all these women who had everything coveted them, what about dozens or even hundreds or maybe thousands who might like to wear them? She went to a friend, a good wise friend, for advice.

The friend was giving a cocktail party for a magazine man who knew everyone and everything. Martha Sleeper appeared in a felt hat that she had blocked over a cocktail shaker to get the elongated crown she wanted. There was a cascade of iridescent coq feathers down the back that gave it the look of a helmet. On one glove she had fastened a wooden rooster with identical coq feathers. The Man Who Knew Everyone and Everything asked where she had dug up such an original hat and glove clip. The friend broke in: "Martha made them herself. Tell him about your bugs, darling."

She not only told him; she showed him. Out came her jewel box with buzzless bees, stingless tarantulas and hopless grasshoppers. He was fascinated, fingering each, examining it minutely. At last he gave her a quick note of introduction to a New York department-store buyer, which Miss Sleeper lost no time in presenting.

The department-store buyer thought they were Something Special, and called the merchandise man.

LEO AARONS

A delectable assortment of gadgets for throat, wrist and lapel, perpetrated by Martha Sleeper, who models for you, on the opposite page, a tempting bunch of strawberries

He thought so, too and called the window-display chief, and when Miss Sleeper left it was with an order for ducks and pineapples, palm trees and tropical fish.

Designing began to look more serious than her dramatic career. When she went on tour with a road company she would visit the local department stores and get orders. The day came, in Pittsburgh, during a lull in rehearsals, when she called on a buyer at the city's leading shop and gave him a sales talk. The fellow just sat and grunted. When she had finished, he shoved the sample case back at her. The man was saying something. She didn't quite understand.

The man repeated: "I'll take one gross of each."

At that point Martha Sleeper decided to quit toying and get down to business. She called on a noted producer of gadget jewelry. He thought she was very smart and so were her creations but he knew, of course, that it was all just a whim with her and that after a while she'd chuck it for the movies where she could make a million or a thousand dollars a week. He patted her on the shoulder and told her he would go to see her next movie when it came around to his neighborhood, double feature or not.

"Look," said Miss Sleeper, "acting may be more remunerative, but the overhead of being an actress keeps me broke. Cars, mink coats, swimming pools—you know. But you won't give a darn if I wear a Hoover apron and sneakers so long as I can give you the designs you want when you want them. Now just how many did you want again?"

About thirty, he told her indulgently.

A week later she called him. "I've got a few things to show you," she said. "Will you get your partners or judges or whatever you call them together?"

They came, mostly, she supposes, because they wanted to see a movie actress in the flesh, and she produced the samples. Instead of thirty, there were one hundred and forty, filling a small trunk!

"Open it up," said the headman. "Let's have a look."

"No," said Miss Sleeper. "I want to show them to you one at a time."

"Now, Miss Sleeper," he argued, "we know your training as an actress. But forget drama and let's see."

But Martha Sleeper was firm. So the men gave in and awaited the show. One by one she displayed them against her simple black dress. A necklace of dew-drenched strawberries. A throat pin shaped like a huge Cupid's bow with a gold chain that slipped into a pocket; she pulled on the chain and out popped a cheerful red heart. A collar of champagne bubbles interspersed with gold swizzle sticks. A comical black Gabriel with a golden trumpet. A necklace of wooden birds. A scallion to pin on a hat. A necklace of little school slates, bound in red with miniature sponges and sticks of white chalk. The men were popeyed. And still the samples came. Magnificent evening clips made like grapes. A bracelet of Navaho silver buttons with a belt to match. The show lasted from nine that night until one the next morning. Martha's color was high and her eyes flamed. The men were wilted but game. When it was over, they found themselves, for some strange reason, applauding like anything. And Miss Sleeper found herself bowing to right and left, like a curtain call.

They selected all but seven of the one hundred and forty. That was exactly a year ago. In those twelve months, more than two hundred thousand copies have been sold.

The other day she brought in a new enamel clip, suggested by something she'd seen in the country—a mother sow nursing nine pink little pigs. Her manufacturer looked alarmed.

"Miss Sleeper, no woman would wear a thing like that!"

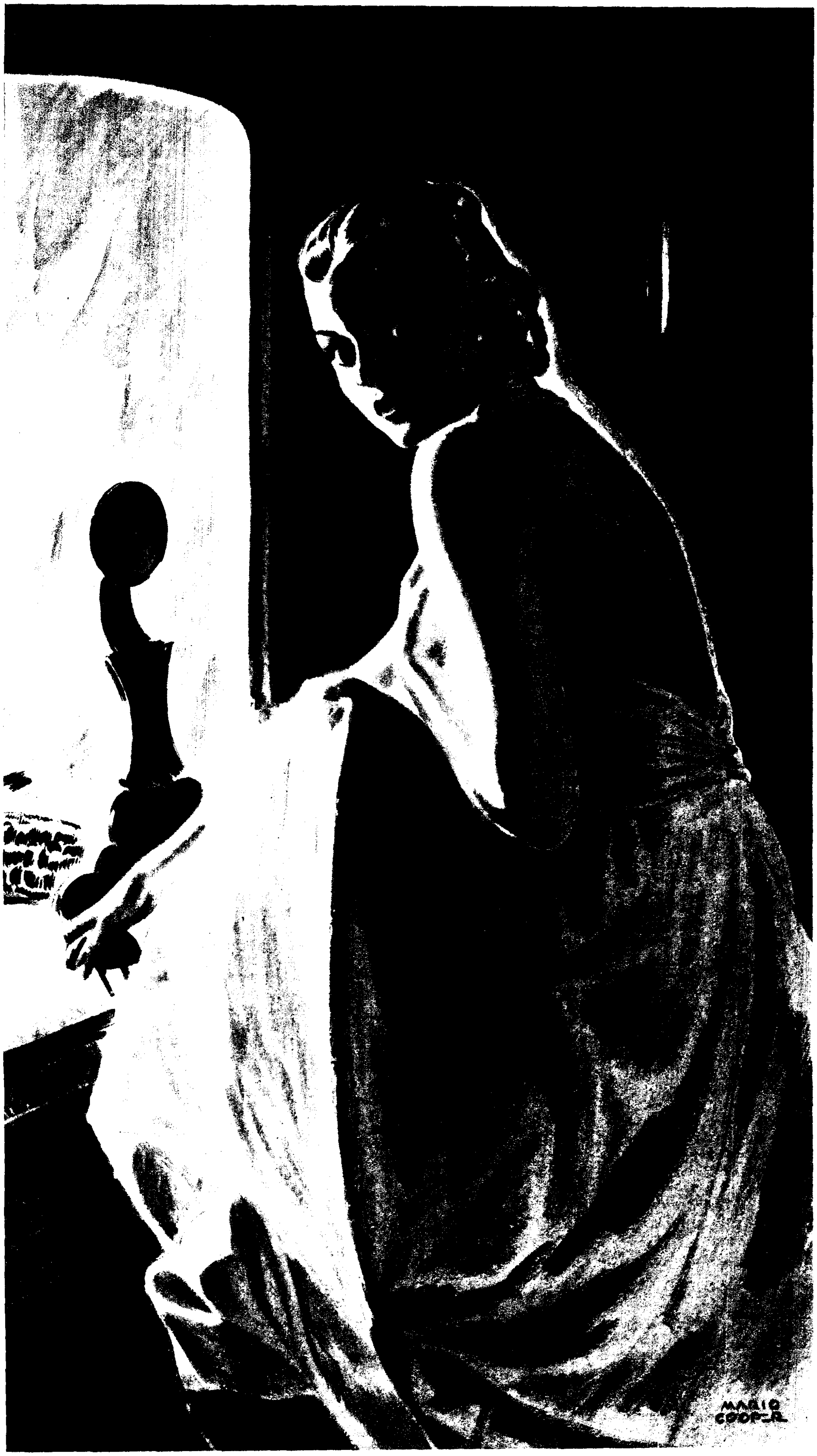
And Miss Sleeper, remembering her spiders and lizards, said that any woman would wear anything that was amusing and basically good design.

"All right," he said. "Prove it. Try it on my wife."

They showed it to his wife. She examined it minutely. Pigs!

"Now, dear," said he, "Miss Sleeper wants to know if you would wear this—er—clip."

The woman threw her arms around Martha's neck. "For me? Oh, you darling," she cried.



"She gave a quick glance round to see if anyone was looking and then pounced on it"

Murder for Christmas

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

FOR reasons known only to himself, crusty old Simeon Lee—whose home in England, Gorston Hall, is presided over by his son Alfred, and Alfred's wife, Lydia—decrees that all the members of his family gather around him for the Christmas season.

His other married sons and their wives—David, an artist, and Hilda; George, a member of Parliament, and Magdalene—presently arrive. Then the old fellow's granddaughter, Pilar Estravados, joins the party most unexpectedly, after coming all the way from Spain. And, to the amazement of everyone, Harry Lee, the black sheep of the family who has not seen his father for twenty years, puts in an appearance. There is one other guest: Stephen Farr, whose father and old Simeon had been partners in South Africa, when they had been accumulating the nucleus of a fortune in the diamond business.

Shortly before Christmas, Simeon lets it be known that he has two new favorites: Pilar Estravados and Harry. Also, that he is thinking of altering his will! Then, while his guests are enjoying their after-dinner coffee and he is resting in his bedroom, someone enters his room (although the door is locked, on the inside, and the windows are all secure) and, in the course of a terrific struggle, cuts the old man's throat!

While the excitement following the discovery of the body is at its height, Superintendent of Police Sugden comes in. Old Simeon, he presently reveals, had kept some rough diamonds (reminders of his diamond days in Africa) in a safe in his bedroom; a short time before the tragedy, he had telephoned Sugden, reported their theft, and asked him to come over.

In the bedroom, the superintendent sees Pilar Estravados pick up some object, which she endeavors to hide. He forces her to hand it over. It is a small bit of rubber—an item Sugden seems to regard as of great importance. . . . Colonel Johnson, chief constable of the county, arrives on the scene. He brings with him the brilliant Hercule Poirot, Europe's most successful detective. With Poirot and Sugden, he questions various members of the household; and from Pilar he learns that David had made some reference to "the mills of the gods."

No sooner has Pilar left the room than Johnson says: " 'The mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.' " He pauses, then exclaims: "*And David Lee said that!*"

VI

AS THE door opened once more, Colonel Johnson looked up. For a moment he took the entering figure to be that of Harry Lee, but as Stephen Farr advanced into the room he saw his error.

"Sit down, Mr. Farr," he said.

Stephen sat. His eyes, cool, intelligent eyes, went from one to the other of the three men. He said, "I'm afraid I shan't be much use to you. But please ask me anything that you think may help. Perhaps I'd better explain to start with exactly who I am. My father, Ebenezer Farr, was Simeon Lee's partner in South Africa in the old days. I'm talking of over forty years ago."

He paused. "My dad talked to me a lot about Simeon Lee—what a personality he was. He and Dad cleaned up a good bit together. Simeon Lee went home with a fortune and my father didn't do badly either. My father always told me that when I came to this country I was to look up Mr. Lee. I said once that it was a long time ago and that he'd probably not know who I was, but Dad scoffed at the idea. He said, 'When two men have been through what Simeon and I went through, they don't forget.' Well, my father died a couple of years ago. This year I came over to England for the first time, and I thought I'd act on Dad's advice and look up Mr. Lee."

With a slight smile he went on, "I was just a little nervous when I came along here, but I needn't have been. Mr. Lee gave me a warm welcome and absolutely insisted that I should stay with the family over Christmas. I was afraid I was butting in, but he wouldn't hear of a refusal."

He added rather shyly, "They were all very nice to me—Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lee couldn't have been nicer. I'm terribly sorry for them that all this should come upon them."

"How long have you been here, Mr. Farr?"

"Since yesterday."

"See Mr. Lee today?"

(Continued on page 57)

From E
com
Christm
INTERNATIONAL
INTERNATIONAL

NOW, at Christmas Time, the stores of America again play Santa Claus to the nation. Their vital, friendly influence is felt in every community. Crowds of holiday shoppers fill their aisles, and *"serve the customer"* is the watchword of the hour.

It is estimated that the stores of America deliver two billion packages a year to the homes of America. A large percentage of these packages are crowded into the hectic hours of the holiday season. And what a job the stores do seeing that this tremendous job is done right!

In the service end of Christmas selling, International Trucks play the role of Santa's sleigh to perfection just as they give star performance the year 'round for merchants in every merchandising field. Retail establishments of every kind rely on these famous trucks for unfailing delivery service, *and they get it.* Powerful, flexible and fast, these Light Delivery Units travel their routes *on schedule* at lowest cost per parcel and per mile.

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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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to Daddy
from Mother & Jackie
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"Sonny...I coul

FOR COMPLETE MOTORING SAFETY
4-WHEEL BRAKES
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n't get a better Christmas Gift to save my life !”

SOMETHING new to give this Christmas! Original . . . worthwhile! Precious . . . because it saves lives . . . conveys that most wonderful blessing, *peace of mind!*

A set of Goodyear LifeGuards robs blowouts of all danger . . . makes any sudden tire collapse nothing more than a slight inconvenience.

You, dear lady! Give your husband Goodyear LifeGuards! Think what it would mean to him, and to you, to know that a sudden blowout will never send his car hurtling in a sickening plunge toward a ditch.

You, thoughtful husband! Buy Goodyear LifeGuards for the car your wife and children ride in. Banish forever all worry over the possibility of a sudden tire collapse causing sudden death or injury.

You, good friend! Where can you find another Christmas gift so original . . . so expressive of the regard you hold for the recipient?

Merry Christmas
to
from

The year's most original, and thoughtful, gift . . . a set of Goodyear LifeGuards! You may order the LifeGuards installed before Christmas . . . or use this handsome gift certificate which entitles the recipient to have the installation made at his convenience.

Fit Any Make of Tire . . . New or Old

LifeGuards are easy and practical to give. They fit *any* make of tire on *any* car. Not a tire...not a tube, but an entirely new safety invention . . . modern successor to the old-fashioned inner tube.

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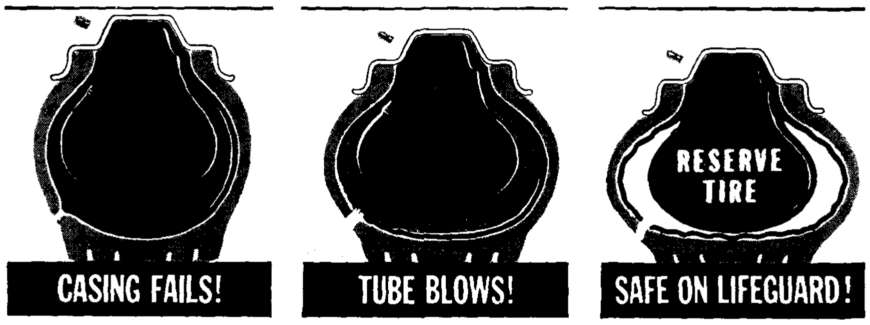
How to buy LifeGuards for Christmas!

Goodyear dealers have a handsome gift certificate to enable you to make a handsome gift in a handsome way. Go to your Goodyear dealer now. Order LifeGuard gift certificates for the top people on your Christmas list . . . the ones to whom you want to give the finest gift the season affords. If you don't know where to buy Goodyear LifeGuards, fill in the coupon below. *You can't get a better Christmas gift to save your life!*



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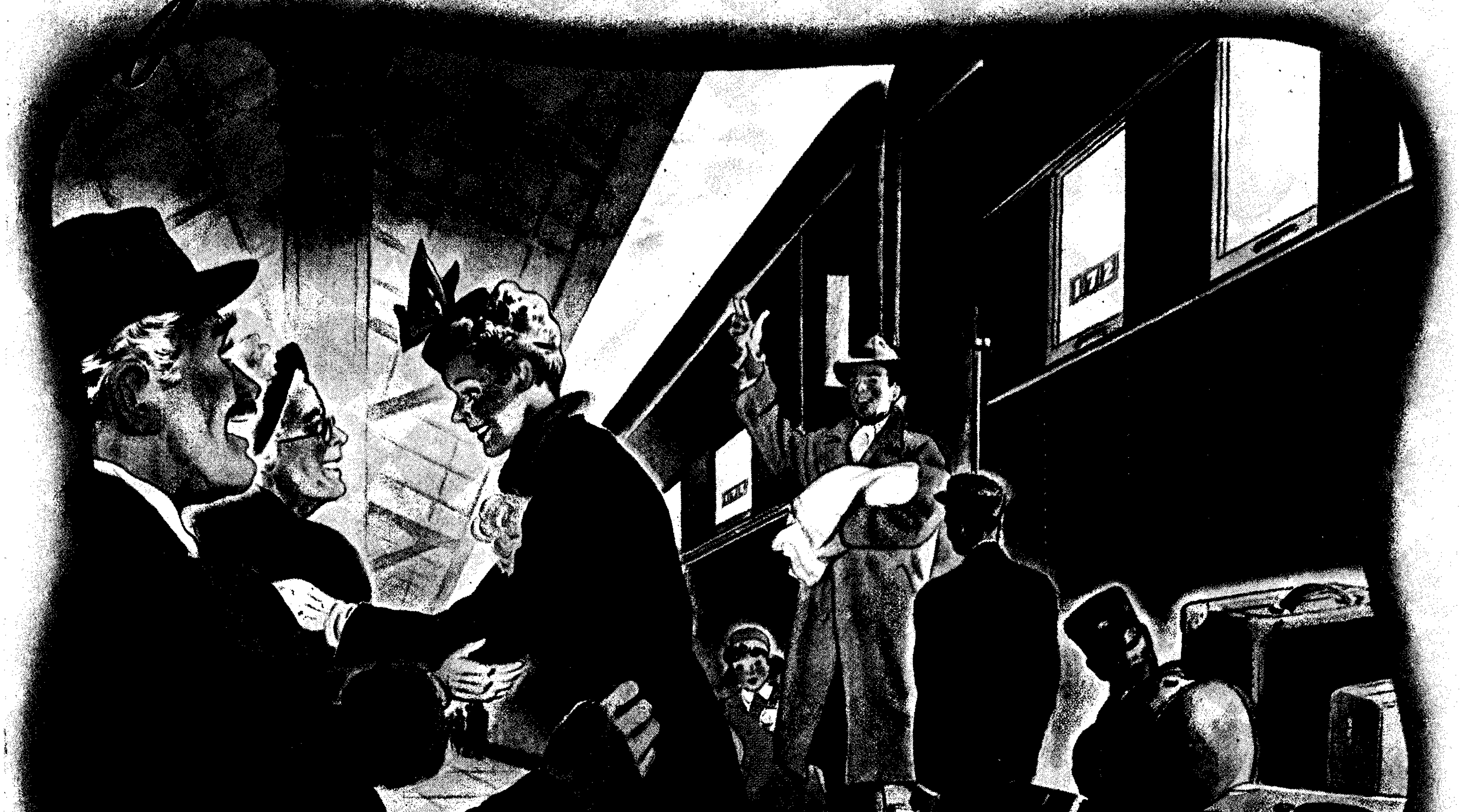

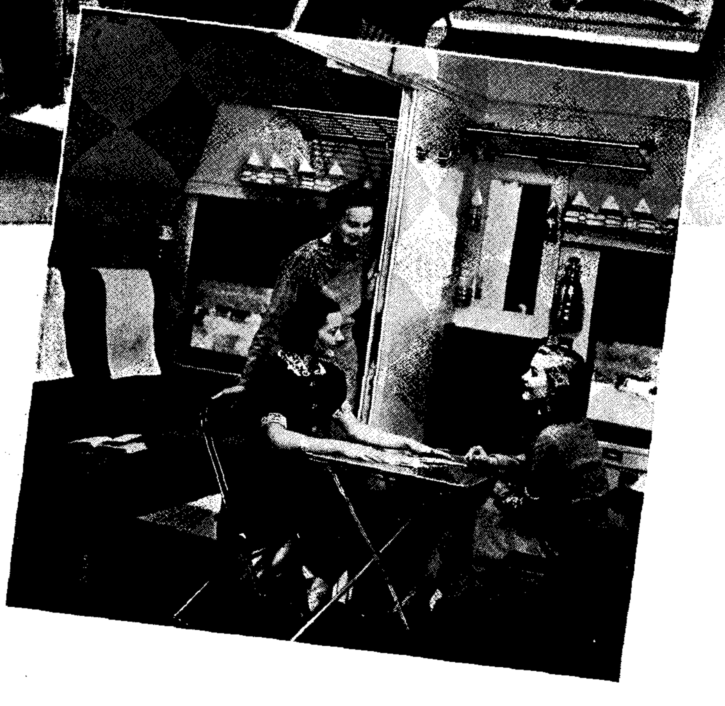

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THE COMFORTABLE AND SURE WAY TO GET THERE WITH ALL THE SPEED THAT'S SAFE!

We'll Try Again

By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Carol Danning's husband fights again. A story of a comeback attempt that failed gloriously

ANY smart guy would tell you Jim Danning's story was written on his face. He was smart, Jim was. He didn't wear his ears like Parker House rolls against his head, and his nose was straight, unscrambled by the leather wars. He had known how to move around and away from the punches, and it was only in the brows, above his clear eyes, that the little scars showed like white hyphens, telling of lace wounds long since healed. Jim still looked like a champion.

The man across the table did not. He had a head like a pumpkin, out of which the features might have been carelessly fashioned with a hammer. But he had been a champion, too. He was Packy Mitchell, a very nice guy. He was a pal. He was very happy with his steak. It was a wonderful steak, big and rich and full of blood, like the fight game itself.

Packy said, "You got a nice little place, Champ. You're sittin' pretty," and he kept on climbing over the steak.

Jim said, "Sure, it's a nice place, Packy."

Jim's eyes wheeled aimlessly around. The nice little place was as big as a car barn, with a shiny mahogany bar that ran forever along 51st Street, and fine tiled floors, plus great chandeliers, and a splurge of white linen like the tents of an army encamped. It was a nice little place all right. It had cost a hundred thousand dollars.

Packy ran a gnarled fist across his full mouth and said, "Champ?" Jim's eyes returned to him and Packy asked, "You got a sawbuck, Jim?"

Jim had a sawbuck, and he slipped it without display beneath the table. He heard the mumbled, half-embarrassed thanks. He said, "That's all right, Packy. Yeah, sure. I know."

"I got a boy workin' Tuesday in Jersey," Packy told him. "I'll have a hunnerd, anyhow, Jim. I'll see you Tuesday."

Of course, Packy. Sure. You'll have a hundred on Tuesday and you'll have the wheels whizzing in your poor head. Sure, Packy, you're a pal. Too bad about Packy.

Jim saw her then. He had been watching for her all the while. She came every night to the restaurant and she was tall and lovely and dressed in white. She was graceful and to be desired, like a private yacht, which in his mind would also be white. She, too, could be more fittingly framed with much green water and foam about her and she was excitingly beautiful to Jim. She was vibrantly alive and rich and warm, and in that dress she had Jim excited. But she would always have him excited, in any dress. She was his wife.

Jim begged Packy's leave and Packy applied additional catsup with no regrets. Jim walked hastily through the tables, checking himself here and there to shake an outthrust hand. Jim didn't mind shaking hands because he liked people generally, but he sometimes doubted the beauty of shaking hands for hire. But that was his business. It was a busy night. It was fight night down the street at the Garden. And it was about time they had a busy night, for business, all in all, was running down the sink with the foam off the beer. There were too many places like Jim's. There was Dempsey's and Braddock's and Mickey Walker's and Canzoneri's. Up at 72d Street was Benny Leonard's, and after all, there are only so many hands to shake. Besides, most of those other lads owned their joints. Not so with Jim. He was resignedly stooging for the adroit Shapiro Brothers at twenty per cent of the take, all of which could have been mighty fine, if there ever had been a profit.

Jim finally reached his wife and kissed her.

Carol said, "Hello, darling." Her voice was quiet music, though a little husky. She had been a contralto a few years before, but not a very good one. It was with the kind assistance of the microphone and a wisely applied technique that she sang with success at some supper clubs, and then in two musicals, and once in Hollywood, with Fred McMurray blowing the valves right off a trumpet. That had been very successful. But it was a greater and more joyful success to marry the heavyweight champ. She believed Jim more fun than the movies and herself a better wife than an actress, and infinitely better at matrimony than at the microphone.

Now she said, "Come on, Jimmy, hustle. We have to get to the fight."

Charlie Brighton said, "What fight? Frankie'll murder the slob. They should be arrested."

"Well, it should be short, anyhow," Jim said. "Frankie is much too good."

"Frankie should not be fought without a baseball bat," said Charlie. "Putting him in there with poor old Kelly. For what? I tell you it's a laugh."

"I'm afraid I won't laugh much," Carol said. "I'll very likely hide under the ring. I get scared."

CHARLIE looked appraisingly at Jim. He said to Carol, "You should get scared? How about Kelly? Now if he was messing with a party like Jim, when Jim was right, ten would get you twenty."

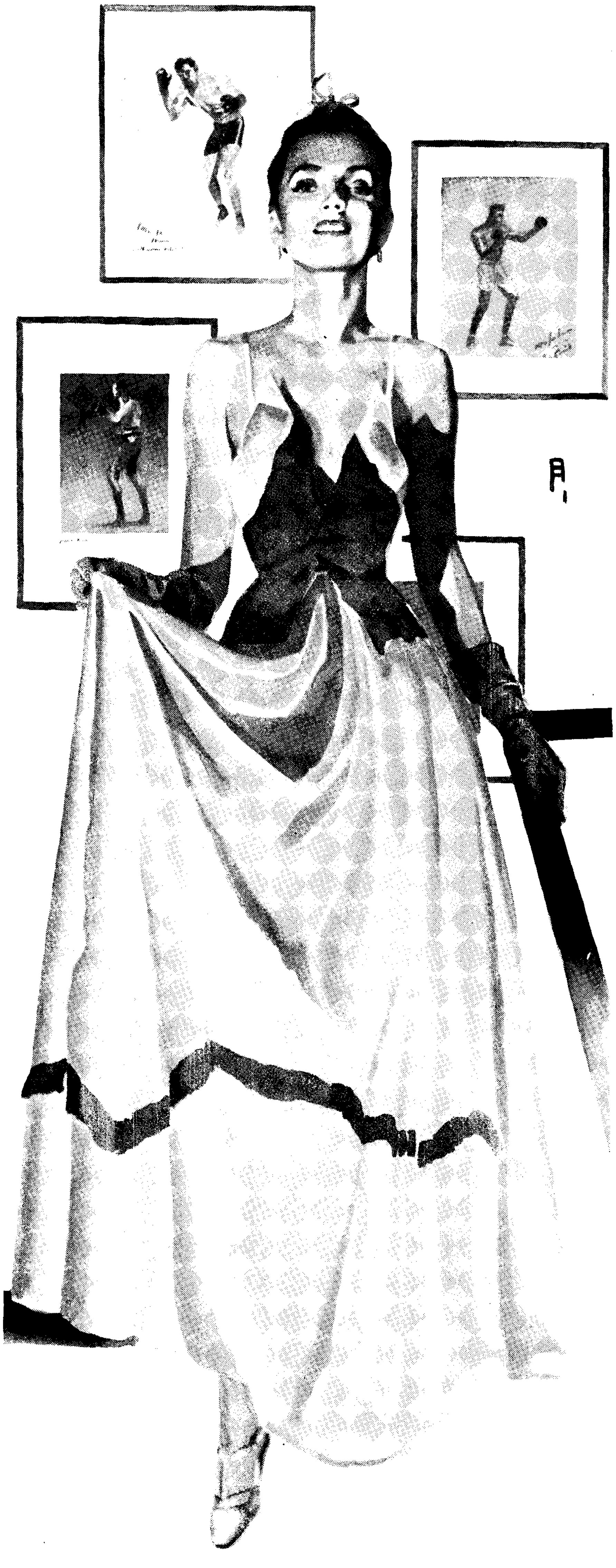
Carol squeezed Jim's arm. She said to Charlie, "You leave Jimmy alone, see? I just got him so he doesn't throw punches at the alarm clock, and pretty soon he's going to be all right. Make a noise like an idiot, darling."

Jim said, "Flub."

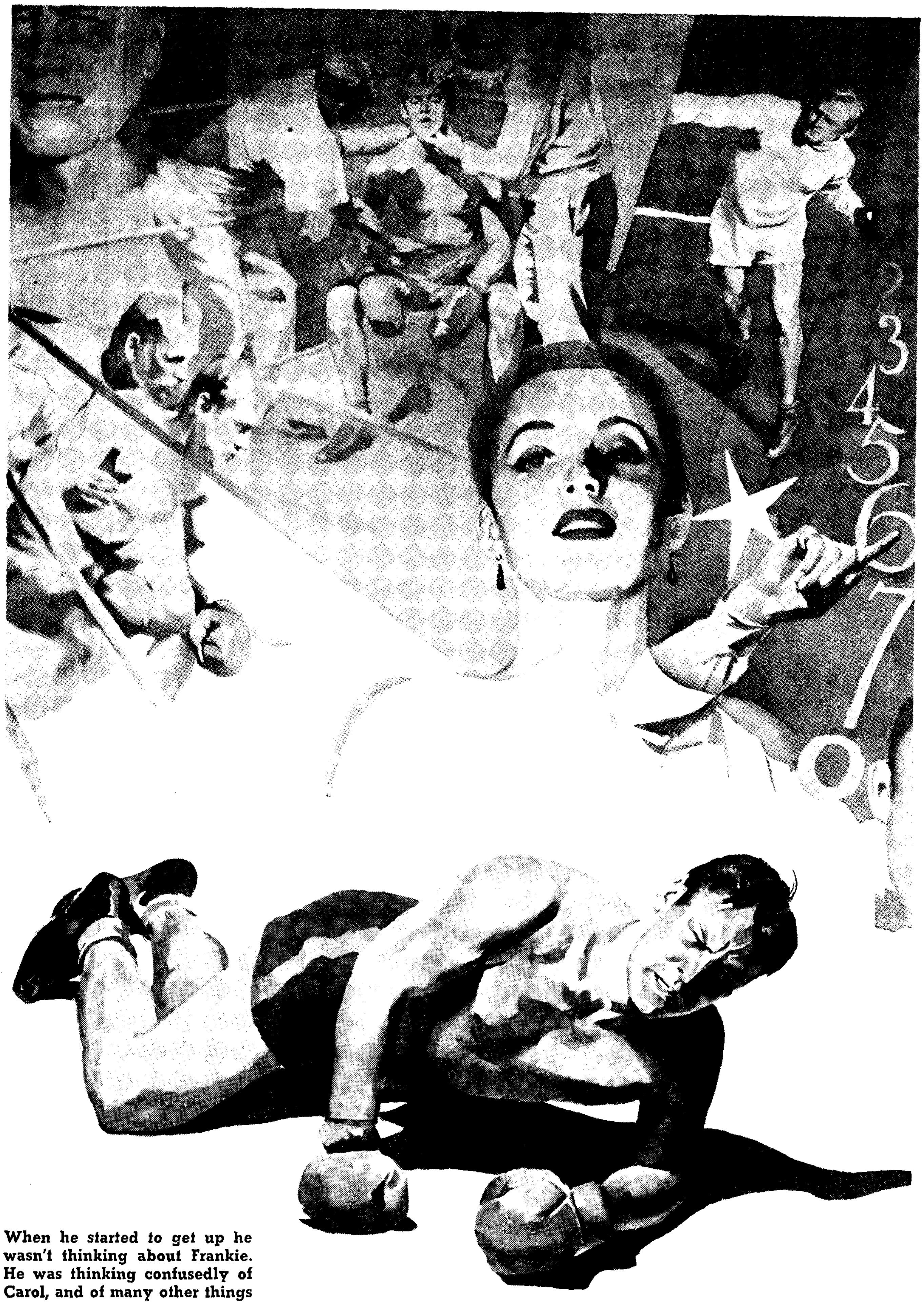
"See, Charlie? He's doing fine. He's thirty-two; he's married and retired. I want him healthy." Then she thought about it a moment. She smiled through her proud speculation. "I'll bet you could beat tough Frankie at that. Couldn't you, Jimmy?"

Jim said, "Right now I couldn't take Packy Mitchell. I'm full of our bum beer."

But the old and wild excitement ran through him anyhow. It was a thought that kept living with him every day, and kept growing with the troubled hours. Himself and Frankie Gander beneath



She smiled through her proud speculation. "I'll bet you could beat tough Frankie, couldn't you, Jim?"



When he started to get up he wasn't thinking about Frankie. He was thinking confusedly of Carol, and of many other things

the lights, with a million dollars packed in the stands in the form of customers, and the white canvas touched with electric gold, the resin and the red stains there on the canvas. The shuffle of padded shoes whispering beneath the crowd roar. He never spoke of that. But he was always thinking of it just the same.

THEY left the Ringside Bar and Grill and outside in the April night the rain came down like silver needles and they huddled together, the three of them, and hurried for the Garden through the crowd that kept recognizing and calling to Jim. A million cabs kept coming and going like red and yellow bugs in the rain and all of them were full.

"It's good for everybody's business but mine!" Charlie shouted above the noise. Charlie's business was keeping book where the horses ran, and for football games and world series and everything else that involved an honest wager. Where Charlie was concerned they were always honest wagers. He was strictly that sort of gent.

Carol demanded loudly, "Why? Why isn't it good for your business?"

"No bets!" Charlie shouted back. "Nobody wants to bet! Frankie's gonna kill 'im!" The taxis kept honking; they were very loud. It was all very static and exciting. They were warm and comfortable inside their good coats and they were pretty happy, too. There is something about a heavyweight title bout, even an indoor lopsided one, with Frankie Gander so very good and Kelly such a hapless gladiator. Things looked mighty bleak for poor Kelly, with only his concrete chin and his silly grin to recommend him.

Going down the aisle to the ringside was the wine Jim Danning loved to drink. The fight bugs yelled down from the two-dollar seats up above, and their heads turned along the aisle; they waved their greetings and took their eyes away from the preliminaries so they could look at Carol and Jim. It's nice to have twenty thousand friends beneath a single roof. It doesn't happen to many men.

Frankie Gander came up later when the semifinal was over and Jim watched carefully every move that the man was making. Then Kelly came, squat and sturdy, and shuffled into his corner. They called Jim up to ring center with Dempsey and Braddock. They rose to a single height, three former champions, and they shook one another's hands and the hands of the contestants. There were a lot of cheers. Jim went out through the ropes and down the little steps of the ring and to his seat. Carol observed him wisely and laughed only with her eyes. She was happy he could still have this much, when he enjoyed it so. She did not let him know she thought him foolish, like a young man making muscles in the mirror.

Frankie Gander was much too good. He broke the hard rock of poor Kelly's chin and stopped him in the third round. The referee intervened when Kelly was wobbling and walking on his heels and it was the first time durable Harry had ever been waved to his corner. It was a bad match. It was no contest. It was nothing like the beautiful warfare that Frankie might have waged with Jim.

JIM thought about that. He thought of a million dollars. He thought about it all the way home. He said, eventually, on the following day, "Honey, I don't feel my age."

"That's nice, darling," Carol said. "Now, if you'd put away your electric trains, you could take me to the movies. Only don't dribble."

"I'm thirty-two," he said.

"You're beautiful," she told him. "You look twenty-two. Like a college boy. Just as you did when you played for Dartmouth. I wish I had known you then, darling. You could have taken me to the prom. I would have looked pretty."

"You would have looked so pretty there wouldn't have been a prom. Those kids would've eaten their hired tuxedos in envy. Me? I would have eaten you. Then I wouldn't have you any more. That's not so good, is it?"

"That's the worst thing I ever heard," she told him. She took a long time putting the cream in her coffee. She was wise, Carol was; she knew all about Jim. He didn't have to shout his ideas. She was a bit scared. She waited.

He had stopped fooling around. His long legs tangled and untangled beneath the breakfast table. He acquired that youthful, serious look, as he did when he talked about the gold content as though he knew.

"It was a shame to match poor Kelly with Frankie," he said. "But what can they do? There's nobody left. They're all bums. The crowds still want to see Frankie."

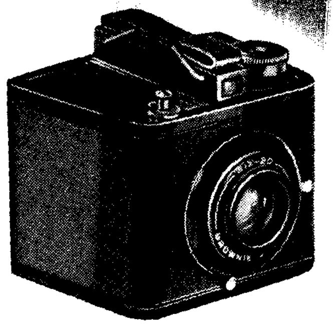
"I suppose so," she said slowly. "He's very good, of course. I think he's as good as Dempsey was. Almost as good as you, dear—I mean when you were still in condition. Four years ago, I mean."

He liked to hear her say that and for a long time she hadn't failed him. He liked her to think that he was the best. It mattered very much to him. When she thought he was the best they were living on a high mountain and there was a great wind that touched them both. Because he knew that she was the best. He just knew it, of course. It was in the way she held her fine head; it was in the gentle serenity of her good mind, in her fine pride and in her gentle hands.

He said, "I have ants eating me, darling. I dunno." He opened his big hands.

(Continued on page 53)

EVERYBODY WANTS PICTURES



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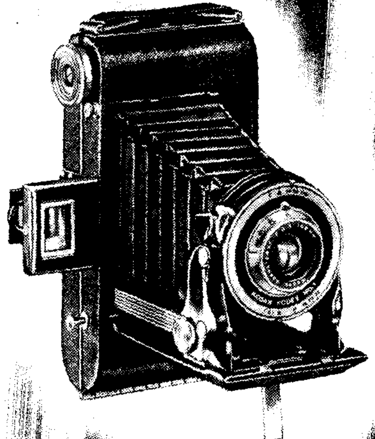

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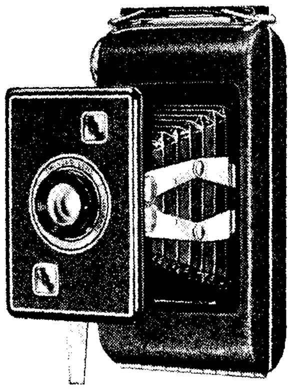

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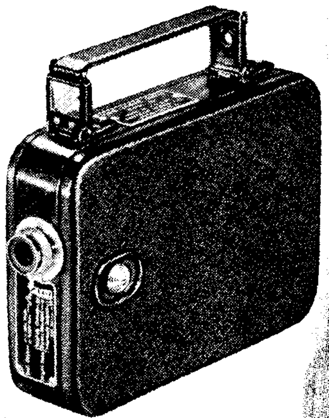

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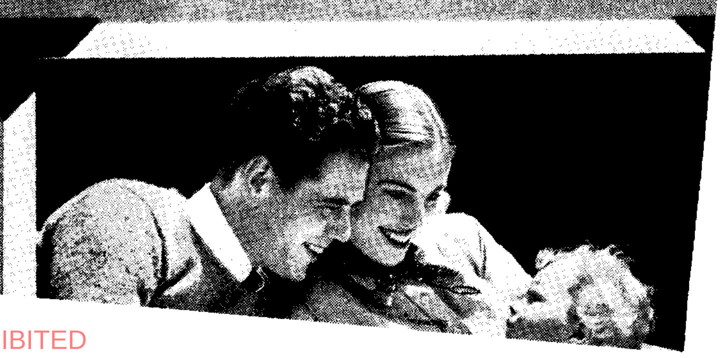

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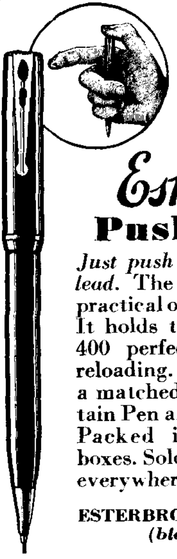


Kansas Brown

Continued from page 12

and sat down. A big man whom neither had noticed, stuck his head in the door.

"Whar y'all boys gwine?" the stranger inquired.

"Ridin' about some," Iron Man replied carelessly.

"Did Mister Will sont you?"

Iron Man had no idea who "Mister Will" might be, but the name seemed to carry authority, so he said, "Sho', he sont us."

The man walked away, apparently satisfied. But Bugaboo wanted details. "Who Mister Will?" he questioned. "And whar 'bouts is he sont us at?"

IRON MAN laughed. "Bugaboo, for a boy which growed up in a big town and rid de river as long as you done, you tawk mo' like a fiel' hand den anybody I knows. And I knowed a heap er fiel' hands, in my day."

"I don't know who Mister Will is," insisted Bugaboo, "and I don't know whar at he sont us, and I wisht you was a smart fiel' hand so's you c'd tell me."

Iron Man was patient. "Son," he said, "when you gits about de country, you got to ack like you knows ev'ything and ev'ybody. Me, I don't know who Mister Will is, and I don't know whar at he sont us. All I know is, de man which stuck his haid in de do' is lettin' us ride his old Cough and Grunt, jest 'cause I told him Mister Will sont us. Efn I told him diff'unt, he a' put us outn dis hyar boxcar."

"Aw," said Bugaboo, still not completely satisfied. "Us is goin' to Kansas City," he pointed out, "and maybe Mister Will wan't fixin' to send us dar. Maybe he was gonter send us somewhars else."

"Man, git some brains," Iron Man urged. "Us ain't goin' to Kansas City on dis train. Dis jest de C. & G."

"Whar us goin', den?"

"Memphis."

"But Lucille done moved to Kansas City," Bugaboo recalled.

"Maybe she done moved back to Memphis," Iron Man argued. "Anyways, us rides dis train to Memphis, and efn Lucille ain't dar, us'll go out and snag a lonesome boxcar on de Cotton Belt or de big I. C. and ride to us find Lucille."

Bugaboo grinned. "Mind out, Lucille," he warned, " 'cause us is huntin' you down."

The engine wheeled and jerked and the car started rolling. Iron Man took out his harmonica from his overall pocket, tapped it gently on the palm of his hand and began to breathe a tune into it. Bugaboo sang:

"Hit take a rockin' chair to rock,
Hit take a rubber ball to roll,
Hit take a Kansas City Brown
To satisfy my soul.
I'm on my way to Kansas City, jest to
find my sweet Lucille."

The train rumbled along and the two roving roustabouts sat enjoying the feeling of movement.

"Mankind!" exclaimed Bugaboo happily. "Us is gittin' about!"

"We sho' ain't hyar no mo'!" agreed Iron Man. "Us done gone on away f'm hyar."

"Hit sho' beat steamboatin' all to pieces," Bugaboo went on. "I done rousted my last load er somethin' and I don't keer who likes hit. F'm now on, I'm a strange man huntin' strange places."

"You's speakin for me and you bofe," said Iron Man, and he blew the rambling song on his harp.

"And de butcher can't cut him down," Bugaboo sang. " 'Cause he's on his way to Kansas City!"

Iron Man stopped the music. "Maybe," he predicted, "us might not stop when us git to Kansas City."

"Naw?" Bugaboo was interested. "Well, jest lead on, Iron Man, and I'm wid you."

"When us gits to Kansas City," Iron Man said, "us'll peep about some and see how us likes dat town."

Bugaboo understood and it seemed a good idea. "Efn hit don't suit us," he added, "us keeps right on ramblin'."

"Dat's right," Iron Man said, " 'cause us is two ramblin' po' strangers, gittin' about to strange places."

"Huntin' for a strange lady name er Lucille."

"Dat's hit."

The thought of hunting Lucille, who might be here or there, seemed less definite and more alluring than looking for a town by the name of Kansas City, and while Iron Man blew his pleasure into the harmonica, Bugaboo Jones dropped off to sleep.

The train came to a jerky halt after less than an hour of traveling, and Bugaboo awoke.

"Is us got dar, yit?" he asked.

"I don't know," Iron Man admitted. "Us been high-ballin' mighty fast, and Memphis ain't too fur off. You go take a peep outn de do' and see does you see somethin'."

Bugaboo crept to the open door and stuck his head out cautiously. A strange sight greeted him. At first, he saw nothing but wide level cotton fields, dotted here and there with cabins. Off to the left were a cluster of larger dwellings, a cotton gin, two big barns and various outbuildings. To the right, he saw an enormous stack of baled hay, with a lone woman sitting upon the topmost bale.

"Hy-dy," greeted Bugaboo with a friendly smile. "Is yo' name Lucille?"

"Naw," said the woman, grinning back, "my name is Dora."

"Den whar Lucille at?" Bugaboo wanted to know.

"Which Lucille?"

"IS YOU got mo'n one Lucille in dis town?"

"Sho'," the woman said. "Hit's Lucille Claybrook and hit's Lucille Mack."

Bugaboo relayed the information to Iron Man with the added observation that it must be Kansas City, for here were two women named Lucille.

Iron Man came to the boxcar door, and looked about. "Nawp," he guessed, "dis don't look like hit to me."

"Don't look like which?" Dora put in.

"Kansas City, nor neither Memphis," replied Iron Man.

"Nawp, hit ain't Memphis," Dora assured him.

"Whar is hit?" demanded Iron Man.

"Hit's in Trail Lake Plantation," Dora stated.

"De Cough and Grunt used to run smack to Memphis," Iron Man complained.

"Hit still do," the girl told him. "But y'all boys wa'n't ridin' de Grunt. Y'all was ridin' on de Trail Lake Spur."

"Whar do de Trail Lake Spur go to?" asked Bugaboo.

"Right hyar."

"I know dat, gal," Bugaboo said, "but I mean whar else hit go at, besides right hyar?"

"Hit go back to Greenville," Dora explained.

Bugaboo and Iron Man looked at each other. Something had gone wrong and each was hoping the other had the answer.

"What y'all got hyar for a pair er big mens like we?" Iron Man inquired.

Dora giggled modestly. "Well, dey got me," she said, "and I'm a widow lady."

Iron Man swallowed hard. He knew these country women only too well. "Us was *ray-ly* huntin' for a lady name er Lucille," he explained. "You say she live hyar?"

"You mean Lucille Claybrook, 'cause she a widow lady."

"Is she good-lookin'?" Bugaboo put in.

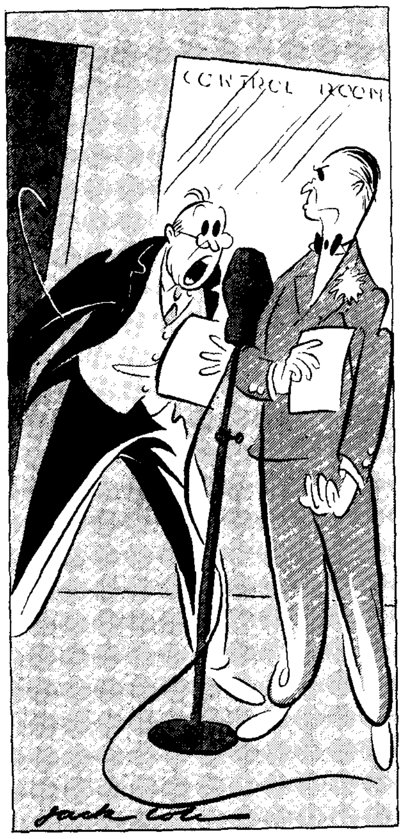
"Naw," Dora told him, "but Lucille Mack is. Only she already got her a man."

At that moment, a white man and a dozen Negroes came up. The white man asked: "You the two boys Mister Will sent out?"

"Yas-suh," Bugaboo answered without hesitation.

"Well, climb out and help load that hay," the man told them.

When Iron Man and Bugaboo got to the ground, the white man said, more to himself than to anybody else, "The first men he's sent out here that even looked like they could do a day's work. Wonder what's the matter with them?"



"We interrupt this special bulletin to bring you a special bulletin"

JACK COLE

He watched Bugaboo and Iron Man each shoulder an eighty-pound bale of alfalfa and dump it into the car door with little show of effort.

"Escaped convicts, maybe. Mister Will ought to know better." The white man, resident manager of the big delta plantation, had suffered much from the whimsicalities of the lawyer-poet-philanthropist-owner, and when, half an hour before, the brakeman had told him that "Mister Will done sont out two mo' boys," he merely sighed. The vagrants and waifs the owner sent out from town always stayed just long enough to contract debt for rations and clothes and then disappeared. It made the manager's balance sheet look bad, but Mister Will understood.

After considerable steady hay-toting, Bugaboo began to sweat. "Dis," he told Iron Man, "ain't no diff'unt f'm steamboatin'."

Iron Man looked from the diminishing hay pile to the filling boxcars. "Yeah, hit is, too," he pointed out. "Efn us was steamboatin', us'd tote de hay on, and den us'd back out in de river and git on away f'm hyar. But when us gits done totin' dis hay on de cyars, us still gonter be right hyar."

Bugaboo found no comfort in his friend's words, and he suspected that Iron Man, too, had lost his enthusiasm for the adventure.

When the hay was loaded, the white man asked: "You two boys got a place to stay?"

"Yas-suh," Bugaboo answered.

"Know how to plow?"

"Yas-suh," said Bugaboo.

"All right," said the man. "Be at the barn at daylight in the morning."

After the white man had left, Iron Man turned on Bugaboo. "Fool," he said accusingly, "you tell de man you knows how to plow and I bet you ain't never—"

"When you's travelin'," Bugaboo retorted, "you got to make out like you knows ev'ything. And me, I'm travelin'."

"Us done quit travelin' for today," Iron Man stated. "I packed too many bales er hay to git my feets in de road, now."

"Well, I reckon us gonter stay hyar, den," Bugaboo was resigned. "Me, I ain't so tired, but I feels kinder hongry."

"Hongry!" Iron Man exploded. "I bet dat what ailin' me, too. And you went and told de white gent'man us had us a place to stay."

Bugaboo thought. "Dora!" he exclaimed. "You 'members de widow-lady which was settin' on de hay pile?"

"Country gal," Iron Man grunted.

"Might be," grinned Bugaboo, "but I bet dat little ole gal kin cook a mighty mean mess er grub for us to chew on."

"Le's go huntin' for dat gal, den," urged Iron Man.

DORA was not hard to find. The first man they asked pointed out the turnrow for them to take.

She was on her porch when the roustabouts came up.

"I kinder figgered y'all'd git out hyar by suppertime," she told them. "So I got a big pot er collard greens b'ilin.' Y'all kind er hongry, ain't you?"

"How'd you know us was hongry, gal?" Bugaboo asked.

"Might' nigh all de mens Mister Will sends out is hongry," Dora said.

"Dem collard greens smell mighty good," Bugaboo sniffed.

Dora looked Bugaboo and Iron Man over carefully. "De p'int er dem collard greens," she said, "is like dis: I's a po' hard-workin' widow-lady."

"Us ain't got a dime," Bugaboo blurted out.

Dora laughed. "I ain't wearied about not gittin' no pay for my grub. But you see, I's a widow-lady, and efn a widow-lady is fixin' to git married up wid some big ole handsome man like y'all, hit wouldn't be hardly right to charge y'all mens for de collard greens."

Bugaboo's mind clicked sharply. "You means," he demanded, "you'd marry wid me and Iron Man, bofe?"

Dora giggled. "Naw," she told him. "You'd be big enough man for me, all by yo'se'f, you great big ole handsome devil."

Bugaboo gulped. Iron Man had to bite his tongue to keep from laughing. He said, "Bugaboo make a mighty fine husband for a gal like you. When y'all countin' on gittin' married, befo' us eats?"

"Fool, don't tawk like dat!" exclaimed Bugaboo.

"Ain't you de beatinist," Dora simpered, "makin' dat kind er tawk! Efn I hadn't already promised to marry dat

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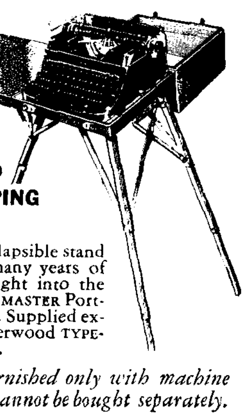

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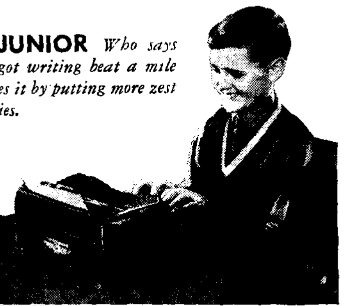

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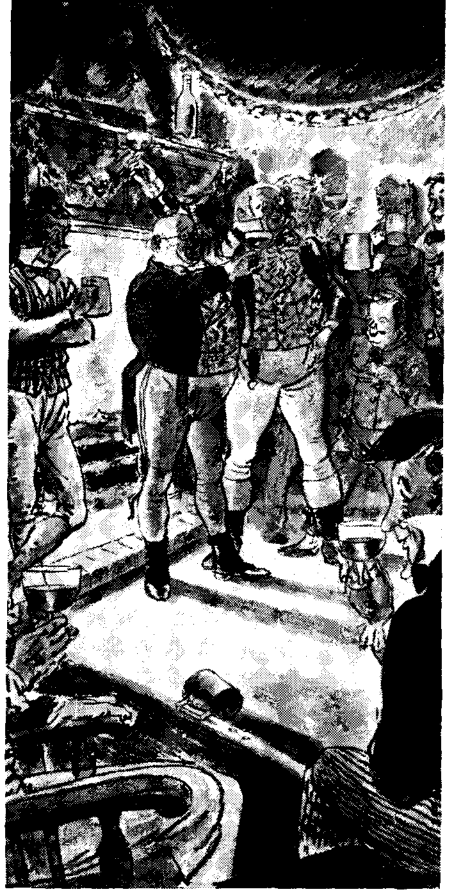

"The Christmas party at Mr. Wardles"—from Dickens' immortal "Pickwick Papers." The liquid refreshment was elder *wine, laced with* COGNAC*—and a good time was had by all.*

84 PROOF

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big ole handsome partner er yo'n, I'd haul off and marry up wid you! Is us gonter git married *befo'* supper or *after* supper—I swear, boy, you breaks me down!"

Bugaboo, who was beginning to realize what he was getting into but who was still pretty hungry, joined in the laughter with as much spirit as he could gather. "Dat sho' is a good'n," he chuckled uncertainly. "Iron Man always sayin' smart stuff like dat, when he know good as me fo'ks don't git married befo' supper."

Dora went into another paroxysm. "Man, bofe er y'all breakin' me down. I swear, I never hyared such funny tawk. Man, us can't git married befo' Sunday!"

"Sho'," Bugaboo agreed eagerly. "I and Dora got to have some time to set around and do some cou'tin'."

"Sho'," echoed Dora. "De Rev'und Chillis don't even git down hyar to Sunday, anyhow."

"Dat's right, Dora," Iron Man encouraged. "I b'lieve a widow-lady got de rights to tie a man up wid a preacher."

Bugaboo had lost all interest in his impending marriage. The smell of boiling collards whetted his already too-sharp appetite. "Dora," he asked, "don't you think dem collards gonter be ready to eat about de time us gits washed up some?"

Dora thought they would, and she showed the two roustabouts to the "shed-room," and directed them to the pump where they might fill a washtub for a bath.

While they were bathing, Iron Man chided his companion. "She about right to make a wife for a big man like you," he said.

Bugaboo frowned. "I'm stayin' ongaged to her ontwell Sunday," he warned Iron Man. "Jest so's us kin eat."

Iron Man saw that his friend was serious. The talk stopped and they finished their baths and dressed in silence. When they returned to the front of the house, they found two women on the porch.

"Dis my ongaged husband, name er Bugaboo," Dora introduced. "And dis gent'man call hisse'f Iron Man. And dis is Lucille Mack. Y'all was axin' me 'bout her when de train come up."

Lucille was very like Dora in build and dress—barefooted, cotton print apron, and knotted hair. But she wore a tall yellow comb and a band of red ribbon on her head.

"Not Lucille Mack no mo'," she giggled. "I's a widow-lady now, and I's jest plain Lucille."

"Whar Mack at?" demanded Dora.

"I don't know whar dat ole devil at," Lucille laughed coquettishly. "He went off back to Greenville on de engine."

This sent Dora off again. "You's a case!" she exclaimed hilariously. "You breaks me down."

"Ain't hit about suppertime?" Bugaboo suggested.

AT SUNDOWN, Dora decided the collards were ready to be eaten. The food revived good feeling between the two roustabouts. Dora, with the instinct of possession, marveled at the enormous quantities of collards and cornbread Bugaboo put away and laughed at his witticisms. Lucille listened wide-eyed to Iron Man's tales of his adventures. They ate and talked for a solid hour and then retired to the porch to watch the moon rise, and to "settle" their supper.

They had not been on the porch more than a few minutes when a huge black man walked up out of the dusk.

"Why ain't you at home?" he demanded.

"Hit's Mack!" Lucille squealed. "How'd you git back f'm town?"

"No mind dat," snorted Mack. "I git home and finds you speakin' wid some mangy run-around nigger! I ought to break yo' neck, and his'n too!"

"I'll be at dat break-neckin'," Iron Man threatened.

"Now, Mack," Dora pleaded, "don't go gittin' mad and hurtin' nobody—"

"I'm mad," Lucille's husband yelled. "I'll tear him apart!" He bellowed a wordless warning, leaped up on the porch and charged Iron Man.

The latter waited until Mack was within reach and then he swung with all his might. Mack grunted and fell back into the yard.

"You hit my man!" Lucille shrieked. She swarmed on Iron Man, biting, kicking and scratching.

"Y'all stop dat fightin'," Dora put in. "I won't have no fightin' goin' on at my house."

"Shut up, Dora," commanded Bugaboo. "Hit's a good fight and hit ain't no skin offn yo' back."

"Who shut up?" Dora turned on Bugaboo.

"You shut up," he repeated. "Efn you don't, I'll smack you right out in de yard."

"Take away, now, woman," Iron Man was saying to Lucille. "You bites me again, and I swear I'll smack yo' teef out."

"In my own house," Dora moaned, "and me a po' widow-lady!" She ran into the house and returned with a pistol. Nobody saw it but everybody heard it. It roared and reverberated in the quiet of the evening. Where the bullet went, nobody knew, but Iron Man and Bugaboo were well out of range when Dora pulled the trigger the second time. The two roustabouts ran down a cotton middle with a single idea in their minds: putting distance between themselves and Dora.

Then that custom peculiar to plantation life came into evidence. Somebody had fired a gun and everybody else on the place who owned one had to shoot his own gun, too. For a half hour, at irregular intervals, shots were exploded into the night. And each of these shots served to propel Iron Man and Bugaboo farther down the big cotton field.

When they could run no more, they sat down and rested. Then they walked. They had no idea where their feet were taking them, but they hoped not toward Dora's house. When they came to a large drainage ditch, they turned and went alongside of it until they reached a railroad track.

"You reckon," Bugaboo speculated, "is dis de same railroad us rid on today?"

"Naw," Iron Man guessed. "Dat railroad track must be a hund'ed miles away f'm hyar, de way us was runnin'."

"Well, anyway," Bugaboo said, "de wawkin' hyar is mo' better den hit was in dem briers along de ditch."

"Don't tawk," said Iron Man. "I'm mad, yit, at de way dat gal bit my arm."

For an hour they walked down the railroad tracks. And then they came upon a vaguely familiar spot. There were clusters of houses and barns, and standing on the track were four boxcars.

"Well, I be damn!" Iron Man exclaimed. "Us done comed back."

"I don't keer," Bugaboo grumbled. "I'm gonter crawl in on some er dat hay and go to sleep. And efn Dora shoot me, I'll jest sleep on."

They climbed into a car, bedded down upon some loose hay near the door and promptly slept.

WHEN they awoke, it was daylight. The cars were no longer at the Trail Lake end of the spur. From where Bugaboo lay, he could see the top of the levee, and above that rose the two feathered smokestacks and the pilothouse of the John D. Grace!

"Hod-do-mighty!" Bugaboo shouted happily. "Iron Man, looky yonder!"

Iron Man raised himself to a sitting position in time to see the mud clerk and a stream of roustabouts pile over the levee top and make straight for the boxcars.

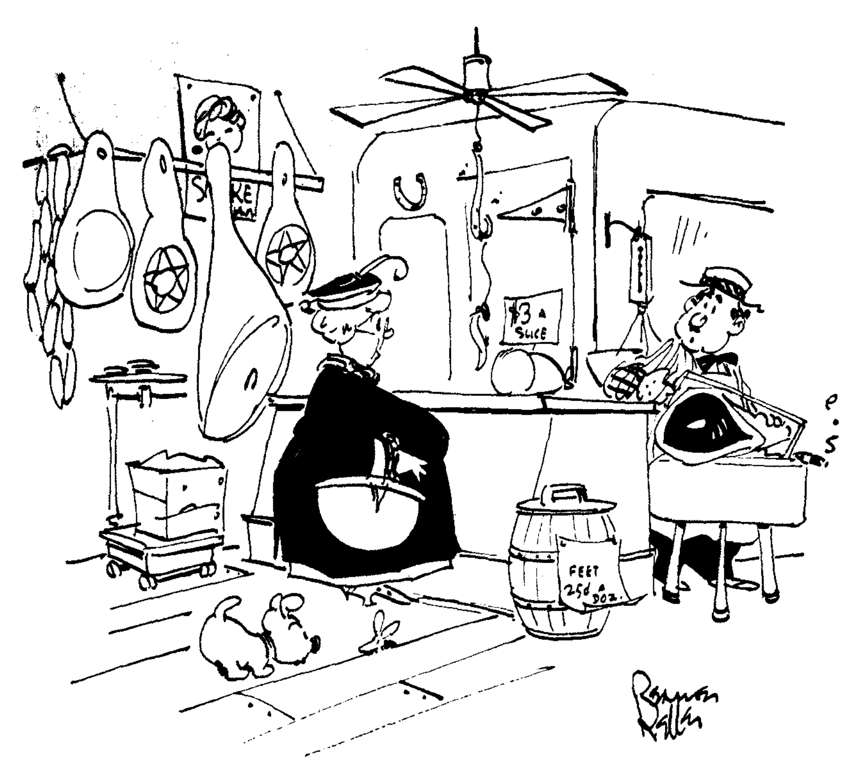
"Do dis hay go on de boat, Cap'n?" Iron Man asked.

"To Vicksburg," the mud clerk answered.

Iron Man slid out the door, feet first.

"H'ist a bale er dat hay on my shoulder, Bugaboo," he ordered. "Le's git dis stuff loaded up so's us kin git on away f'm dis hyar town."

"Me and you bofe," Bugaboo agreed, putting a bale on Iron Man's back. He dragged a second bale out and trotted behind Iron Man, toward the steamboat. "I'm plum tired and wore out, jest thinkin' about dis hyar town."



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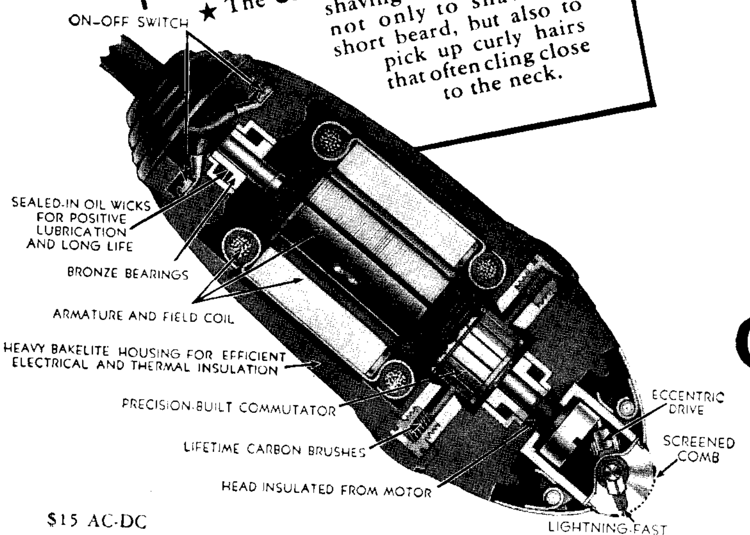
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The Wrong Tree

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

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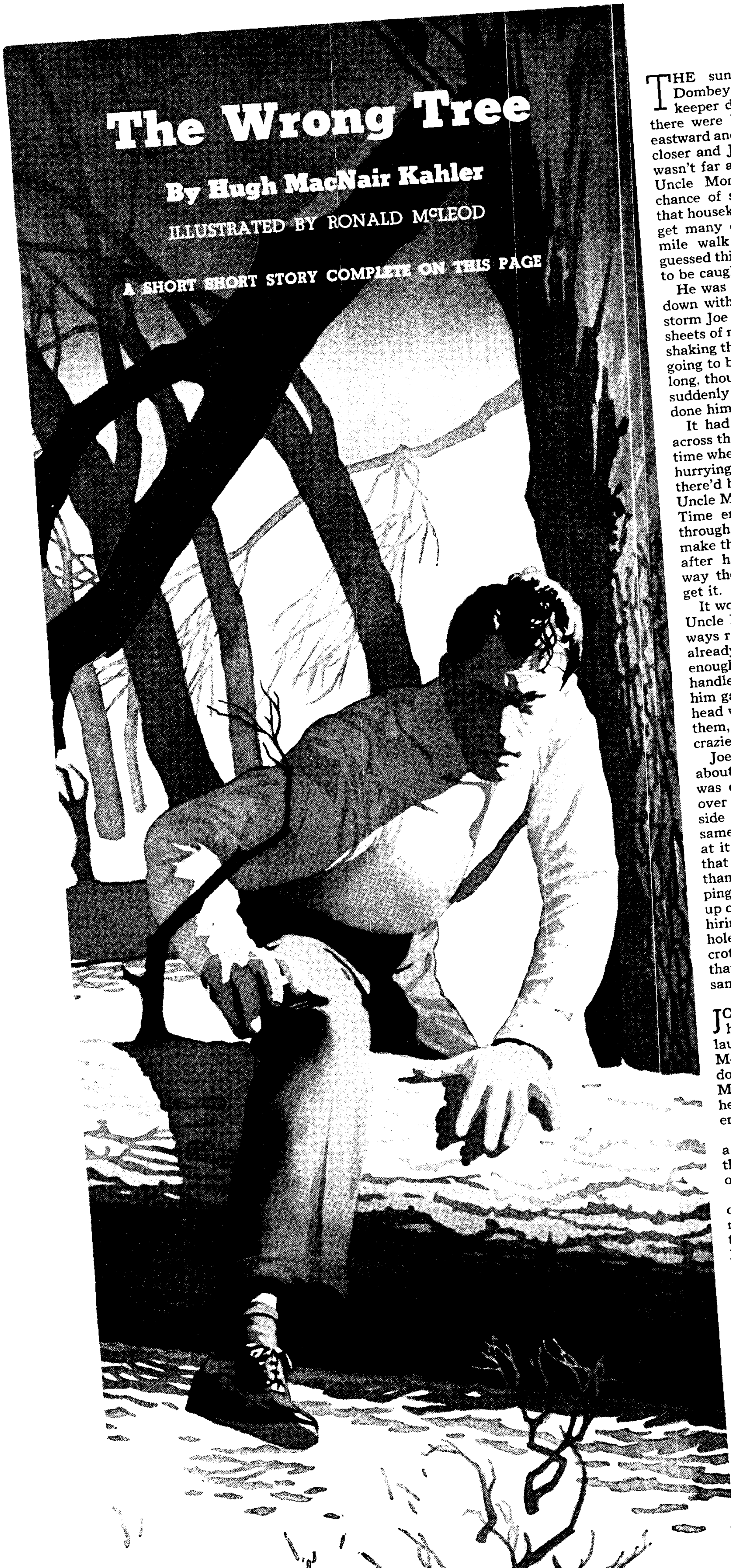
A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



The storm had knocked down a lot of trees across the road. Big ones. This was one time when that housekeeper wouldn't be hurrying home

THE sun was shining when Joe Dombey saw his uncle's housekeeper drive by toward town. But there were low, coppery clouds to the eastward and a stiff breeze pushing them closer and Joe knew that dirty weather wasn't far away. So he didn't start for Uncle Mort's. He hated to miss a chance of seeing the old man alone—that housekeeper saw to it that he didn't get many of them—but it was a two-mile walk to Uncle Mort's, and Joe guessed this storm would be a mean one to be caught out in.

He was right about that. It swooped down with a screaming roar, the worst storm Joe could remember, driving solid sheets of rain out almost flat ahead of it, shaking the house till Joe thought it was going to blow clear away. It didn't last long, though, and when it died down, as suddenly as it had risen, Joe saw it had done him a good turn.

It had knocked down a lot of trees across the road. Big ones. This was one time when that housekeeper wouldn't be hurrying home. Before she got back there'd be plenty of time to walk up to Uncle Mort's and plenty of time to talk. Time enough, maybe, to put a spoke through that widow woman's wheel, to make the old man see that she was only after his money and scheming every way there was to marry him so as to get it.

It would take a sight of talk to make Uncle Mort see that. She'd got a long ways round toward the soft side of him already. A slick one, she was. Slick enough to see that the right way to handle Uncle Mort was just to listen to him gassing about the crazy notions his head was full of, to let on to agree with them, even the craziest ones. Even the craziest one of all.

Joe Dombey cursed her as he thought about it. Letting on that Uncle Mort was dead right to make so much fuss over that dozy old wineglass elm beside his house! Letting on she felt the same as he did about it! Mooning up at it, sucking in her breath, and saying that piece about how a tree was sightlier than any poem! Everlastingly snapping pictures of it, too, and pinning them up on the wall! Egging Uncle Mort into hiring a tree doctor to cement up the holes in it and rig stay bolts across the crotches, throwing away good money that Joe had figured was practically the same as his!

JOE hated that elm almost as much as he hated the housekeeper. He felt like laughing when he turned into Uncle Mort's lane and saw that the tree was down. He didn't laugh, though. Uncle Mort was out in the yard, looking as if he'd lost his best friend, and Joe knew enough to pull a long face too.

"I'm terrible sorry, Uncle Mort. It's a mercy it didn't fall toward the house, though. Might easy have been the death of you if it had."

Uncle Mort didn't seem to hear. One of the words, though, stuck in Joe's mind. Death. If that tree had fallen toward the house . . . or if the old fool had been out here under it . . . or if . . .

One of those big limbs had splintered to pieces. One of the pieces lay at Joe's feet. Somehow, almost of their own accord, his hands had hold of it. They had only to swing it once. They didn't even need to move Uncle Mort. He fell forward so that he lay under the end of the broken limb. Joe dropped the club beside him.

He wasn't scared. He felt like laughing at how easy it had been, at how safe he was. All he had to do was go home and not let on he'd been here—no, that wouldn't do. He'd left too many deep bootprints in the muddy lane and the soaked turf and somebody would be bound to notice them. He'd better go on up to Doc Sibley's, the same as he'd have done if he'd really found Uncle Mort lying under that windfall with his head caved in. He kept wanting to laugh at how slick he would fool the old doc and his big, dumb son-in-law.

THEY both came back with him. All the way Joe kept talking, with a kind of choke in his voice, about how Uncle Mort had been all the blood kin he had and how lonesome it was going to be without him. When they came to the gate, it seemed as if it wasn't safe for him to stop talking.

"Wish it hadn't been this here tree that done it. Some way it just don't seem right, after all the store he set by it, for it to be the one that killed him."

The doc had quit feeling Uncle Mort's shoulder. He was standing up.

"No," he said. "That doesn't seem right." His voice had a queer sound to it. "It seems all wrong. So wrong it couldn't have happened. It wasn't this tree that killed your uncle, Dombey."

Joe had to swallow before he could speak.

"But—but it did kill him! You can see it did!"

"I can see it didn't. This tree's so dozy it's a wonder it hadn't fallen of its own weight, long ago. And you're trying to tell me it stood up through a storm that snapped off young, healthy timber like toothpicks!"

"I ain't trying to tell you nothing only that I found him laying there, same as he is now. I—"

"Then you must have got here just about the time it happened. He hasn't been dead more than an hour, and he didn't live a minute after he was hit. If this tree killed him it had to stand up through that hurricane and not fall down till long after it was over. And if this tree didn't kill him—"

He stopped. He was looking down at the clear prints of boots in the soft sod. His own. Uncle Mort's. And Joe's. No others.

"It was the tree!" Joe found he was almost shouting. "It stood up through the storm, that's all. No call for you to go hinting it was me that done it, just because—"

"Just because I find a dead man under the wrong tree, Dombey?" The doc's voice was very quiet. "Under a tree with no tracks near it except yours and his? Under a tree that must have fallen a long time before he died—"

"Must have!" Joe snatched at the hope in the words. "Guessin', that's all you're doin'! Guessin'—and accusin' me of murder on the stren'th of it!"

The doc shook his head.

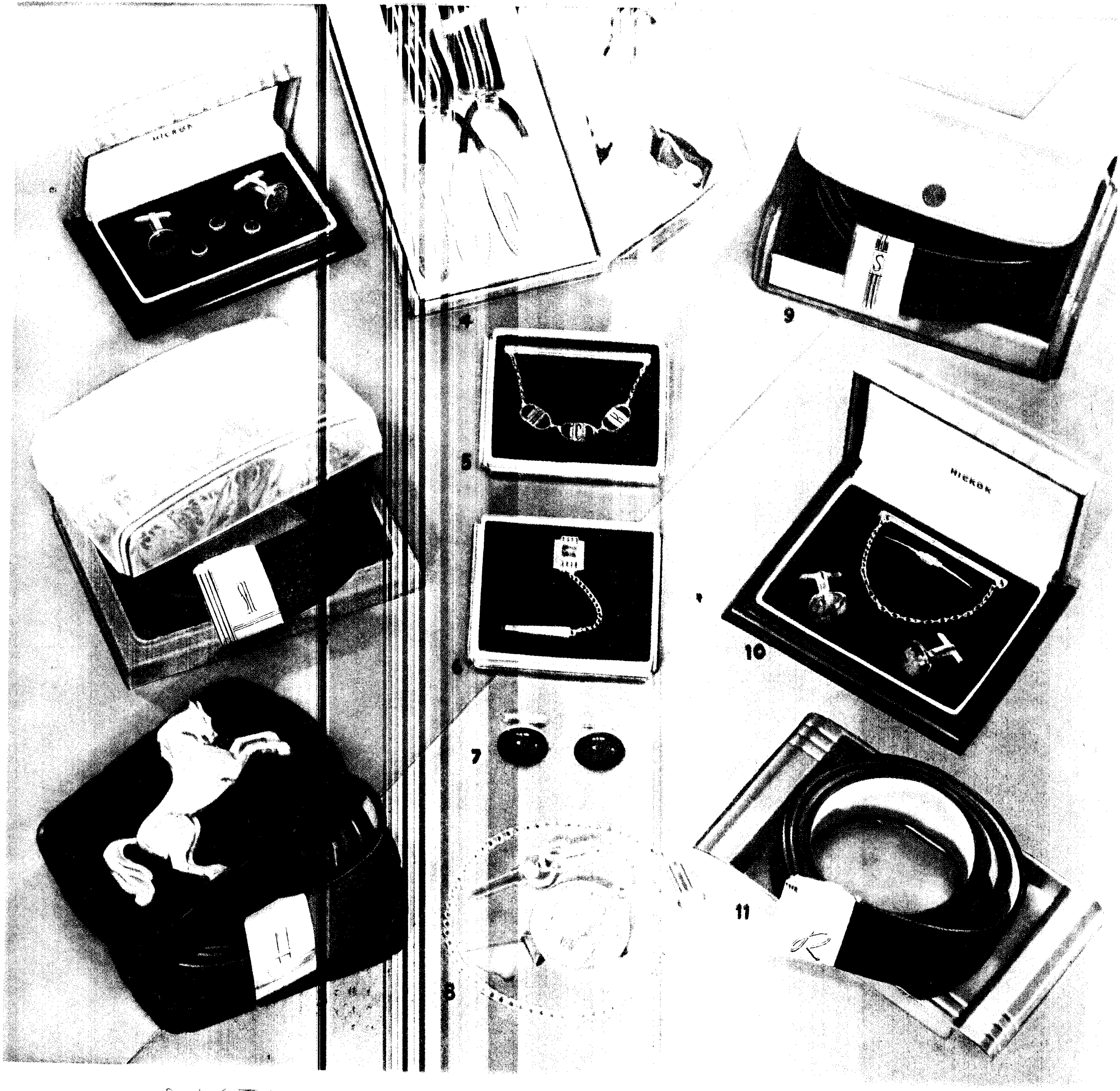
"I'm not guessing, Dombey. I know. There's dry ground under that trunk. Bone-dry. Go feel it, Sim, so you can—"

Joe tried to keep on hoping. Maybe a slick lawyer could make the jury think the doc and Sim might be wrong about that dry ground. Maybe—

". . . swear the tree was down," the doc was saying, "before the big storm ever started."

Before! Suddenly Joe remembered how hard the wind had been blowing long before that housekeeper had gone by. And that camera of hers, too. And how bright the sun had been shining. Somehow he seemed to know, as surely as if he could see it, that she'd have a snapshot to show the jury, a snapshot they couldn't help believing, of Uncle Mort, standing by the wreckage of his wineglass elm.

Uselessly, just as Sim's big hands laid hold of him, Joe tried to run.



DISTINCTIVE GIFTS

Gifts men like . . . wearable gifts . . . the smart styling and superb quality you always associate with Hickok. And the handsome packages — gifts in themselves — each has a practical use of its own. Hickok belts, braces, garters and jewelry now on display at good stores everywhere.

New style note. Dress set in rich Midnight Blue or Maroon. Airline cuff links and studs as shown $5. With vest buttons $8. Other sets from . . . $2.50

Belt set in a modern glass-topped humidor. The belt black or brown shrunken-grain calfskin. The sterling silver buckle with "his" initial. $3.50

Two gifts in one. A belt of mellow steerhide . . . buckle of lustrous Hickok-plate . . . packaged in a strikingly designed humidor for home or office use . . . Complete $2

Matched brace and garter set . . . The braces, of course, have Hickok's famed ActionBAK, insuring complete comfort . . . The set strikingly packaged for presentation $1.50

Styled for him alone. Three-initial Alligator Grip tie chain. Smartly packaged in useful ash tray. These two gifts $1. With matching collar bar . . . $1.50

[illegible] . . . ates the tie more gracefully. Smartly packaged in [illegible] collar bar . . . $[illegible] Other Ascot Tie Guards $1 up.

Hickok [illegible] links beautifully styled . . . in assorted colors. In gift package $[illegible] Other links . . . . $1.50 to $10

The gift that's new [illegible]. The Hickok Koinife. Pocket Knife . . . silver dollar size . . . blade and file of finest steel $2.50. Key chain or Waldemar watch chain $2.50. Set illustrated, in gift box $5. Others up to $50

Hickok sterling silver buckle with 14 kt. gold inlay stripe. Belt of fine hand-boarded calfskin . . . suede lined. The set in a deluxe leather and walnut travel kit, as illustrated $5. Other sets . . . . $7.50 and $10

A complete jewelry gift. Airline cuff links . . . Alligator Grip chain tie-clip and collar bar. Cuff links in favored colors. The set in handsome jewel case $5

Sturdy cowhide belt and smart Hickok-plate buckle, finely initialed. Packaged in attractive metal cigarette or serving tray. Two smart gifts in one $2 and $2.50

BY HICKOK

OLD
MR. BOSTON
SAYS:

"For every Genial Fellow
My Gift:

1 QUART
90 PROOF
Old Mr. BOSTON
Distilled Dry Gin
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
"as smooth as old brandy"
BY BEN BURK, INC. BOSTON, MASS.
Old Mr. BOSTON
STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED IN ILLINOIS
THIS WHISKEY IS 4 YEARS OLD

Gifts of Antique Beauty and Dignity!

Reproduced from an antique pair of Old New England decanters—decanters that may have gladdened and gratified a John Adams or a Paul Revere—these are gifts with a quality and distinction that is far in excess of their modest cost!

n your Christmas List–

Decanters"

You pay not a penny extra for these quart decanters – only the regular price of my famous whiskeys or gin!

GENTLEMEN, when you give my Gift Decanters at Christmas, you prove your friendship and proclaim your good taste! For the aristocratic swank of these distinguished decanters is excelled only by the flavor and character of the liquors I have placed therein!

First, there's my magnificent 100 Proof Straight Bourbon, as noble in taste and bouquet as any that bears the proud old Bourbon name. Then there's my full-bodied, fragrant 100 Proof Straight Rye, assuredly a princely whiskey. And for those who prefer it, I also offer in these handsome Gift Decanters my velvet-smooth and truly palatable Dry Gin.

Give whichever you choose, Sirs—but please keep this clearly in mind: You pay only the customary price of my whiskeys or my gin and *not one penny extra*. The decanter itself is my own contribution to the Yuletide cheer of you and your friends! Gentlemen, let my Gift Decanters make it the brightest and merriest Christmas of them all!

BOURBON—Mr. Boston's Decanters of Straight Bourbon Whiskey—Full Quart, 100 Proof. This whiskey is three years old.

RYE—Mr. Boston's Decanters of Straight Rye Whiskey—Full Quart, 100 Proof, this rich, robust whiskey is three years old, a treasure of aroma and taste.

GIN—Mr. Boston's Decanters of Distilled Dry Gin—Full Quart, 90 Proof. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

TO EVERY EXECUTIVE–

with one good gift to give—or one hundred!

Whether you have one special customer or an entire office staff to remember, a handful of honored colleagues or a host of favored friends—you'll thank Old Mr. Boston's Gift Decanters from the bottom of your heart! For these proud and sparkling gifts solve all your Yuletide problems in one swoop—they're presents to delight the eye and kindle the gratitude of any and every congenial fellow you know.

Every man on your list will smack his lips over my excellent straight whiskeys, my splendid Dry Gin! And it is fortunate that the thrifty price of these Gift Decanters permits your giving them *right on down the list*. So jot down the names of the lucky recipients below and order your Gift Decanters at your nearest package store *now*. Time is fleeting, Christmas is coming—and the supply is rapidly running low!

MAKE OUT YOUR LIST NOW

(With a few helpful hints from Old Mr. Boston, himself)

☐ Your broker who called the turn ....

☐ Your counsellor-at-law ....

☐ All those vice-presidents ....

☐ Your host aboard the "Sea Nymph" ....

☐ Your racing friend who rarely misses ....

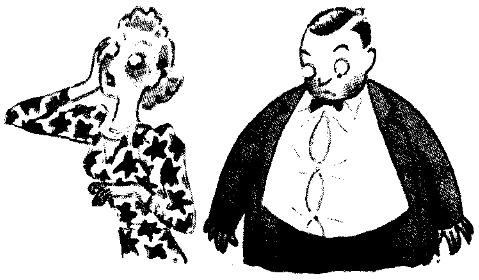
☐ Your fellow directors ....

☐ Your M. D. ....

OLD
Mr. BOSTON
Gift Decanters
RYE • BOURBON • GIN

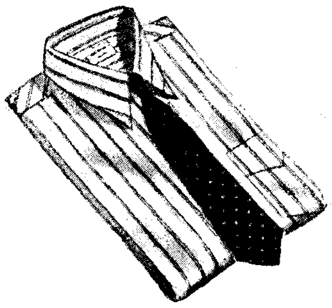
A Christmas hug, a Christmas kiss

Awaits the woman who reads this!



SWEETHEART COMPLAINS:

The shirts of one whom I esteem
  Soon shrink and gap at every seam,
Exposing hunks of manly torso
  (As illustrated . . . only more so!).

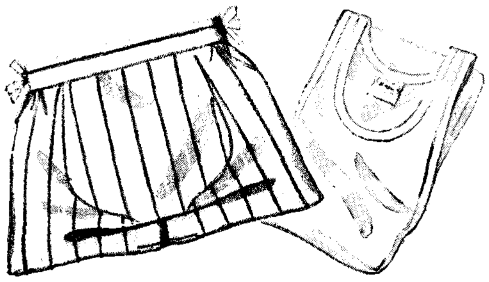


ARROW ADVISES:

Give the boy Arrow shirts. They're Sanforized-Shrunk—*a new shirt free if one ever shrinks.* We suggest our attractive, new British-Stripes at $2 and up.

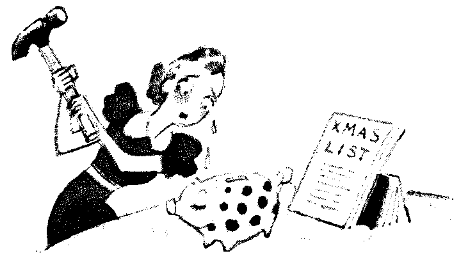
THE GOOD WIFE WONDERS:

My Joe, once normal, now seems queer;
  His shorts constrict him in the rear.
He cannot walk as was his habit;
  In fact, he hops just like a rabbit.



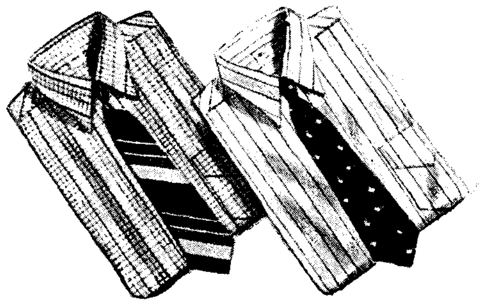
ARROW SOLVES ALL:

Put Arrow shorts under Joe's Christmas tree. Arrows have *more room in the seat.* And no seams (this feature is patented!) to chafe a man's crotch. 65¢ up. Arrow undershirts, 50¢ up.



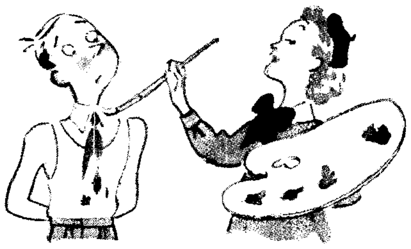
NIECE NEEDS HELP:

My uncle has a lot of dough.
  (It helps to make me love him so.)
What can I give him that has swank
  And still not break my piggy-bank?



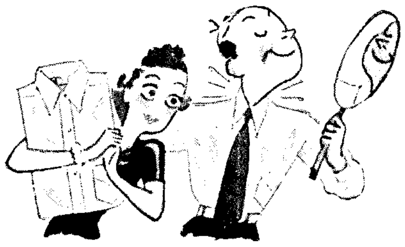
ARROW TO THE RESCUE:

Arrow suggests one or more *de-luxe shirts* in designs picked up by our style scout on his latest trip abroad. They look as if they cost a fortune, but they don't. Just $2.50, $3.50, and $5.



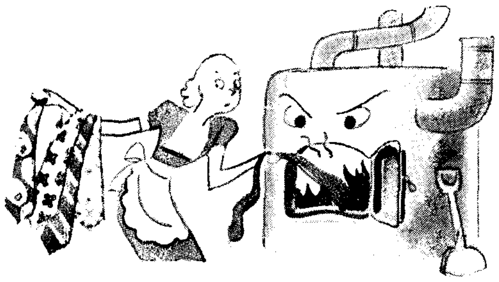
BRIDE IS WORRIED:

The rate my Oswald wears out collars
  Keeps us very short of dollars.
If this expense I cannot check
  I'll have to paint one on his neck.



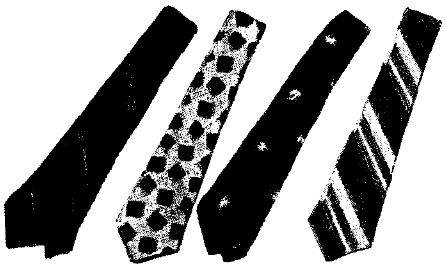
ARROW HAS THE ANSWER:

Give Oswald (1) *Arrow New Trump*, $2, which has the longest-wearing soft collar ever made; (2) *Arrow Dart*, $2.25, whose non-wilt collar will look trim long after other shirts wear out.



MAMA KNOWS BEST:

The ties Bert gets at Christmas-tide
  Just make him want to scream and hide.
Before he's put in some asylum
  I think I'd better burn or file 'em.

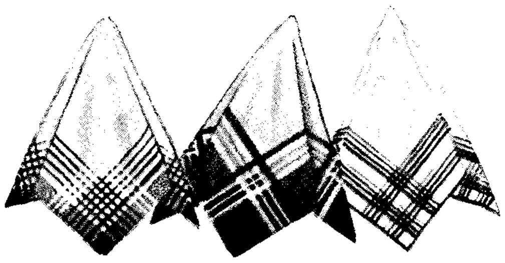


HARKEN TO ARROW:

Arrow ties get the same good styling that has made Arrow shirts world-famous. You don't need to worry about the reception *they'll* get. Resiliently tailored *to curb wrinkling.* $1 and $1.50.

GENT TAKES THE STAND:

The kerchiefs on my Christmas tree,
  Look nice up there, but not on me.
Some day I hope, before I die,
  That I'll get one that suits *one* tie.



WE STATE OUR CASE:

Arrow is one of the few firms that make ties *and* shirts *and* handkerchiefs—and can pre-plan them so that the colors of *all three* harmonize. They make mighty attractive Christmas presents. 25¢, 35¢, and 50¢.

Go to your Arrow dealer's *today*—and make your selections from these and many other Arrow shirts, ties, handkerchiefs, and shorts.

ARROW

SHIRTS • TIES • HANDKERCHIEFS
UNDERWEAR

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Least Effort

Continued from page 11

stop was Hanover, Germany, where he was plumped down into a family that spoke no English at all. He spoke no German and had to learn by the sink-or-swim method.

By the end of four months, he had gathered in a good deal of German, and then he was moved to Tours to learn French. A lot of other English boys were there for the same purpose. They talked nothing but English, had a fine time, and learned almost no French at all. Italy was next.

The docile young man was sent to the house of a tutor who had no other pupils. The tutor turned on his charge one day. "Don't you know," he demanded, "don't you know you are far too stupid ever to be a diplomat?"

Relief flooded young Morley's heart. "I believe you're right!" he said, and rushed home to break the happy news to his father. He added that he thought he'd like to be an actor. Disregarding this, Morley *père* asked, "How'd you like to sell beer?"

"That would be all right, too," said his ever-dutiful son, who was nineteen now. And forthwith he sold beer most successfully—because, he says, it was good beer and all you had to do was offer it to people. Having got some money from this, he began to get firm about things and took a year in the London Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. It was the only school he ever liked.

Debut as Stage Scenery

There were plenty of theatrical companies touring the English provinces at the time and he thinks that must be why he got acting jobs so easily. He is sure it was not due to the clamor of the audience upon his first stage appearance. On that momentous occasion, he was given a part in Treasure Island, which was being done for a children's matinee—some kind of benefit, it would seem. He was a pirate. There was a dress rehearsal. The pirate had no lines, but young Morley, determined to give his all, had painted his entire body a beautiful brown—a job that took a good deal of time. Then he went down to the stage, picked a good center spot, and draped himself over some canvas rocks.

"Who is the large young man?" demanded Mrs. Kyrle Bellew, who was helping produce the play. Her voice was not admiring. "Will he please move?" It didn't occur to the fledgling Thespian that she might mean him.

Someone prodded him. "Who—me?" said Morley in astonishment.

"You," she said; "go—go and get behind that cannon and stay there."

So Morley made his stage debut merely as background for a cannon. But later he was promoted from standing behind things to standing in front of them. By this time he was with a repertory company playing Shakespeare. They carried no scenery—just used the house equipment wherever they went and a good deal of it had no bearing on Shakespeare. He remembers that one night Juliet's balcony was on a little English house with a sign on it reading, Granny's Cottage, and on another evening, when he was to play the sea captain in Twelfth Night, the stage manager caught him ahead of time and said, "In the next scene, stand a bit to the left of where you usually do and don't move from there if you can help it."

"Why?" asked Morley.

"Because," pointed out the fellow, "there's a large deck chair painted on the drop and it won't do for good old Illyria. You've got to hide it."

It is clear that young Morley was a big actor before he was a great one, and he was excellent at blotting out inappropriate bits of local scenery. Meanwhile, he was getting valuable experience playing everything from Shakespeare and Ibsen to modern light comedy. He toured for five years very contentedly. Then talking pictures turned a lot of theaters into cinema houses. He couldn't find a job.

"So I sold vacuum cleaners," says Morley. He sold them until an acquaintance sent word that there was a part for him in another touring company. So he went back to the theater and toured for another three years. By this time the English road was pretty well shot to pieces.

"The only thing I could see to do," he murmurs, "was to write a play." You can write plays in bed. It seemed easier than selling vacuum cleaners. He wrote the play in about ten days, after he had spent a week or so trying to get himself at it. Then he named it Short Story and, with the supreme nerve of the tyro, sent it to Marie Tempest. A little later he had a note from the great lady and a few days after that was amazed to find himself walking away from her house and wondering if his memory were playing him tricks. It seemed to him that she had said she would do the piece. The whole thing was very simple.

"He's keeping her up there for ransom!"

JAY IRVING

On the opening night, he got up energy and climbed to the top gallery where he sat with perspiration running down his neck through a first act that seemed to have no end. Then he thought he ought to move about and hear what comments people were making. He heard one man say, "This is certainly a terrible play." With that, he rushed to the bar and remained till all was over. The critics didn't agree with the man he'd overheard and the play ran for thirty weeks. So Robert Morley, actor-playwright, took his earnings and went to Spain where he sat placidly contemplating the universe and sublimely doing nothing.

He was called home by a friend of his named Peter Bull, who had a summer theater in Cornwall. Morley joined the group and has been a member of it both in the acting and the producing departments ever since. Then he tried his hand at short stories and published two.

There are two stories as to how he happened to go to Hollywood. Hunt Stromberg says Morley was given the preliminary tests because of the way he ate an apple. Morley says that they were making tests of practically every actor in England and just didn't happen to miss him. At any rate, Stromberg, who was there hunting a consort for Norma Shearer's "Marie," saw him as Dumas and, in the course of the play, he did eat an apple. The film producer got interested in Morley's ability to dramatize so simple a thing and put him on the list for tests, although the man had no film experience. But the final tests had to be made in Hollywood. They offered the amazed apple-eater a nice sum to go there and make them. Always one to drift with the tide, he thought he might as well. And then, research having proved that Louis was a great eater, Mr. Morley ate apples all through the ten months' filming of Marie Antoinette.

It was very strenuous. He needed the subsequent vacation in England. He went home, got in plenty of sleep, and even indulged in his only form of exercise. He loves to roller-skate. Believe it or not, the large young man is practically a flying sprite on skates. He likes them, of course, because the rollers do most of the work. In the meanwhile, he had somehow managed to jot down another play. So he left the script of Goodness, How Sad to be done over there and came back to play Oscar Wilde in a country where that eccentric genius had had such an eventful lecture tour. The New York critical gentry was dead set against the piece, but luckily Morley and his producer didn't find it out until after the ovation of the opening night and, by that time, the gentlemen of the press had joined in the huzzas of the general public.

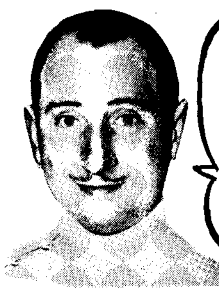
Not in the Horatio Alger Motif

His best friends insist that no matter how you look at his career it is bound to fail on the Horatio Alger note. His phenomenal success in several fields at once has nothing to do with driving ambition or tireless effort. It is just that he is so casual that no forces gather to resist him. Having brought relaxation to the point of art, he makes the most of it—a very clever man whose shrewd brain is by no means as idle as his body, but who makes rather a point of concealing the fact. He is known as something of a ladies' man, but the aisle up the middle of a church has always looked too long—even on roller skates. He never makes plans for the future if he can help it. But one thing and another are now beginning to force the issue. The play looks as though it will run for some time.

Then he will probably make a second picture. After that, he is supposed to take Oscar for a short tour. And then—he flaps a hand to finish the sentence, heaves a sigh, drops a bit of cigarette ash on his waistcoat—he's a chain-smoker—and you know from the light in his eye that he's thinking wistfully of following that happy seven-year example of his most illustrious great-aunt.

"TO SHAVE FAST, WITH COMFORT—

DO AS BARBERS DO...USE COLGATE LATHER"


BARBERS DON'T USE BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAMS. 2 OUT OF 3 BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER . . . THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!

Signed Charles Simms

Assistant Manager, Terminal Barber Shop
Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City

1. QUICKER because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

2. SMOOTHER because its rich, small-bubble lather melts the beard soft at the base, so your razor cuts clean.

3. CHEAPER because you use less than brushless creams of the same size and price class. There's no waste with Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

Barbers know from long experience that lather gives a smoother, easier shave than brushless creams, because it wilts whiskers softer and faster. And 2 out of 3 barbers use Colgate lather. So change to Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream. It whisks up into rich moist creamy lather . . . loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard . . . soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube. Buy Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream today. Large size 25c. Giant size holding twice as much, only 40c.

Colgate
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

Death on the Offbeat

Continued from page 10

strike me as being out of the way at all.

"Okay, boys!" I shouted; "go right into it—key of G. We'll all play this at Greenblatt." I enjoyed my little joke; Greenblatt was the name of that dopey tenor man.

"Hey, Johnny"—it was Eddy Moore again—"I got a solo worked up on this number—"

"Yeah, I know," I said, "take the whole third chorus."

I knew that drum solo. I had heard Eddy do it often when he was working in a dive in the Village. He used practically nothing but a press roll and rim shots in it. In case you don't know what a rim shot is, it's when the drummer holds his left stick with one end resting on the skin of the snare drum, and the other end on the rim, and then whacks that left stick with the right stick. It makes a very loud, resonant crack. I hope that's clear. Anyway, Eddy used a lot of rim shots in this particular solo, and in one place toward the end he used five in succession in a series of offbeats.

I was thinking all this during the first chorus, and wondering if Eddy would play it the same as he used to, when I looked around to nod to Dipsy Dorgan to take the second chorus. But Dipsy wasn't on the stand. In fact, Dipsy wasn't anywhere in sight. I pointed to the trombone player to take the chorus, instead, and then settled down to some plain, old-fashioned worrying. Where had that Dorgan gone without saying a word? The guy had been sober a few minutes ago. Could he be in some hide-out lapping up the ketchup? Or, worse still, could he be stupid enough, after his past experiences, to be behind some privet hedge playing pat-a-cake with a flapper?

The trombone solo ended and was I glad! The man who played it was by no means Miff Mole, nor yet Tom Dorsey. I sighed with relief and settled down to enjoy Eddy Moore's drum solo. It was wonderful. I had to grin from sheer delight as I sat there playing stop-time chords. Eddy was grand. He hadn't changed one eighth note in that little one-chorus arrangement. The customers liked it, too, and crowded around the stand. When he came to the five offbeats, he laid into those rim shots like crazy. The kids screamed hysterically, and I put up one finger, which means take another chorus, and waved the band out altogether, and let Eddy go out on his own.

I'm telling you that he played five choruses, any one of which would have done credit to Cozy Cole at the Onyx Club. The kids out on the floor were going nuts. Finally I signaled the band for a last ride chorus and swung around to the keyboard to give with that high treble smash. To my great delight, a trumpet came in about the second bar and lifted that number way up to a terrific finish. Dipsy was back on the stand.

THE kids were whistling and clapping and stamping their feet, but I knew the boys needed a rest after that, so I snapped my fingers and the alto sax player went "Yoo-hoo" on his instrument, which everybody knows means the end of the set. The dancers all began to melt off the floor, and I twisted around on the bench to give my trumpet player a little going over. He was coming toward me, picking his way over the instruments across the bandstand. I remember noticing how white and kind of drawn his face was, so that his blue eyes were black as coals.

"Whatever became of you?" I said. I made it just a question, but he could tell I was sore underneath.

"Johnny," he began, "I'm sorry as hell, but I was ready to drop after Dipsy Doodle, and I ran off the stand quick to get that Scotch you said I could have. It took me a little longer than I thought it would, but I finally found it and had my snort and ran right back. I'm sorry if I put you in a hole."

He looked so worried and earnest I couldn't stay sore at him, so I said, "Okay. But stick on the stand from now on. It was a good thing I had Eddy Moore around with his Krupa Special on that number."

I GOT up and stretched. "That boy was really swinging out," I said, "right from the first chorus."

"Yeah," said Dipsy, "and it's a funny thing. I want to tell you—"

"You remember those five offbeats in the original solo?" I interrupted—I was enjoying the memory—"you must have heard those rim shots clear inside the house. Especially the last two. Wonder he didn't wreck his drum." And I started to step off the stand.

"That's just what I wanted to talk to you about," said Dipsy, and all of a sudden he sounded a little hysterical. "I heard those rim shots, but where I was those last two offbeats weren't rim shots."

"What were they then?" I said mechanically. The guy was a featherbrain.

"They were pistol shots," he said.

I remember I just sort of blinked at Dipsy and said, "Pistol shots? What do you mean, pistol shots?"

"Johnny," he said, "I'm standing in this pantry, see? And I'm tossing off this slug and getting a load of Eddy's solo, and I heard the rim shots, but the last two were much closer and much louder than the others. They went 'bang, bang' just like a pistol."

He poured it all out like a kid. I would have laughed at him if he hadn't looked so scared. And then I began to have an uneasy little feeling that maybe he *had* heard something. Right then the dame screamed.

It was an awful scream, and it seemed to go on forever and grow louder. Everybody around was silent while this scream mounted like one of Dipsy Dorgan's crescendos. Finally the dame came bursting out of the house, still screaming. It was Constance Canning.

I started for her like everyone else.

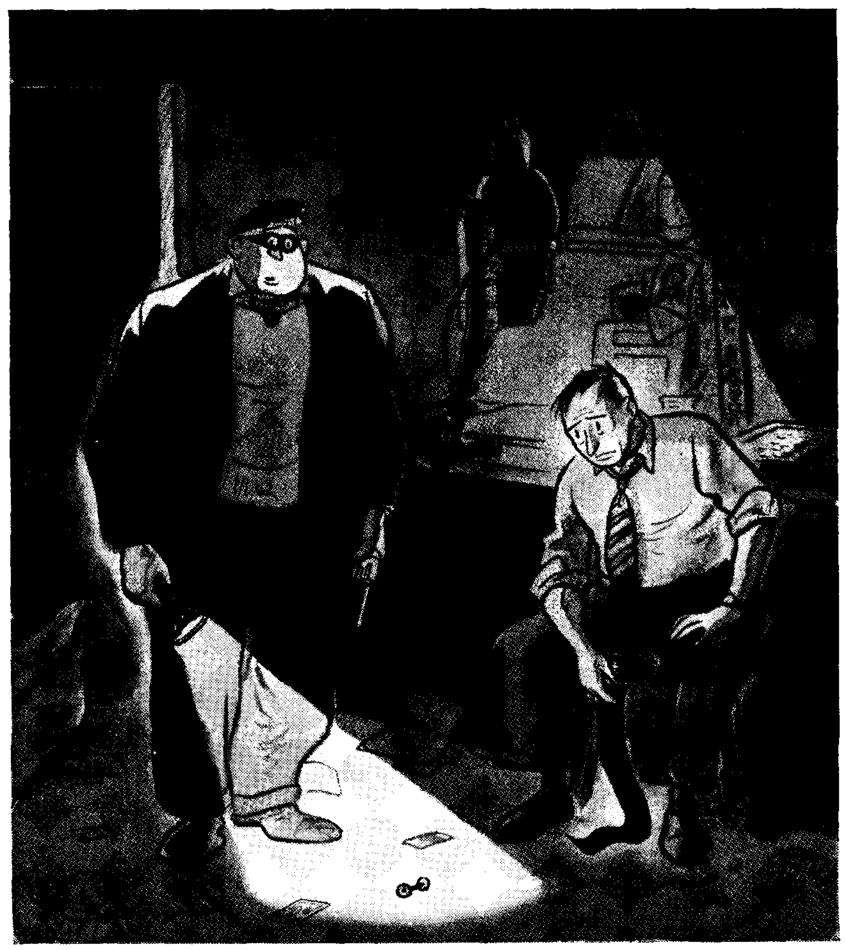
"Oh! It's terrible!" she sobbed. "She's dead! Candace Armour! She's shot herself!"

The back of my neck prickled. You know how it is when you suddenly realize too late that somebody you think has been babbling has really been making sense all the time. Rim shots. Pistol shots. Dipsy's face was gray.

"Go back to the stand and stay there!" I yelled, over the general hubbub. "I've got a phone call to make."

I WENT through the kitchen and the pantry thumbing my address book. I found a phone in the back hall and dialed that special number. Thank God the Bradley estate was just inside New York City. I didn't know any Nassau County police, and I *did* know Detective Lieutenant Matt Bowen of the New York headquarters homicide squad. I prayed he would be home tonight. He was, and said he would be over in twenty minutes, and would have a radio car around in less time than that.

I felt relieved. Candace was a suicide, and it was much better to have the cops around to okay the fact. Sooner or later,



"I'm awfully sorry about ruinin' your pitchers with my flashlight. Really, I am!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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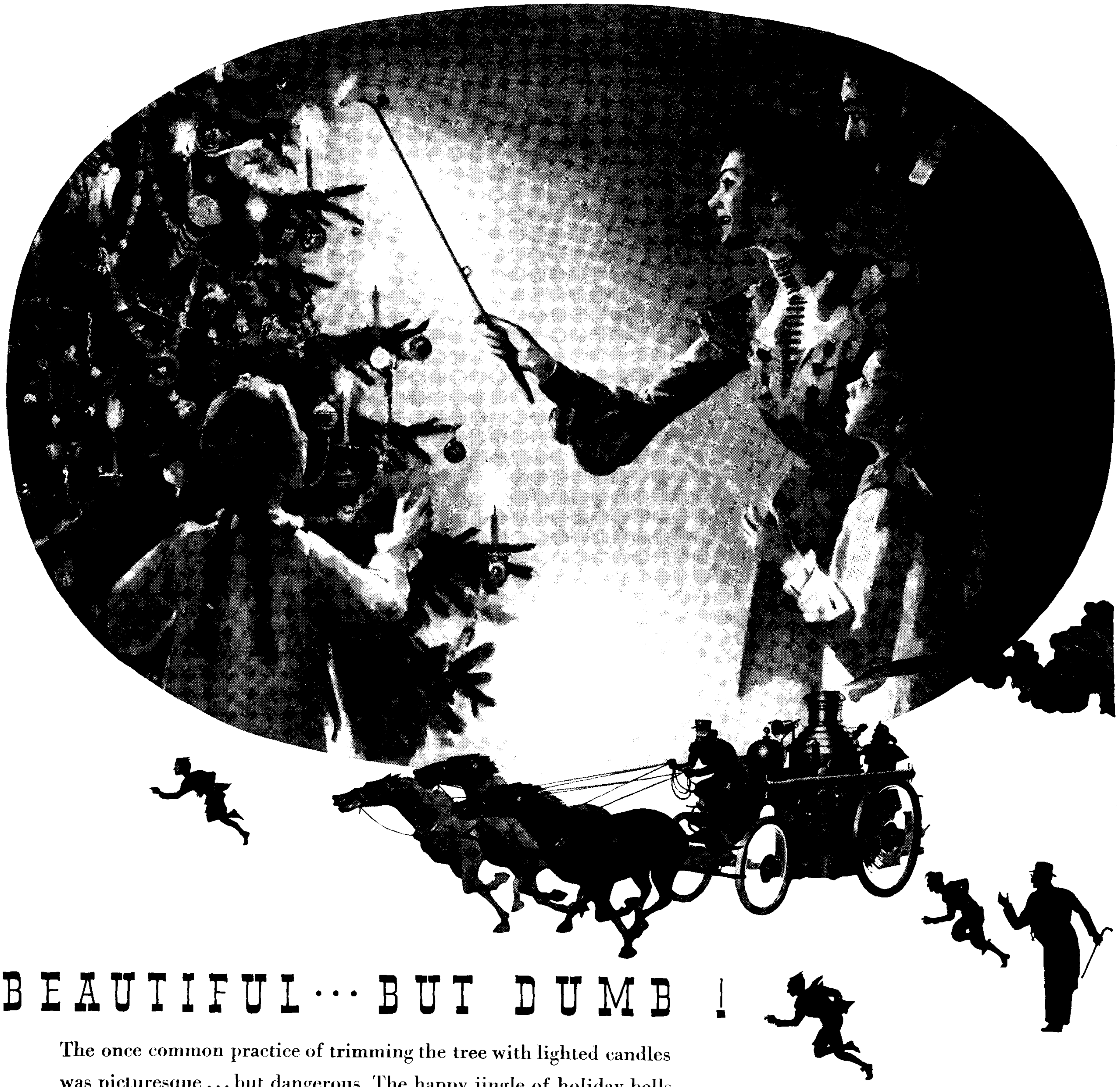

BEAUTIFUL... BUT DUMB!

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among a hundred people at a party, somebody would holler murder, and then who were you going to suspect?

I ran back and joined the crowd. By this time it had clustered around outside a ground-floor window that faced away from the dance floor. As I pushed my way through the jam, I could see Candace. The window was open and she was slumped across the sill, as if she had been leaning 'way out, and then suddenly gone to sleep. On a bare spot in the flower bed, a small revolver was lying, just as it must have slipped out of her nerveless fingers, after she gave herself the one-two.

The crowd was still too stunned and shocked to do much of anything but stand there and gawk. Over on one side, little Connie Canning was sobbing in Anton Gordon's arms. I looked around for Beth or Edgar, and saw Beth coming through the crowd toward me. She was dabbing at her face with a little handkerchief, and at her heels was that Frentrup kid, eyes really blazing now. I got hold of Beth's hand and squeezed it—I've known Beth a long time—and said, "Take it easy, kid. That was a hell of a thing for Candace to do."

So what does this Frentrup bird do but knock my hand down and say in a loud clear voice, "Take your hands off her, musician. You are hired to furnish music, not to fondle our women!"

Before I could think of a comeback to that, he poured another one on me. "And, incidentally," he said, and he threw his chin out like a contortionist, "incidentally, where was that trumpeter of yours, Dorgan, a few minutes before Miss Canning found the body?"

I felt it coming. In a case like this, there is always someone who will holler murder. This time it had to come from a wild-eyed whacky.

"Listen, kid," I said, "do you think Dipsy Dorgan was with Candace urging her to commit suicide?"

"I don't think Candace Armour committed suicide," he retorted. "She was shot in the right temple. And she was *left-handed!*"

I LOOKED around the crowd, feeling sick to my stomach. Nobody denied that Candace was a lefty. It looked as if the boy Sherlock had something there.

"So what does that prove?" I demanded. "It doesn't take any strength to squeeze a trigger."

That was a mistake. I could feel the crowd wince with me. Frentrup was on me like a flash.

"You're trying to stall!" he yelled. "Where is that trumpeter, Dorgan?"

"I'm right here," said Dipsy, at my elbow, and his face was the color of dirty white oilcloth.

"There he is!" screamed Frentrup to the crowd. "Dipsy Dorgan! An Irish musician who has been caught several times playing around with our sisters and sweethearts. And tonight, for one reason or another, he murdered one of our women!"

"Just a minute," I said, taking my hundred and sixty-seven pounds of seal blubber forward, "you can't say a thing like that!"

"Oh, can't I?" said Norval Frentrup, and spread his legs wide apart. "Then ask your Mr. Dorgan where he was during the eight or ten minutes when he wasn't on the bandstand a little while ago. It was during those eight or ten minutes that Candace Armour died."

He leaned back on his hips, dramatically, and shoved a hand in his pocket. The crowd murmured indistinctly, and it occurred to me that this kid was working awfully hard to prove, for one thing, that a murder had been committed and, for another, that Dipsy Dorgan had committed it. I thought, methinks he is hollering too loud, as Shakespeare said. Could Norval Frentrup have had anything to do with the death of Miss Candace Armour?

Then Dipsy said, "Has anyone notified the police?"

"Yes," I said quickly, "I did. They ought to be here any time now."

"You see?" It was Frentrup again, addressing the crowd. "They want the police. I say where was Dorgan during those ten minutes?"

"I'LL tell that to the police when they come," cried Dipsy, "and not to you, you little punk."

"You see!"—Frentrup's voice rose to a shriek—"the musician has no adequate answer. I swear before all of you that he killed Candace Armour, and I for one, propose to avenge her. A gentleman doesn't wait for the police!"

1234788
"476"
19

"This is my nick-number!"

FRANK BEAVEN

In the dead silence, he leaned forward and glared at Dipsy. Then without any warning he snatches a gun out of his pocket and aims it at poor Dipsy. I gave a little squeak and started to shut my eyes, when out of nowhere come two uniformed cops and grab the boy by the arms. By a miracle I didn't faint.

Five minutes later I spotted Detective-Lieutenant Matt Bowen. He was just coming from a quick look at the corpse. My knees were still weak as I took him and Dipsy over to the bandstand and sat us all down.

"Now," Matt began, "what has this Frentrup child got against Dorgan? What with blowing off that Dorgan was missing during the crucial minutes, he's got everybody saying that Dorgan fired the shots."

"I don't know, Matt," I answered. "I simply don't know. Either he's a natural-born whacky, or he killed her himself. Incidentally," I added, "what about that left-hand, right-hand stuff? Do you think she might have killed herself with the gun in the wrong hand?"

"She couldn't have killed herself with either hand," said Matt dryly. "There were no powder burns, and there's nothing around her that indicates she used anything to shoot through, like a piece of cloth, or anything like that. No, Johnny, I'm afraid we got a murder on our hands."

He turned to Dipsy and said briskly, "Now, let's get you straightened out. You were in the house having a drink of Scotch when the girl died. Where were you exactly?"

"I was in the butler's pantry, between the kitchen and the dining room."

"I see. Who gave you the Scotch?"

I don't know how Dipsy could have gone any paler, but he did.

"Nobody gave it to me. I found it myself."

"Good for you. Who did you see on your way in and out?"

"That's just it," said Dipsy miserably, "I didn't see anybody."

MATT stroked his blue Irish chin thoughtfully for a moment, then he said, "What you need is an alibi, Dorgan, and as far as I can see, you haven't got one."

Dipsy buried his head in his hands. I couldn't have felt worse if I'd killed the dame, myself.

Matt spoke again, softly. He said, "Did you shoot the girl, Dorgan?"

"So help me, I didn't, Lieutenant," he groaned. "I was a beat-up trumpet player and I went in there looking for a drink. I never messed around with Candace Armour in my life and I never killed her."

The detective flashed one glance at Dipsy, and looked over at me.

"What's your theory, Johnny," he said, "who do you think did it?"

"How would I know, Matt?" I sighed. "The dame was falling-down drunk in front of ninety-nine people, any one of whom could've shot her. I thought she was on the dance floor all the time, but Dorgan says he heard what might have been shots when he was inside the house—"

"Yeah?" said Matt. "Tell me about the shots, Dorgan." So Dipsy told him what he told me.

"Hey, here's something," I said. "Last I saw of her she was dancing with a guy named Anton Gordon."

"Now you're getting somewhere," Matt said. "I'll have Mr. Gordon paged."

"You don't need to, Officer, I'm right here." It was Anton, carrying a highball. "I came to see if I could help Dorgan in any way, Johnny," he continued. "Musicians ought to stick together."

"Were you the last person to see the deceased alive?" snapped Matt.

"I don't know about that," Anton replied, very direct. "I certainly was the last man to dance with her. She had what you might call a skinful, so I took her to the door of the ladies' powder room. I thought maybe if she got rid of some of it, she would feel better."

"Did you wait for her at the door?"

"No. I didn't expect her out right away so I came back to the dance floor."

"About when did all this happen?"

"That's hard to say. I didn't notice the time, but I should say the music stopped about five minutes after I came out, and then my fiancée, Miss Canning, went into the powder room and discovered the tragedy."

"DID you see anybody in the powder room, or in the hallways as you went in and out?"

"There was nobody in the powder room, as far as I could tell from the door, and if anyone was in the hall, I didn't notice him. But then I had quite a handful—"

"Yes, yes, I know," said Matt. "Did you see Dorgan go in or out of the house?"

Anton hesitated a fraction of a second while my heart did a nip-up.

"No, I didn't," he said finally. "You see the kitchen door where Dorgan went is around the corner from where I was."

I think that was the first time I ever liked Anton Gordon. He was a terrible violinist, and was generally kind of a phony, but he certainly helped Dipsy's position with that last remark.

"Well, thanks, Mr. Gordon, for your frank answers," Matt said heartily. "I don't know as they've done me much good, but they at least gave me an idea of what I'm up against here."

"Anything I can do to help," said Anton, earnestly, "please call on me."

"I appreciate that," said Matt, genially. "As a matter of fact, I may want to ask you some more questions later, so stick around. Incidentally, how do you figure this case, Mr. Gordon? You got any theories on it?"

"Frankly, I have," said Anton. "In the first place, I don't think Dorgan here did it. But I certainly would be interested in checking young Frentrup's alibi very carefully."

"Yes," I chimed in—I could have kissed Anton. "How about that boy? He was all in favor of naming the murderer and lynching him before the police arrived."

"I know, I know," said Matt, "don't worry, we'll take care of the boy. Right now I want to go in and see the people who own this place."

I stood up with him, feeling much bet-

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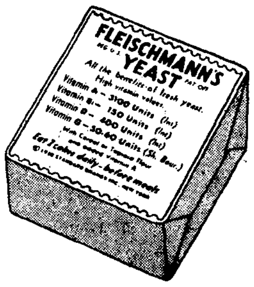

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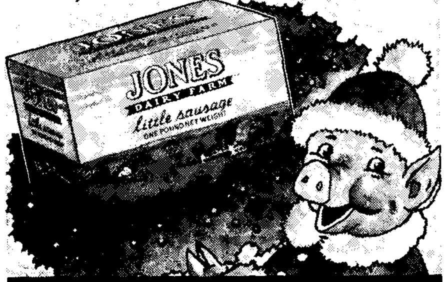

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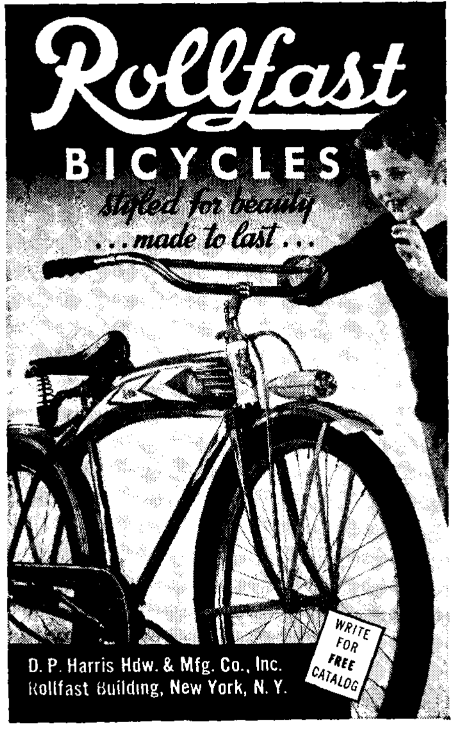

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ter. Things looked better for Dipsy, thanks to Anton. And I thought Anton came out of the questioning pretty well, too. I confess I had a few suspicions about him at first, but the story he told sounded strictly on the level, and I never saw anybody look less like a murderer.

"You two better come into the house with me," said Matt, meaning me and Anton, "and, also, Johnny, I want the names and addresses of all the boys in the band."

"I got them right here," I said, and picked up the little union book, which lists the entire membership of the musicians' local. I had been using the book that afternoon calling up men to do this very date.

"Good," said Matt, "let's go. And you, Dorgan, if you're smart, you'll stay right where you are until I come back or send for you."

Dipsy ran a hand through his blond hair, and nodded kind of hopelessly as we left him and started around the corner of the house. Candace's body hadn't been moved, but a squad of uniformed cops had cleared the crowd away from the outside of the window, and some detectives were busy around the spot with electric torches and flashgun cameras. One of them came up to Matt with a big cop in tow.

"This is Sergeant Gowan, Lieutenant," says the young dick, "from the precinct out here."

"Oh, yes," says Matt. "Sergeant, will you herd all the guests into the house? Put 'em in one room if you can."

"The dining room would probably hold them all," I put in.

"All right, the dining room," says Matt. "Hold them there until I can come in and check their names from the guest list. Get the musicians, too. All except a fella named Dorgan. Leave him alone, but post a man out of sight to watch him. If this Dorgan tries to make a break, your man will know what to do."

WHAT *did that mean? I wondered.* It sounded as if Matt Bowen were setting a trap deliberately for Dipsy. Why, if the kid started to run away, he'd be killed, and that wasn't fair. I looked at Anton, and Anton looked back at me. I didn't know whether to try to protest or not. Anyway, by now, Matt was talking to the younger detective.

"What did you find, Dietrich?" he said.

"Not much," says the dick. "The ground below the window is all stomped over by a million people, so there's nothin' there. Offhand, the prints on the gun check with the girl's."

Anton broke in. "Excuse me, Lieutenant, but I brought this highball out for poor Dorgan, and then forgot to give it to him. Do you mind if I do that right now? I'll join you in the house right away."

"No, go ahead," said Matt, sort of absently, and started talking to Dietrich again. "Sure, sure. Prints were wiped off, and the gun was squeezed into the girl's hand. Find anything else?"

I watched Anton Gordon disappear around the house. Apparently I'd been misjudging that guy for a long time. He was coolly going back to warn Dipsy of the trap. How Matt Bowen ever let him go, I don't know. I was hardly conscious of Dietrich's answer to Matt Bowen's last question.

"Yeah, I did," Dietrich was saying, "a little shred of cloth—black, I think. Caught between the hammer and the firing-pin of the gun."

"Yeah? What do you make of that?"

"The gun might've been fired through a man's pocket, and the hammer pinched off a piece of the lining when it snapped down."

"I think you got something there," said Matt. "Women's handbags are sometimes lined with black cloth, too. Silk. Is the piece you found silk, Dietrich?"

"I wouldn't know. Maybe."

"Well, I would say that was a nice lead. All we got to do now is search about a hundred people and see have they got any holes in their pockets or handbags."

He heaved a big sigh, and we went on up to the front door. Beth and Edgar were there as if they had been waiting for us. After I introduced Matt, Beth said, "Come into the living room. Mother and Father are in there with Constance Canning who discovered the—" Beth couldn't say the word, but broke off and led us into the living room, with Edgar following us.

The elder Bradleys were nice, gray-haired people who were in the middle of a lot of trouble they hadn't started. I felt sorry for them. Ma Bradley was on a big couch stroking Connie's forehead. Connie was stretched out with her eyes closed. Pa Bradley came forward grimly and handed a couple of sheets of paper to Matt. I supposed it was the list of guests. The big detective stood in the middle of the floor, skimming through the columns of names. When he finished, he said in a very kindly tone, "I won't trouble you any more than I can help, Mr. Bradley. About all I can do with this list right now is check the names off in front of the guests and see if anyone is missing. I would like to ask one or two questions of you all here, though. First of all, I'd like to know if there was any bad feeling that might have existed between the deceased and any of the persons who were present at the party."

Beth and Edgar shook their heads slowly.

"You see," Matt continued, "I've got to find someone with a strong enough motive to bring a revolver to a pleasant gathering like—"

He never got a chance to finish because Connie had bounced off the couch and was standing in front of him with her little fists clenched, and sobbing great, awful sobs.

"I had a motive!" she babbled. "I hated Candace Armour! She was trying to take Anton away from me! But I didn't kill her, I didn't kill her!" Her voice trailed off in a wail. Everybody leaped toward her, horrified, but she put her arm over her eyes and stumbled into Mrs. Bradley's arms. Matt nodded at the older woman, and she led Connie out of the room.

After a few seconds when everybody seemed too shocked to say anything, Beth turned those honest eyes of hers on Matt and said, "Officer, that must have sounded terribly incriminating to you, but I know Connie and she couldn't have done it. Not possibly. Why, she wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Yeah, sure, sure," said Matt, "but you realize, of course, that everyone on the premises, bar none, is under suspicion until he is cleared."

Nice, good-natured Edgar Bradley stood up with a very queer expression on his round face.

"Here's something I think you ought to know, Lieutenant," he began, in a strained voice.

"Edgar! No!" screamed Beth, frantically.

"I've got to tell him, Beth," said the boy; "he'll find it out anyway. It's just this, Lieutenant: Nobody brought that gun here at all. It was here all the time. It belongs to me."

YOU could've really knocked me over with a piccolo. What kind of a murder was this, anyway? Either you didn't have an alibi, like Dipsy, or you were last seen with the murdered person, like Anton Gordon, or you had a motive, like Connie, or finally, you owned the gun, like poor dumb Edgar. I began to wonder if I had done the job myself.

Edgar was telling Matt some more about the rod. It seems the Bradleys had a kind of den in the rear of the house, which they converted into a powder room for the girls, because it was handy to the dance floor, and had a lavatory adjoining. The desk and the leather furniture were taken out, but evidently nobody thought to take out the pair of double-action .22's that were holstered on a cartridge belt that was lying on top of a long bookcase. Edgar had permits for them and used them on a target range. They were always kept unloaded, but it would be easy enough for anyone—the murderer, for instance—to load one of them from the belt. Edgar looked like a ghost, but he went through the whole story.

Just then, the young detective, Dietrich, came in. He shook his head at Matt.

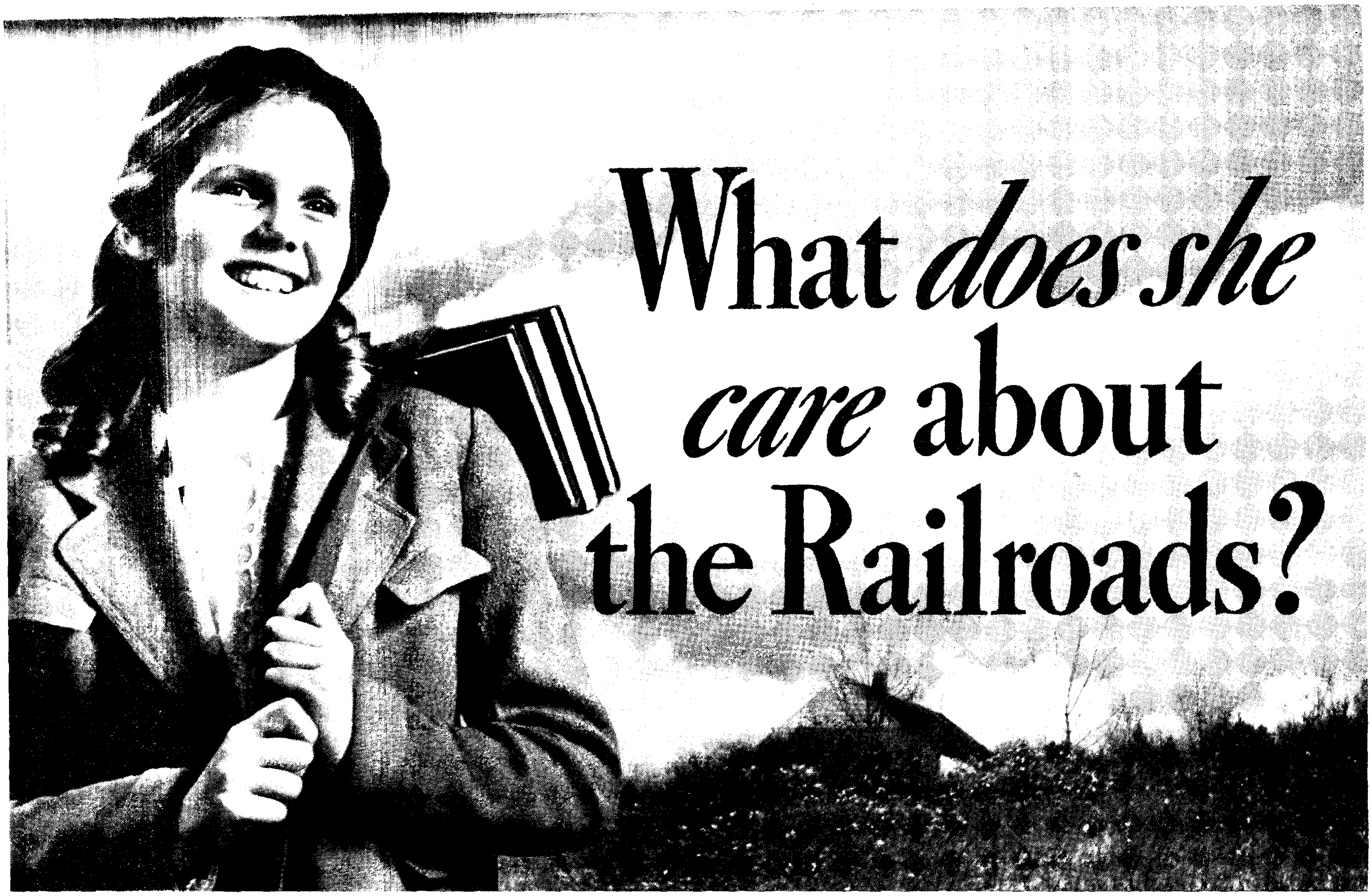
"Nothin' on Frentrup," he said. "Says he can prove he never left the dance floor."

Beth nodded and started to speak, but the young dick was droning on, "His re-

W. von Riegen

"You may sound the horn, Pemberton"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



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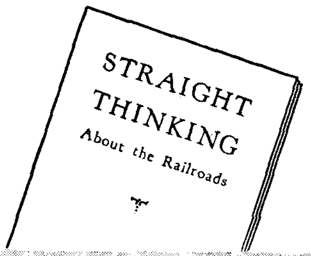

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volver's clean. All chambers loaded. And he's got a permit."

"Book him anyway, on an assault charge," Matt snapped.

That was some consolation. I watched Anton Gordon enter the room, walk over and sit down beside Matt. I didn't listen to the conversation, because I was trying to figure out how Frentrup could have killed Candace and preserved an alibi.

I tried to reconstruct in my mind the scene on that dance floor when the band started to play Dipsy Doodle. I thought if I could remember where everybody was standing, I might get an idea. I did. I beat it out of the room in search of Eddy Moore. He was across the hall in the big dining room, where the musicians and all the guests were huddled.

"Eddy," I whispered, "who requested I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, out there a while back?"

"Oh, my drum solo," said Eddy. "You mean who requested it?" Eddy catches right on.

"Yes," I said. "Quick, do you remember who it was?"

"Sure, I do," he answered. "Let's see now, who was it?"

"I know!" he said, at last, with a big smile. "That guy. I can't think of his name right now. But you know him. Tall fella."

I wanted to kick him. "*What* tall fella?" I said.

"I can't think of his name," said Eddy.

"Was it Frentrup?"

"Yeh-yeh, Frentrup." Eddy beamed, then he frowned. "No. That ain't right. I don't think. No, his name wasn't Frentrup. That is, I don't think it was."

"OH, WHAT'S the use!" I snorted, and started back toward the living room. If that dummy could only have remembered who made that request, it might have quite a bearing on this crime. The more I thought about it, the more I began to think that drum solo was no coincidence. I sank down in an easy chair in the living room, and tried to figure another angle. It was at that moment that somebody shouted outside, and a gun roared.

Nobody in the room moved except Matt Bowen. He whipped toward the door, stopped long enough to say, "All of you stay in this room," and whipped out. He was back in a minute that seemed like a year, and with him were two cops carrying Dipsy Dorgan.

"Did you kill him?" I screamed. It came over me like a wave, how fond I was of that trumpet player.

"Nah!" said the first cop, kind of disgusted. "He started to lam into the bushes, so I fired in the air to make him halt, and Murphy, here, sapped him to keep him quiet."

"He ain't hurt," said Murphy; "I hit him easy."

They dumped him on the couch where he lay still. My hands were shaking so hard I put them in my pockets. The crazy fool! Why did he try to run? Even if he was guilty, why did he try to run?

Anton Gordon shook his head with a sigh and strolled toward the door.

"Well," he said, "I guess that's the answer. When a murder suspect tries to escape, he looks pretty guilty."

Was Anton being a help! Something stopped me from cursing him out plenty right then, and that something was a little idea that started humming in my brain, quiet but insistent, like a muted trumpet. My right hand in my coat pocket closed over the union book. I pulled it out and started thumbing through it. Anton lit a cigarette and started to drift through the doorway.

"Where are you going, Anton?" I said.

"Just across the hall," he said.

"Wait a second for me, will you?" I said. All the time I was hunting for a name in that little book, a name I knew would be there. But it wasn't. With one eye on the band leader, I looked again. It sure wasn't there. I thought I must be crazy. Then I got the supreme hunch of my life. I flipped over to the back of the book, and looked under the classification, "Drums." Sure enough, there was that name.

"Matt!" I bellowed, "I've got your murderer! He's Anton Gordon—trying to sneak out of that doorway!"

Anton halted halfway across the sill. "You must be out of your mind, Johnny!" he snapped, his upper lip curling under the little mustache.

"Yeah?" said I, "I'm crazy like a fox. You followed Candace Armour into that room, and you picked up one of those guns off the bookcase, and loaded it, and wrapped it up in something and then let her have it."

The tall band leader looked at me and then at Matt with amazement written all over his face. "But this is preposterous, Lieutenant," he said. "My friend Johnny, here, seems to be having a rush of blood to the head. I don't know how he expects to prove any of these wild statements."

Matt didn't take his eyes off Anton, but said to me out of the side of his mouth, "Got any proof, Johnny?"

I almost groaned out loud. That was my trouble. I was acting purely on a hunch. I tried frantically to think of some way to stall. There was a terrific groan from the couch, and Dipsy struggled up to a sitting position, holding onto his head with his left hand.

"I won them in a poker game"

MERRYLEN

"Dipsy!" I cried. "For the love of God, why did you try to run away?"

"Because that cheap skunk of a fiddle player told me to," croaked Dipsy as he glared with bloodshot eyes at Anton.

"He said the cops were framing the murder on me, and he give me the keys to his car."

THAT stopped Gordon. He didn't have a word to say. But I did.

"Why, you heel!" I yelled. "You thought if you could scare Dipsy into running, the cops would kill him, and the case would be closed, didn't you?"

Anton bit his lip and darted a glance at Matt. "Lieutenant!" he said, "I don't know what these men are talking about. I appeal to you to make them either show some basis for all this insane chatter, or else stop it."

Why, the louse! He was going to get away from me yet! I knew as sure as I was standing there that that two-bit violinist had bumped the girl off, but could I— Then the whole thing came to me in a flash! The piece of cloth Dietrich found in the revolver. . . .

"Search him, Matt!" I shrieked. "Search the son of a gun! I will bet you any amount you'll find a black handkerchief on him, with a nick in it where the hammer of the gun caught it!"

Anton hadn't taken two steps before the two patrolmen had him, and Matt Bowen hauled a black silk handkerchief out of his pocket. The big detective spread it out on the arm of a chair. There was a nick in it, all right. There was also a good-sized hole in it, too, where two bullets had burned through.

Matt stared at the hole and the powder burns in that piece of black silk, and said, softly, "You wrapped this around the gun so you wouldn't leave any prints. Why did you kill her?"

"We used to be that way," said Anton, dully, "and she never forgave me when I called it off and got engaged to Connie Canning."

"Did she have something on you?" whispered Matt.

"Yes." Anton sighed drearily. "She's made life hell for me. She found out somehow that I once did a short stretch on a marijuana charge, and after that she kept threatening to expose me if I didn't break the engagement and come back to her. Tonight, she was drunk and indiscreet, and I was afraid she'd spill the story any minute."

"So you decided," said Matt, "to liquidate her."

"No, it wasn't premeditated," Anton protested. "I dragged her off the dance floor and into the powder room because she started to scream 'Jailbird' at the top of her lungs. Then when I got her inside I saw the guns, and I just kind of went off my head—I didn't know what I was doing."

"The hell you didn't," I cut in. "Your mind was working so fast that you ran out to the bandstand and requested a number. And then you went back and finished her."

ANTON stared at me, horror and amazement in his eyes. "How did you know?" he said in a hollow voice.

"I get around," I snapped. I was so mad, I was guessing everything on the nose.

Matt Bowen couldn't keep the puzzled expression off his big, Irish puss. He jerked his thumb toward the hall, and I followed him out.

"Johnny," he said, "I can't thank you enough. I would have broken the case eventually, but it might have taken me a long time. Will you tell me how in hell you knew that gigolo would have a black handkerchief on him?"

"Easy," I said, "violinists often use silk handkerchiefs tucked under their chins to keep the fiddle from chafing their necks. Some of them use black ones, some of them use white ones."

"Gee!" said Matt, "I would never have known that in a million years. Then what was that about him requesting a certain tune to be played?"

"He asked for a number that my drummer did a solo on. He must have known that solo, and figured that a certain place in it would cover the sound of the shots. What he did was aim that gun and shoot in rhythm. You've got to be good to squeeze a trigger in tempo."

"Skip it!" said Matt. "Now you're way beyond me. He must be an awful good musician to be able to do that."

"He's a lousy violinist," I snapped. "In fact, he's so bad he couldn't get a union card that way. Look." I pulled out the union book and opened it up at "Drums." There it was. "Anton Gordon (Goldkranz), 620 E. 31st St."

"It takes a drummer," I said, "to commit murder on the offbeat."

I felt a tug at my elbow. I looked around into the beaming puss of Eddy Moore.

"Johnny!" says Eddy, as pleased as Punch. "I just thought of that guy's name. It's Anton Gordon."

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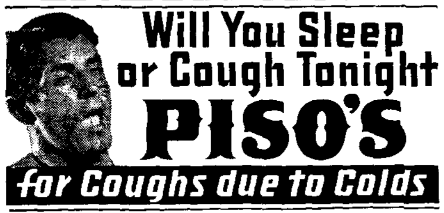
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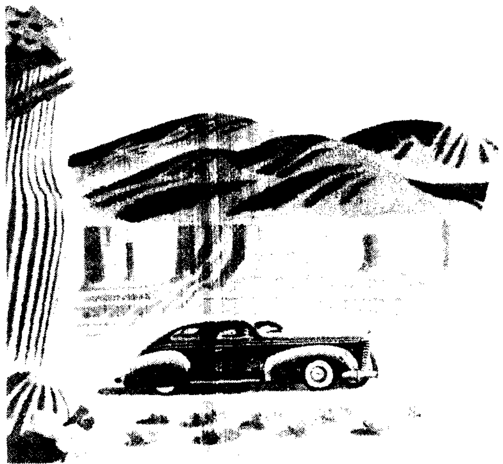

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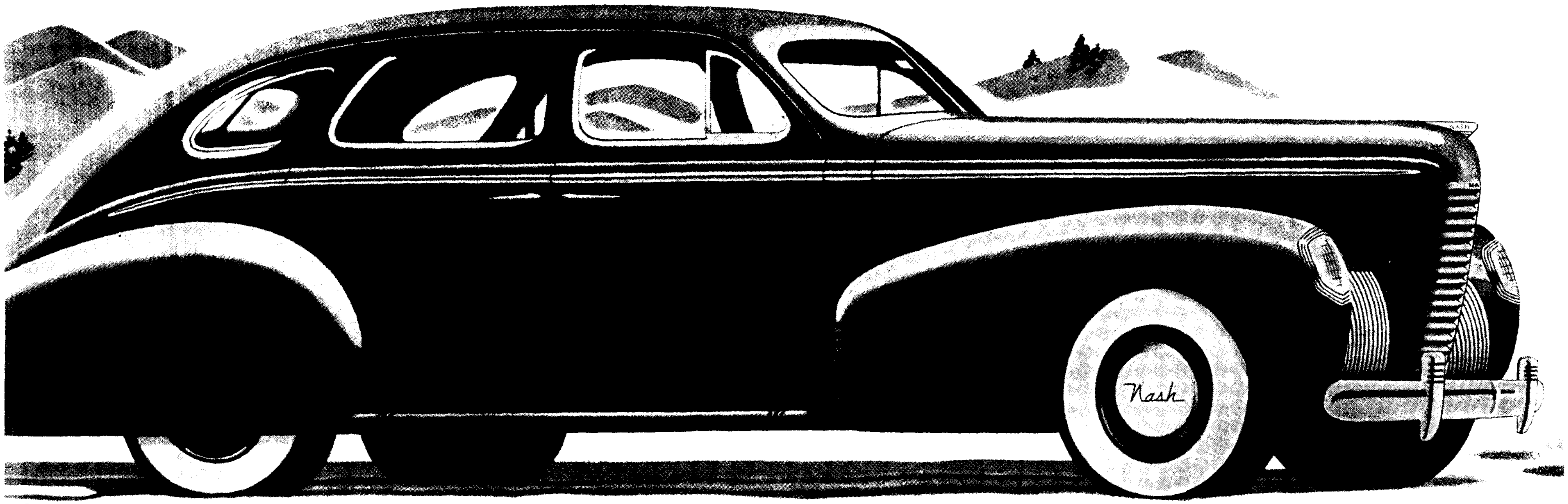

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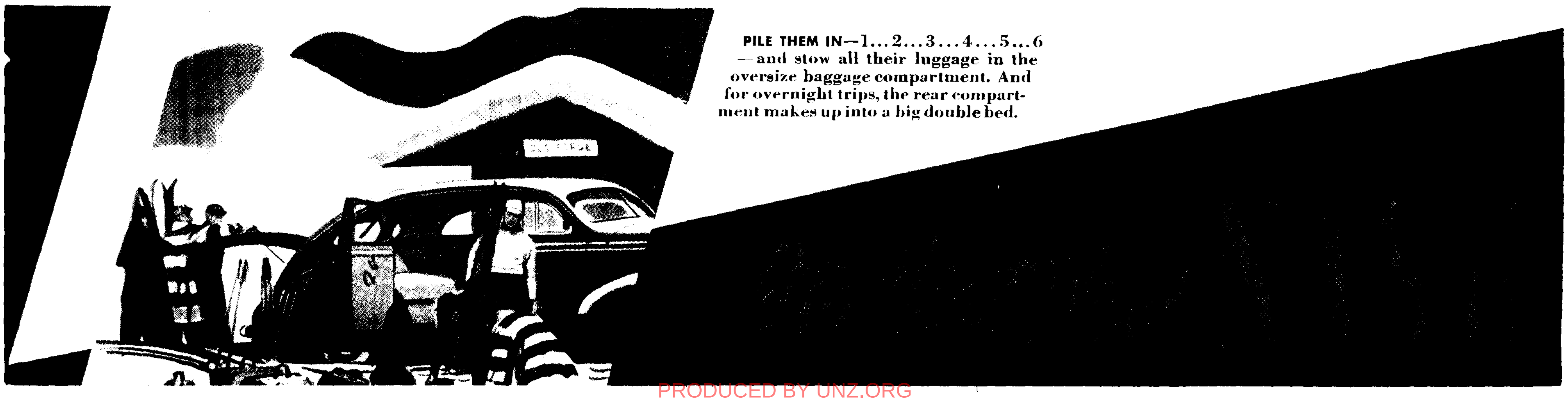

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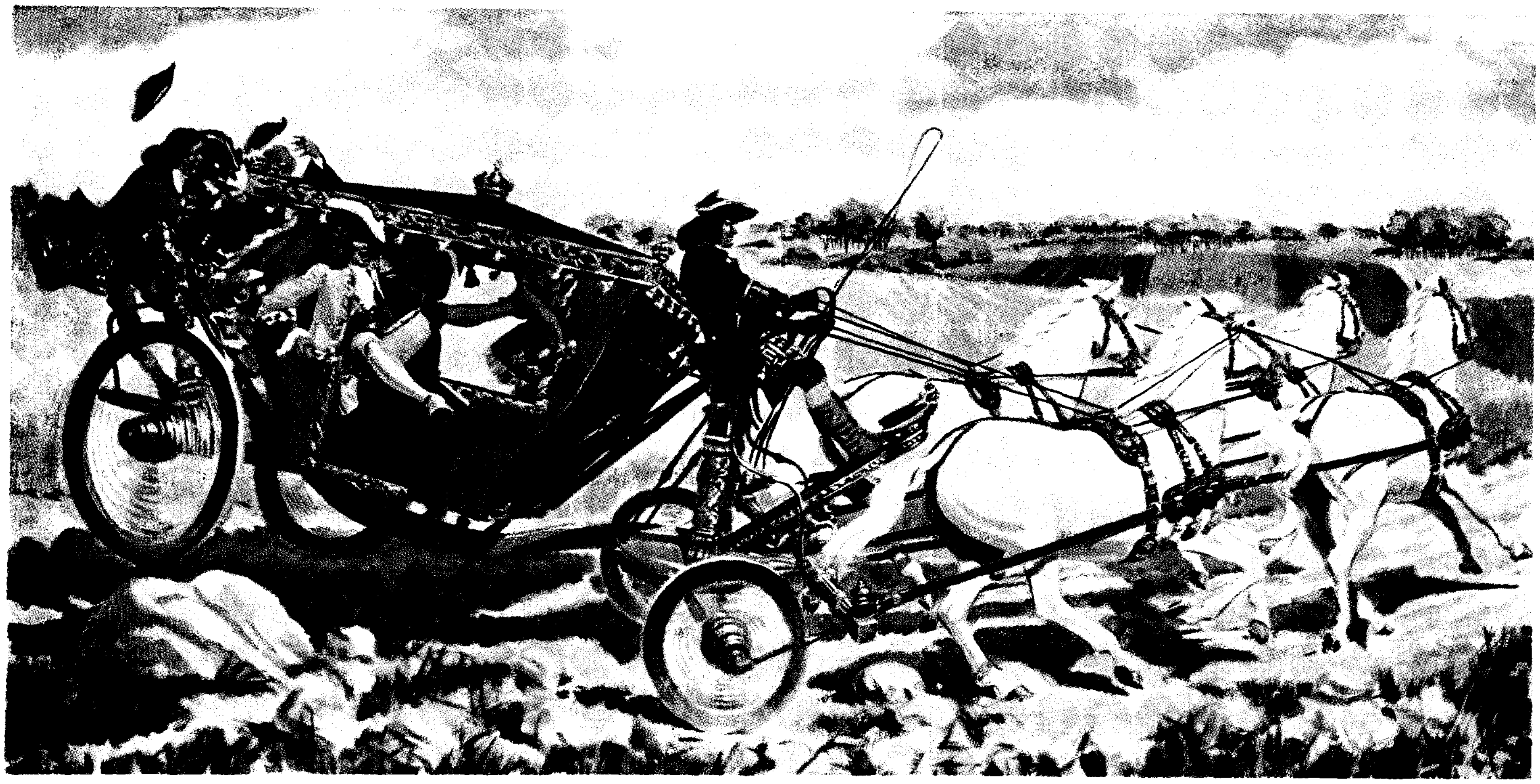
LONG LIVED THE KING

. . . but it was a hard life



All Europe marveled at the pomp and splendor of Louis Fourteenth. Yet, in all his 77 years, the French King had no refrigerator, fans or telephone . . . no radio or movies . . . no inflated tires on his gaudy coach.

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To be My Pride and Joy

Continued from page 19

door, fixing up a tiny altar in the best room. At the last she made ready Papa-san's breakfast of rice and *miso,* which is a thin soup of bean paste and stringy greens. There had been other little matters to arrange, so that she had no time to rest before she and Papa-san left the house. Excitement kept her from feeling tired.

Moreover, the long walk to the railroad station gave Mama-san plenty of time to think about Jiro. Indeed, the time went very quickly, and the walk seemed very short, because there was so much buzzing in her head; so many thoughts filling her mind and her heart. She remembered all his letters, one by one, since he had gone away. Just last night she had taken out some, to read them over again. They had given her and Papa-san a full picture not only of what was happening to him, but of how it was changing him. At first Jiro-san's letters had been amusing, and sometimes a little sad; after a while they were pompous and severe. "Jiro is no longer a boy," Papa-san had remarked more than once. Always his letters were vivid; it was just as though Mama-san and Papa-san had gone along with him, for they knew every detail of his life and experiences.

MAMA-SAN, picking her meek way among the rain pools of the April countryside, remembered how she and Papa-san had laughed and cried over his very first letter from the barracks, in which he complained that he did not get enough rice and that his feet hurt. It seemed to her, remembering, that was the last time he had sounded like her little Jiro-san of old. A couple of days after that a package had arrived by mail from Sapporo. It contained the clothes that Jiro had worn when he left home—his kimono, clogs, and hakama, or overskirt, all neatly wrapped up in oiled paper. This filled Mama-san with vague apprehension. The little package had seemed to her to mark not only a complete severance from his boyhood, but from life itself as a member of the family.

The shoes, his first letter said, were the hardest thing about army life; and the coarse socks—although the cap was a good deal of a nuisance, too. In all his twenty years of life heretofore Jiro had never put a covering of any sort upon his head, nor worn socks or anything on his feet, save wooden *geta*—the sandal that is held on by a thong which passes between the big and second toes. Oh, how terribly those heavy, stiff, thick leather shoes pained him; how sore and hot and blistered his poor feet got in the drill yard and on practice marches.

"Jiro has always been a great baby!" said Mama-san.

It was in that letter, Mama-san remembered, he explained in a few awed sentences that he was actually to be paid 7 sen a day—almost 3 yen a month—in real money. Half of it he could spend on fun, he said; but he would try to save a little for them. Mama-san was very much impressed by this; here, now, was little Jiro turning out to be something of a financier, handling more cash than Papa-san might see from month to month. For in the village they lived on trade and credit. Mama-san would exchange rice, and the straw baskets she found time to make, for cotton thread to weave their kimonos at home and for other things they needed.

"As to the food," Jiro wrote, "there is a lot of nonsense about newfangled ideas, but the truth is I do not get enough rice. Instead, there are meat and eggs and vegetables, and some tasteless foreign stuff called wheat bread—things which do not seem to stick to your ribs. But my senyu laughs at me and says this is better than rice, because it is a matter the doctors have decided. He says that I will grow used to it, and put on flesh, and never be content again with the old home food. But I would be satisfied with nothing but rice, which no one can make as dry and fluffy as you can, Mama-san.

"The senyu is my barracks brother. Each recruit has a senyu, who is a second-year man, and puts him onto the way of things and keeps him out of trouble. Next year I, myself, will be a senyu for some new recruit."

Mama-san, living over the old days as she walked to the station in the springtime morning, forgot herself and laughed aloud. Just as she had done when she read the letter about Jiro becoming a senyu. Papa-san turned as though he was going to scold her, but when he looked at her he said nothing and kept on walking. Mama-san felt hot and ashamed, for she knew that the neighbors stared at her in dark surprise. Mama-san lowered her eyes to the puddles even more. Inside, though, she still laughed: Jiro-san a senyu! Jiro looking out for somebody else. Jiro, who was a good-enough worker in the fields, tireless and strong, but quite innocent about homely matters. Jiro, who could never remember where he left his schoolbooks or tools and sometimes even lost his *geta.*

They could tell, as they went over his first letters, that he was lonesome. They could tell, also, months later, when he grew more assured. They tried to picture him with his fine greenish uniform and his polished shoes, his smart manner and erect shoulders, as he walked in the city streets of Sapporo with his senyu on their Sunday afternoon off.

"My senyu," he wrote, "is a fellow who has been around a bit. He has traveled in foreign places, and knows firsthand how much better our emperor's army is than all others. He told me that foreign armies have jails in their barracks, in which they put soldiers who do small wrongs. We have no such punishments for the little mistakes which it is natural for everyone to make. Instead, our officers kindly show us how to be more correct. Why, our commander says that foreign armies do not even have moral instructions. Nor do they have the benefit of our emperor's divine guidance. This is why our Japanese army is invincible."

PAPA-SAN and Mama-san had looked at each other in bewilderment when they read this fiery letter. "That is big talk for Jiro," said Papa-san, who in his youth had been exempted from military service because of bad health and lack of schooling. They were pleased, however, when he told them about the bowing.

"First thing each morning after we get up we bow three times. First in the direction of the imperial palace. Next toward the Ise shrine. Last, each fellow bows in the direction of his home village in order to say good morning to his parents."

But Mama-san had not liked the rest of that letter. She remembered so well the vague, resentful feeling of loss that had come over her when Jiro went on.

"Speaking of parents, I have in a sense a new father and a new mother, for that is the way in which we must look to our colonel and to our lieutenant colonel. Indeed, we are free to go to any officer at any time for advice or help. Some of the soldiers who are hard up even borrow money from them. Our officers are well-educated men, who know what there is to know."

By the sixth month Jiro was lecturing them on the responsibilities and duties of a soldier's family; and Papa-san and Mama-san had no longer pored so eagerly over his letters after that.

But here, now, while Mama-san had been thinking and thinking so hard, and remembering so much of Jiro's letters, they had come the whole way to the railroad station. Everybody was nice to Mama-san and Papa-san. They were put right up in front. The village headman came and stood in front of them and bowed. All the friends and neighbors bowed to them, also. The entire village had come to see them get the box.

That did not mean very many people, really. Less than fifty, including the children. The village headman told everyone where to stand. A handful of farmers, who had once been in the army, wore their ex-servicemen's badges. Some women had on the ribbons of the patriotic association, which a government man from a big town had given them last year when he came to the village and made a speech and organized them. The children of the district's little primary school carried banners. Each person had a small flag, like Mama-san's; and now they jerked these up and down, and chanted some patriotic verses.

WHEN she heard and saw the train coming at last Mama-san wanted to run away. It drew up to the station and stopped with much clatter and fuss. Mama-san tried not to tremble so. Passengers leaned out the windows with curiosity. A soldier climbed off. He was a young, rugged man; about Jiro-san's age.

He carried a small cedar box, in front of his breast. It was suspended from his neck in a silken white sash. The box itself was covered by white silk. Mama-san thought it was about the size of the box in which she kept the family store of tea.

She and Papa-san almost touched their heads to the ground, so profound and humble and sustained were their bows to the box. All the villagers bowed deeply, too; while the young soldier stood proud and immobile and expressionless, holding the box.

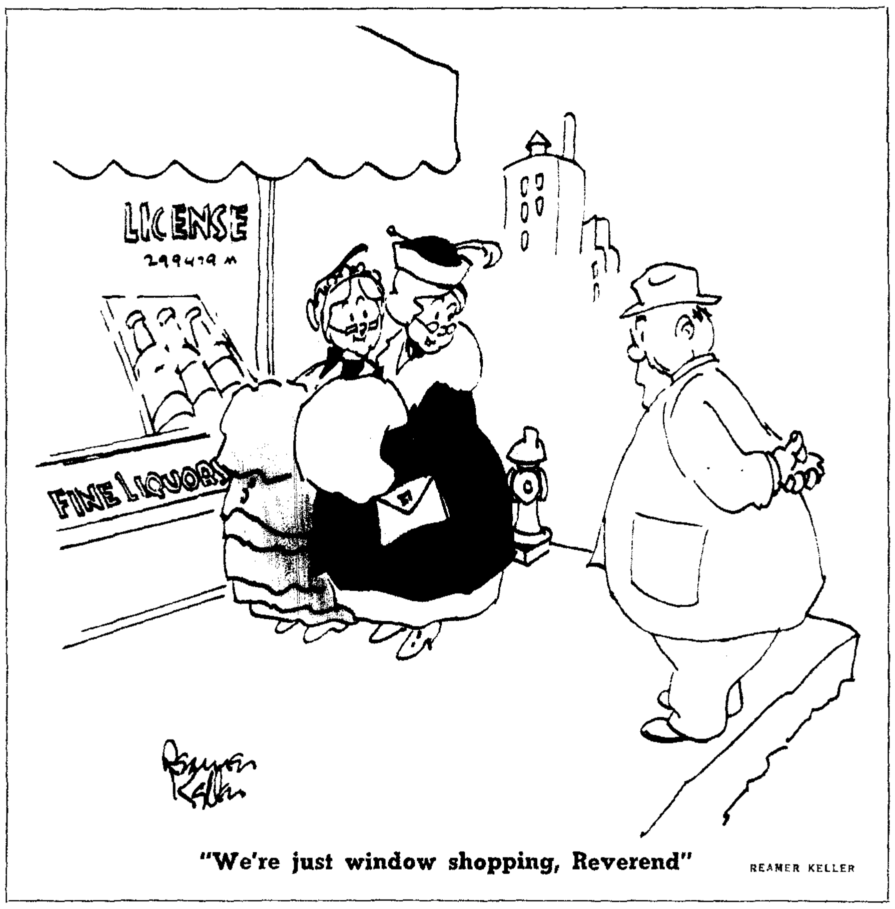
It was noon before the procession got back to Mama-san's house. The village headman walked first, and the young soldier with the box came next. Then Mama-san and Papa-san, clutching their flags. After them, the villagers with their banners and flags. Sometimes they sang patriotic songs, to relieve the long walk:

"Sovereign of unbroken line, is our
changeless Light.
We will follow—one and all, loyal subjects, we—
Follow Him aright; fulfill Our Great
Destiny!"

Always the small white flags with the red cores moved up and down, up and down, with staccato precision; keeping the beat of the march words.

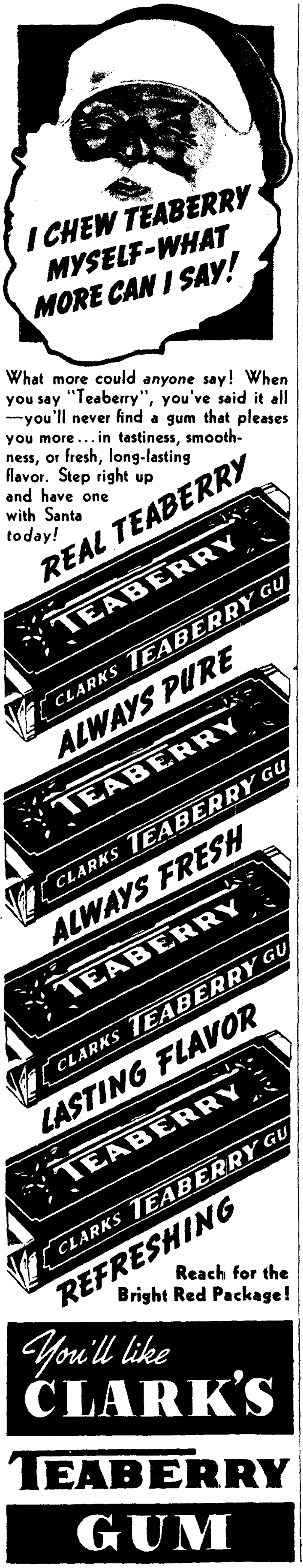
A priest had come from the district shrine temple and he awaited them before the little altar which Mama-san had arranged. The soldier placed the box on the floor in front of the altar. The high-pitched singsong of the priest, which occasionally broke into a brittle squeak, filled the room.

Mama-san and Papa-san sat on their heels in front of the box, with their heads bowed. Sat there hour after hour, and did not stir; although from time to time the priest rested. The neighbors, during the early afternoon, kept going briefly away and coming back with little gifts, which they laid on the floor near the altar. Afterward, Mama-san and Papa-san would have to send presents in return to each one. The services and the good people seemed to flow around



"We're just window shopping, Reverend"

REAMER KELLER



What more could *anyone* say! When you say "Teaberry", you've said it all—you'll never find a gum that pleases you more... in tastiness, smoothness, or fresh, long-lasting flavor. Step right up and have one with Santa *today!*

Reach for the Bright Red Package!

You'll like CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

Mama-san and Papa-san as around little isles of virtue; everything was gray and soft in the light of the waning day that came through the rice-paper windows.

Again, in these long hours, Mama-san was suffocating with memories. It was here, in this very room, they had welcomed Jiro-san when he came home on leave. It seemed that a war had begun. He would have to go to a place called China, which Papa-san explained was all of a week's travel and beyond much water.

Mama-san and Papa-san had accompanied Jiro to the district shrine, where he reported to his ancestors that he had been called for war service and that he would see to it there would be victory. Jiro's second departure was quite different from his conscript going-away. He was sullen and morose. He stared at Mama-san and Papa-san and their kin and friends as though he were looking at total strangers.

A BIG army truck had rumbled into the village to pick up Jiro and two others. It would deliver them, with boys from several other villages, to a bigger station on the railroad. All the families and neighbors were gathered in the village street. The names of the departing men were inscribed on streamer banners, borne high on bamboo poles. There was a good deal of flag waving and determined singing. Jiro took charge of the detachment from his village. For he was new from the barracks, and on his way to promotion; whereas the others had finished their service long ago, and glad of it. Mama-san heard him remark severely to one of them, who was eight years his senior: "No soft face, there! Remember, Japanese soldiers do not say goodby in time of war. They say farewell. We go to die, not to come back, you sissy!"

Mama-san, in the tumult, could not hear more. But she saw the face of the one to whom Jiro was talking set into a blank desperation. It seemed to Mama-san, staring wanly up at stalwart Jiro, that she had never seen or known him before.

The villagers continued to shake their flags and banners and shout "Banzai!" until the truck clattered out of sight in the dust, around a distant curve. The conscripts had remained standing, arms at sides, faces drawn in proud detachment. They looked back with unseeing eyes upon the relatives, whose banners attested their glorious opportunity to die for Nippon's divine emperor. It was as though the conscripts were to be envied. Mama-san had no banner; just her little flag, which she jerked up and down long after the dust had settled on the road and the heavy sound of the truck no longer came back.

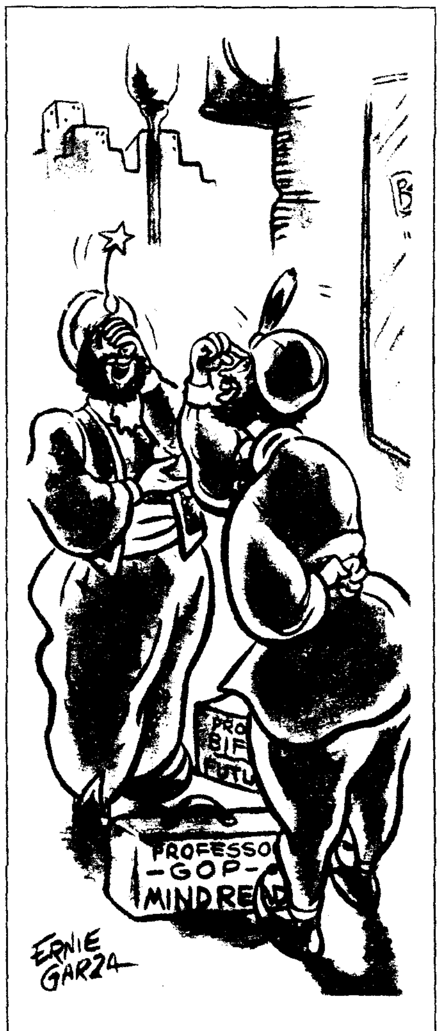
That was a year ago; and there had been regular letters from China since. But the priest and Papa-san now cut in upon her thoughts of those. "Come, Tsuma, are you dreaming? Come! It is time to start for the temple."

This time Papa-san carried the box, slung in front of him from a white sash around his neck. And this time, propped on top of the box, was a large photograph of Jiro-san. The district temple shrine was just beyond the edge of the village, on the highest point of land hereabouts, in a fenced grove of tall old pine trees.

It was now, on the short walk in the late afternoon of this busy day, that Mama-san was torn by the sharpest memory of all. Something that had burned and fretted dully in her mind for the whole past year. Yet it had never before seemed to her so cruelly large and important, so monstrous and irredeemable—and unreal. It had happened the morning Jiro went away.

Mama-san and Papa-san had not been comfortable during his visit. He was so changed from the old days. Physically, he was larger, darker, older in his face. In his nature he was changed, too. There was aggressiveness in the way he moved about. "I am the best kendo fencer in my regiment," he told them, "and with the short sword I can knock a bayonet out of a fellow's hand in a jiffy. When the commander wants to have an exhibition for visitors, he always selects me for the leading bouts."

JIRO-SAN had always been a carefree one; now he was serious, and quick with gritty words. Mama-san and Papa-san did not know how to deal with him, or what to say next, for he was ever ready to scold. They looked at each other uneasily, and puttered around, and tried hard not to cross him but to make things pleasant. But he did not seem to take an interest in their efforts to remind him of the old days. He was restless. "The army life has changed you," Mama-san had ventured to say.



**"Hello, Professor Gop!—
You're doing all right—
how're things with me?"**

ERNIE GARZA

"It has made a man of me," Jiro laughed, boastfully. "It is just as our commander says. The army takes pukey boys and bends them into men of whom His Imperial Majesty is proud and foreign enemies are afraid. It is a fine life, too; and if I had more learning I could get to be a commander myself, some day. As it is I shall be a sergeant, at least."

"Now you must go to this China?"

"We have to teach those fellows a lesson! They are in league with other jealous foreign nations, and they will not co-operate with our government for peaceful trade."

"Perhaps in China they have a big army, too!" said Papa-san nervously.

"What does it matter? Our commander explained how it is the destiny of Nippon's army to rule the whole earth—"

Mama-san had risen in impetuous, tearful fury. Papa-san and Jiro looked at her with startled eyes. "I do not want you going away over the whole earth! What does your commander care if you never come home to your family? What does your commander care if Papa-san grows sick in the field from work that is too much for him alone? Your commander has stolen our son! Your commander has filled your head with ideas that are too big for it—"

Jiro-san was on his feet now, squarely in front of the shrill little Mama-san, who was carrying on like a frightened bird. Jiro was outraged; shocked by this blasphemy. "How dare you insult my commanding officer?" he cried. Then he slapped Mama-san.

Not with all his strength and rage: but, rather, in an unconsidered gesture of warning. Nevertheless, the very weight of his hand was heavy on Mama-san, and she fell back against the wall. Her mouth was open a little, and drooling in checked emotions. Papa-san looked as though he were going to spring upon Jiro and thrash him. There was a moment of deathly silence. Then Papa-san had seemed to loosen, like a kimono that has just been taken off. He said, wearily, to Mama-san: "You should not interfere, after all. This war is a man's business."

Papa-san had turned, and walked slowly from the room; and he did not come back into the house until nightfall. Jiro sat down upon the floor and rocked sullenly on his crossed legs. He watched Mama-san, and he wanted to say something, but she could sense that he did not know how to begin. All the rest of the day he followed her about the house and watched her and twitched and fidgeted. But Mama-san did not know how to help him say what was on his mind.

WHAT had the army done to Jiro-san, she wondered. He had become a great soldier, anyone could see that; a man of the world, to whom she dared not speak as a mother any more, for fear of offending him. So Mama-san remained miserable and silent; and Jiro-san sulked and hardly spoke another word until the next day, when he had gone away in the truck to China.

Mama-san would always remember his face as a patch of angry white seen above the dust of a country road. She would always bear her wonder as to what this army might be, that it lost to a mother and her son the old ways of finding easy words for each other.

The procession had reached the shrine gate now, and was filing into the gloomy compound. Behind the temple, thinly screened by the pine trees, the hot sun touched the horizon and set fire to it. Instantly, flames licked up a heavy curtain of banked clouds; and the chanting villagers with their jerking flags moved under a weird glow. The brief fire expired; night sifted down like ashes from the cooling sky.

The wind blew up and it began to rain. The puddles no longer sparkled, but Mama-san was not thinking of them now; her feet dragged and the mud got on her best kimono. Mama-san's proudest and happiest day was near its end: and all of a sudden she was very tired.

They climbed the long stone stairway to the shrine. The box was to be left here.

Mama-san came up beside Papa-san and timidly put her free hand on the box. "Jiro! Jiro-san!" she whispered. Papa-san looked down at her bleakly. "What did you say?" he asked. But she did not answer. She kept her hand on the box and he could feel her little weight against his arm as they walked together up the steps. In her other hand the small white flag with the red core still went up and down, up—and—down—down—

We'll Try Again

Continued from page 28

"We could run up to Bedford, dear," Carol said, "and we could brush those ants away." She put her chin on the tips of her steepled fingers and watched him. Her lips quivered slightly and she could feel the winds blowing.

There was a place in the Bedford Hills that they could get to in a couple of hours. It was a white place, not very large, that was squat on a knoll that was green in the summer. Crooked apple trees reached out with knotted arms and seemed to hold its low shingled roof to the earth, and the breeze carried the apple smell and the green breath of cut grass, and there was ivy and cold brook water running over stones that were smooth and shiny beneath the foam. It was a lovely place, but it wasn't theirs. It belonged to Mr. Agate, who loved it far less than they. Mr. Agate wanted ten thousand bucks. He was no fool. And they never had ten thousand, ready cash. So they had to rent it for those grudging weeks, when Mr. Agate did not care to use it.

"The ground is like concrete up in Bedford now," Jim said, "and I have no woolen underwear. Old man Agate's too cheap to put in enough coal."

Carol said nothing. She kept watching him.

"Besides, we have worries enough here," Jim said. "The restaurant's getting in my hair. I wouldn't mind if we owned the place. But just whistling a tune for the Shapiros, darling, you and me. Shaking hands at so much per shake. It's unmoral or something. I like having plenty of pals, sure. But I don't like to sell them something that's all used up. Y'know, Jim Danning was a tough monkey once upon a time. Remember his fight with Louis? Buy your beer from Jimmy boy. He's a pal."

She kept her eyes down. "We're healthy," she said. "We're doing all right, and next summer we can buy the Agate place. You don't have to worry, darling. That's all we need."

He said suddenly that wasn't all they needed. He said two people who are big cannot grow small, because they will rattle within themselves and be unhappy if they do.

She said, quietly, "Tell the truth, Jim. I know what it is, but I'd rather hear you say it. You want to fight Frankie, don't you? You want to break your promise to me. You can't get Frankie out of your mind. You think you can beat him, don't you?"

"Sure, I think I can beat him!" he said with excitement. "But it isn't that. We'd draw a million dollars. There'd be two hundred grand for us, darling, and we need that dough. I never saved a nickel before; I let it blow away."

"I wouldn't stand for it, Jim," she said levelly. "You promised never to fight again, you know. Then, too, you can't beat Frankie. Charlie told me that. Everybody knows it. Everybody but you!"

"Charlie said that, did he? Well, wasn't that nice of Charlie? Pally like." He moved nervously in his chair. "I'll see Charlie about that. What the hell does he know?"

"YEAH, yeah, just what I said!" Charlie Brighton told him later. "The asylums are full of guys like you. They can't even cut paper dolls because they won't take off their boxing gloves. Just like you, Jimmy, so don't be a dope."

"All right, so I won't be a dope. I'll go on WPA. I fight for five years and I make a million dollars. Today I haven't got a dime. But that's all right, Charlie; I'm sitting pretty. My ears are straight; my wife likes my expression."

"But she doesn't like your ideas," Charlie soberly insisted. "You fight Frankie Gander an' she's gonna tie a can to you, pally. Carol isn't fooling."

"And what makes you think I'm fooling?"

"You're not smart enough to be fooling, Jimmy. You're in dead earnest. You think you're fighting for money, but you're only telling stories to yourself. You want to be Dempsey and Red Grange all at once, when you've been each of them in turn. You're a high-school hero with a lot to learn and I'm damned glad I wasn't born pretty and powerful."

"Aw, stop the speeches!"

"Speeches in your hat, Jimmy. You're like Babe Ruth trying to hit sixty homers in one season all over again. It can't be done. Is Carol squawking? Is she tired of what she has? Is she running for microphones today?"

"That's different."

"That's different, hell. That's Carol. If you fight Frankie she's gonna leave you like a stale beer. I hope she does. I hope she sticks a pin in your big balloon head."

BUT Uncle Joe Dennis was not unhappy. Large outdoor fights were Uncle Joe's particular business. He loved to put them in the Yankee Stadium of a fine summer evening and make himself more money than you could stuff inside a horse. Uncle Joe said to everyone concerned, "It's a natural, boys. It's the biggest thing since Louis an' Schmelin'."

"It's smellin' all right," said Charlie Brighton. "I hope it lasts longer than two minutes, four seconds. I hope you don't get your hope, Joe. In fact, I hope it rains."

Frankie Gander had not been to many fashionable schools, but it only took him two minutes to sign his name on the contract; and then Jim followed hastily and tried to smile for the newsmen, but he did not feel like smiling and things were rolling in his stomach and he wished devoutly that Charlie Brighton were somewhere else.

Afterward Charlie said, "Well?"

"Well, what? I signed, didn't I? Twenty per cent of a million is two hundred grand. Do the horses pay you that much?"

"Over the long run, yes. There are so many foolish people, and I keep collecting every week. Now you take two hundred gees, Jimmy, and the government takes its slice. All right, so you haven't got a manager cutting in. But you figure expenses and so on and you got maybe a hundred grand net. You and Carol can't be millionaires on that, can you? At three per cent you got three thousand dollars, or maybe sixty bucks a week. Is that a big shot? Is that better than the farm in Bedford? Is that worth Carol, mister wise guy?"

Jim would not hit a smaller man, but he thought it might be permissible to kick one.

"No, Charlie, I'm strictly a chump," he said, "but I tell you what we'll do. What odds you quoting on Frankie?"

"Eight to five," said Charlie, "and I'm a thief for doing it. Frankie is twenty-three years old. He is murder."

"If you know how to add or multiply," Jim said, "you can see that Carol and I will do nicely with two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. So either put up the dough or remain very quiet."

Charlie waited a moment and he looked very tired before he said, "I don't want your money, Jim. You can peddle it somewhere else."

"But I could use yours happily," Jim

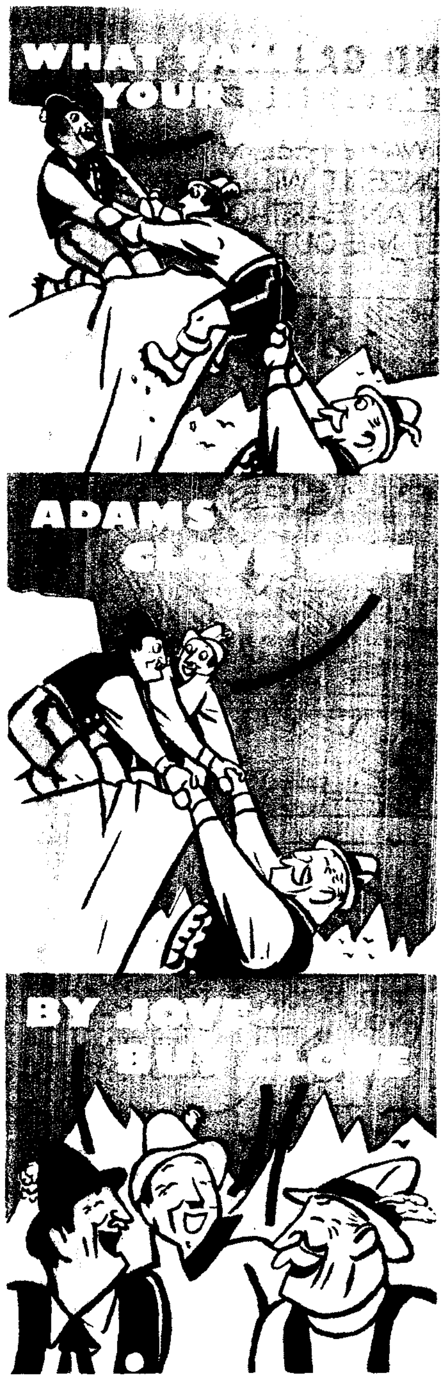
ALPHONSE AND GASTON

COME QUICKLY, MY DEAR GASTON. THE BUILDING MAY COLLAPSE!
THE WAY I FEEL, MY DEAR ALPHONSE, IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN AN EARTHQUAKE TO GET ME OUT OF HERE
WE ARE FORTUNATE TO ESCAPE WITH OUR LIVES
MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD AS THE WAY I FEEL!
LOOK, MY DEAR GASTON, HELP FROM THE RELIEF COMMITTEE AND SEE WHAT THEY PUT IN FOR YOU!
DON'T TELL ME ANYTHING THAT TASTES SO GOOD COULD HELP MY CONSTIPATION
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
SOMETIME LATER...
IT TOOK AN EARTHQUAKE TO TEACH YOU A BETTER WAY TO KEEP "REGULAR"
I ASSURE YOU, THE EARTHQUAKE WAS NOTHING TO WHAT I WENT THROUGH BEFORE I DISCOVERED KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN for Constipation

IF you are troubled with common constipation, here's some common-sense advice. This difficulty is usually due to lack of "*bulk*" in the diet. So why not get at its *cause?* Eat a natural *bulk-producing* food—Kellogg's All-Bran. All-Bran also contains nature's great intestinal tonic, vitamin B₁. Eat it *every day,* drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars"! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

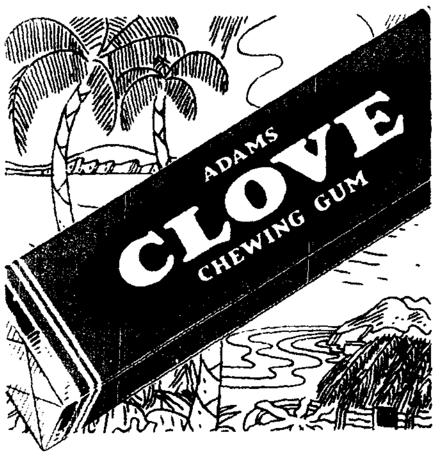
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

A Natural Laxative Cereal



Breath-taking news! Adams Clove Gum is a breath-sweetener that is not only effective, but handy to carry, convenient to use.

Its flavor alone wins a host of friends. You never enjoyed a spicier, smoother taste! Uniquely delicious—and so refreshing!



A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

told him rather arrogantly. "You're gonna get taken for plenty, so it might as well be me. I'm gonna beat Frankie's brains out."

"Frankie has no brains and neither have you," said Charlie.

"You talk like a big shot," Jim said. "You make a lot of noise but you don't put up your dough." Talking like that to Charlie was strictly personal punishment. Why he did it when it hurt so much, Jim could never have explained. "How about it?" He pressed the situation.

Charlie said tiredly, "You have a bet, Jim. One hundred grand. That leaves you expense and tax money. Uncle Joe will send me a check for it two days before the fight. I'm still able to hold that kind of a bet, you know."

"Oh, I know, Charlie. I didn't mean anything like that."

Jim thought he needed a couple of beers, and when the beers were consumed it was five o'clock and already the papers were screaming that he and Frankie had signed to fight for the title. He broke unsmilingly through the crowds that trailed him and with difficulty reached his home. But when he got there he was alone and there was no Carol in the house. That made it an empty house and he could hear the sink dripping steadily, and within himself he was frightened and unhappy. He had reason to be frightened and reason to be unhappy. Carol did not come home.

JIM was rather magnificent in his early training, and a guy can spend a lot of bad disposition at the heavy bag. He broke the canvas of the bag with his heavy fists and the sawdust came out and made the gym floor look like a butcher shop. And the small bag slapped at its backboard like a machine gun over the radio, while at skipping rope Jim was more dexterous than any little girl you ever saw. All this he dutifully performed behind a very sour puss, until he remembered to grin and relish his work because the customers were watching. He was surprised that he did not enjoy his work.

The sparmates were different from the punching bags. They could hit back, and Tommy Dundee, the Worcester light-heavy, was a dancing ghost before him. Tommy let go with a hundred left hands that bounced disrespectfully from Jim's features, then artfully tied him up in clinches with knots that the Boy Scouts could not have unraveled. Jim knew, of course, that the rhythm of his fists was bad, and that his arms grew heavy too quickly. So he kept on walking into Tommy until he speared him on the ropes with a driving right hand. Tommy went over backward and they carried him away.

"His form will come back," the experts said. "We got a flash of the old Jim Danning today." And the telegraphers beat it out over the wires and into the newspapers and made many people happy.

Jim got better and Tommy Dundee quit camp out of deference to his health. Other humpty-dumpties stayed on and they became very round in the heels while Jim grew stronger and his eyes grew sharper and his punches were falling as they had in better days. Only his legs remained as a problem, for a fighting man is as young as the underpins that carry him to war.

Jim wasn't sure about his legs, and by now he almost didn't care. He was tired of sweat and punches and the ringing in his ears, and the constant, unending effort that was demanded by his trainers, and sustained alone by his stubborn pride.

The nights were lonely and the big-time talk of big-time guys was empty, too. He could remember through all of long nights the soft touch of Carol's hands and her gentle voice as it used to speak beside him. When his head ached he just thought of her and wished that those hands might touch his head. And when he ached anyhow, and there wasn't much profit in the whole damned mess.

In the dressing room it was different. The tension of the fight closed in and caught him and his nerves ran wild and his temper ran with it. The room was empty, except for himself and Packy Mitchell and the cop who stood by the door. The cop was all right because he was necessary.

"A photographer sticks his head in here you belt him on the skull with your club!" Jim instructed the cop. The cop, a stern and bitter man himself, would do just that, and so it was that nobody got in.

Packy Mitchell was all right, too. Packy was the only guy in the world who was really all right. Packy just walked around mumbling, "Yeah, Champ, sure," to whatever wisdom or foolishness Jim might deliver through his teeth.

"I'm not washed up, Packy," Jim said while his hands were being taped. "I got a lot inside of me to spend tonight, Packy. We'll see who's goin' out to take the bows. We'll see when I dump Frankie. When you take down two hundred and sixty grand you're not playing around for the applause, Packy. You're doing a man's work."

"Two hunnerd sixty grand ain't paper towels," said Packy.

"That's a good one, Packy." Jim thought it was a good one.

Packy looked up and there were no teeth in his mouth to assist his grin. They were in his pocket. He didn't care to swallow them tonight. "The smart guys all say it ain't tin," he said happily. "That's an old one. That's got scabs on it. I say it ain't paper towels."

"Original as hell, Packy." Jim tightened his bandaged left hand, rubbed it across his itchy nose. "Hey, Packy," he said. "You saw me on the road. My legs haven't gone back, you think so?"

"You're as good as new, Champ; good as new," said Packy.

"Stop yessin' me, dammit!" Jim shouted suddenly. Both hands were taped and bandaged now. He stood up and shadowboxed around the room, anxious to spend his accumulated energy. "Why don't they call us up there?" he wanted to know impatiently. "Why don't they put the fight on?"

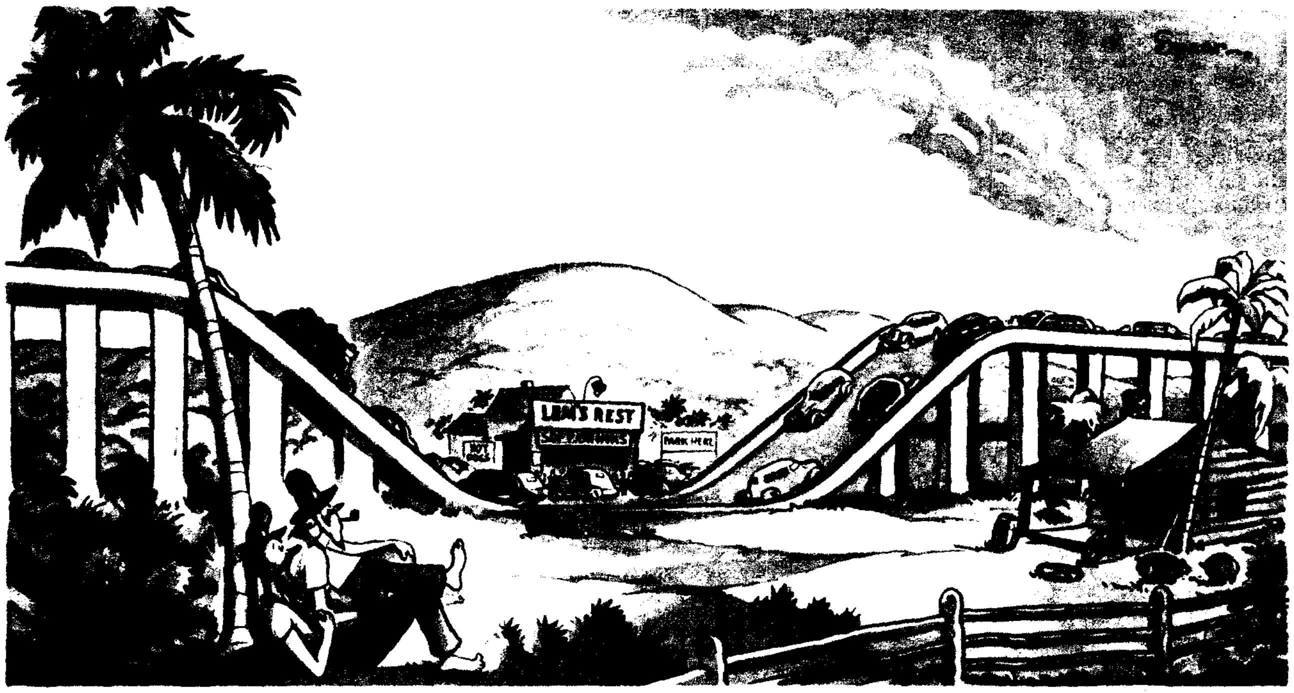
Packy said cautiously and with his eyes down, "The semifinal's on now, Champ. Yer next."

JIM was sorry he had hurt poor Packy's feelings, for feelings were all that Packy had left. But he was a good man in the corner. His clever hands did neatly and without error the things that had to be done. And besides Packy there would be Doc Lewis and Manny Katz, who were waiting outside now.

They were going out. They were going out through the Yankees' dugout and up into the illuminated night where the mob roar came in great volleys from the bleachers to the stands. Frankie Gander was up there in the ring already, rubbing his soft shoes in the resin.

Jim wore an old brown robe down to the ring and he was dancing impatiently through the crowd as Dempsey used to do. He was seeing the blanket of faces turned to greet him but he recognized none; and he was seeing the ropes vibrate tautly as other pugs leaned against them, waiting to be introduced to the merry mob. He slipped through the ropes and a great noise rose and it seemed to lift him for a while.

He shook hands with Frankie Gander,



"Lem sure has a pull with the highway commission!"

WILLIAM SPAAR

who came halfway to meet him, and Frankie was very nice and chummy now between the ropes. The kid had acquired the manners of a champ but his laughter would soon be discarded and Frankie would be manslaughter and little else. Frankie had a flat Slavic face that was little marked by the punches and his pale eyes said nothing in back of his grin.

But Jim was great in the opening round. He tied Frankie up and moved around him as he pleased.

They fenced rather cagily through the second, and the actual fighting began in the third. Frankie ran Jim into the ropes and pinned him there with a half dozen sturdy shots that hurt. Jim broke out of the clinch and returned the trouble to Frankie, digging deep into his body with hooks and taking the play away. It was a fine brawl. The mob stood up for a moment, then subsided while Frankie reviewed the state of his chin and went cautiously about his business.

In the corner Packy said, "You're beauteeful!" and wiped away the blood that ran down from Jim's right eye. Whitey said, "You're movin' too fast, Jim. Use his legs and not your own!"

Jim knew with considerable pain that Whitey's advice was correct. His legs were still sound. They would hold for a few more rounds. But there was a tightening and trembling in them that he had not known before and a hotness and weariness across his chest that he wished would go away.

He boxed smartly, deliberately, concentrating on his job. He called his shots on Frankie, but Frankie was very tough. He was slow getting his left hand up and Frankie crossed one to his mouth. It was a lovely punch. Another one followed and there was darkness in front of his eyes. He grabbed Frankie and let the fog go away from him and the lights came back. Things cleared. He saw Frankie moving in some more after the break. He could hear the thunder of the customers. He felt gone in the chest and the stomach. His arms were heavy, his legs a little shaky. He decided, "It's you an' me, Frankie, and I can punch harder than you can."

He was afraid that his strength would run too swiftly away. He let go. He walked into Frankie and blazed away. The leather storm beat back and forth and people went crazy in their expensive seats. Jim hit a little harder, a little more desperately, a little more skillfully than Frankie. When he was through punching, Frankie did not stand there any more. Frankie was on the floor. Jim prayed that the champ might stay there but the champ was not that kind of guy. His young strength got his legs churning anxiously beneath his body at "five;" and at "eight" he was on his feet and rocking slightly before Jim's hopeful advance. He held on desperately and wisely until the bell took Jim away from him.

THEY were in the ninth, and Jim spent all he had left. It was not enough, because Frankie stayed up, and after a while Frankie did some punching, too. He made few mistakes, and Jim consumed the punches like the heavy bag.

He didn't know how long it had been going on, but they were in the twelfth and he had not as yet gone down. He didn't feel sharp pain. He felt only the dull agony of complete fatigue and the shame of his utter helplessness.

Finally a right hand cut his stumbling legs from beneath him, and as he started to get up he couldn't see Frankie. But he wasn't thinking about Frankie. He was thinking of Carol—and of many other things. He climbed erect so Frankie could dump him again, and Frankie in his utter competence did not disappoint. And then he got up some more, all soggy and spent and the referee was wiser than he. The referee stopped the fight.

He wasn't hurt badly. He was just beaten up. A nice orthodox licking. He got away from the inquiring mob on the following afternoon. Patched head and all, he climbed into his car and drove determinedly up along the Hudson River. He didn't know why.

He wanted a cigarette rather terribly and there were some stale ones in the car. The cigarette tasted of Carol's powder or her perfume; he didn't know which; and there were other things of Carol's that sharpened his thoughts of her, and kept him driving rather desperately in the direction of the Bedford Hills.

Mr. Agate's place was still white and squat on a knoll that was green in the summer, and when he stopped his car beside it, there was another car there, too. It was Charlie Brighton's car, big and shiny in the afternoon sun, and Jim could understand that, for Charlie was very prosperous, especially now.

He jammed the gears into first and tried to get away, but Charlie came running out through a door and jumped on the running board.

"We didn't expect you so soon, Tarzan!" Charlie shouted. "Getcha hand off that shift, get it off!" Jim gave up.

He went in. He was all numb and confused and unable to act any more. He knew that Carol would be inside now, and maybe he had expected that all along, or hoped for it, for he couldn't love Mr. Agate's white house so much if it didn't hold Carol, too.

HE JUST stood there not knowing what to do, and it was well that Carol knew what to do in this case. She came and put her arms around him and kissed him. Then she stepped back a bit and looked at him. It worked out like a prize fight. He went after her and held her but nobody broke the clinch.

He said, "I'm not so tough, darling. I give up. I'm very tired."

She said, "I'm tired, too, Jimmy, but it doesn't hurt any more. This is all I need. There isn't another thing."

She picked up a small brown envelope that was covered with many wax seals. "I don't even need this," she told him and put the envelope in his hands.

He opened the envelope and looked inside and it was Uncle Joe Dennis' check for a hundred grand. He turned to Charlie and he was red around the ears. He said, "Look here, you chiseler, you can't do this to me! I was wrong and I took my pasting. I don't want any handout."

Charlie said, "Be quiet, willya? Can't you read? It's right there. You think I want your dough, you clown? The whole business was put in the mail and sent to Carol before the fight. Even if you'd murdered Frankie you wouldn't have collected a dime. The government's date is on that envelope an' it's registered. All bets are off, Jimmy, boy. I only took your bet so you wouldn't be clipped by some other wolf. Read what it says."

Jim read the fancy bit of parchment that accompanied the check and it was no lie. It was very clear.

"I didn't bet buttons on the fight," said Charlie. "You can't bet against a pal."

"Boy, were you a dope!"

"An' were you lousy!"

Jim looked out to where the light wind ran through the leaves and the sun sat down behind a hill. "I like it up here," he said, "and thanks to dear Charlie, we'll buy the joint."

Carol got her eyes dry. She said, "Gimme a big kiss."

Jim said, "What for?" He thought about it. He said, "All right, but only one."

Charlie said, "So long, kids." That Charlie was a very nice guy indeed.

ELECTRIC RAZ
KEITH WARD

I was bewildered trying to pick out an electric razor for Jim's Christmas, UNTIL . . .

When Jim hinted he was flirting with the idea of an electric razor, I was delighted. Here seemed a *real* answer to the question of what to give him for Christmas . . . a present that he wouldn't add to the collection of museum pieces in his bureau drawer.

But I soon found out that electric razors come in more shapes, styles and prices than women's hats. I was hopelessly confused until the store clerk came to my rescue. Taking a long breath, he answered my questions with:

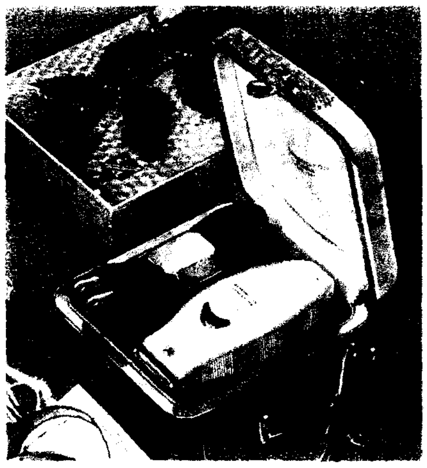
"Your own common sense will rule out the makes that are newest. Why gamble when this Remington Close-Shaver has literally hundreds of thousands of men swearing by it?

"On the other hand, you ought to stop and think before you consider buying one of the very early makes. Remington Rand had been making precision instruments long before anybody ever dreamed of electric shavers. But Remington Rand didn't go into the shaver business until they had a shaver without the kinks that always exist in something new.

"Finally, remember you must have *precision* if you want to get a shaver that will really *shave*. And you can't get precision workmanship in a *cheap* electric shaver any more than you can in a cheap watch. Play safe! Get a Remington Close-Shaver."

That may not be what he said word for word. But I guess that's just about what he meant.

Anyway, it made sense to me. I've bought a Remington Close-Shaver.



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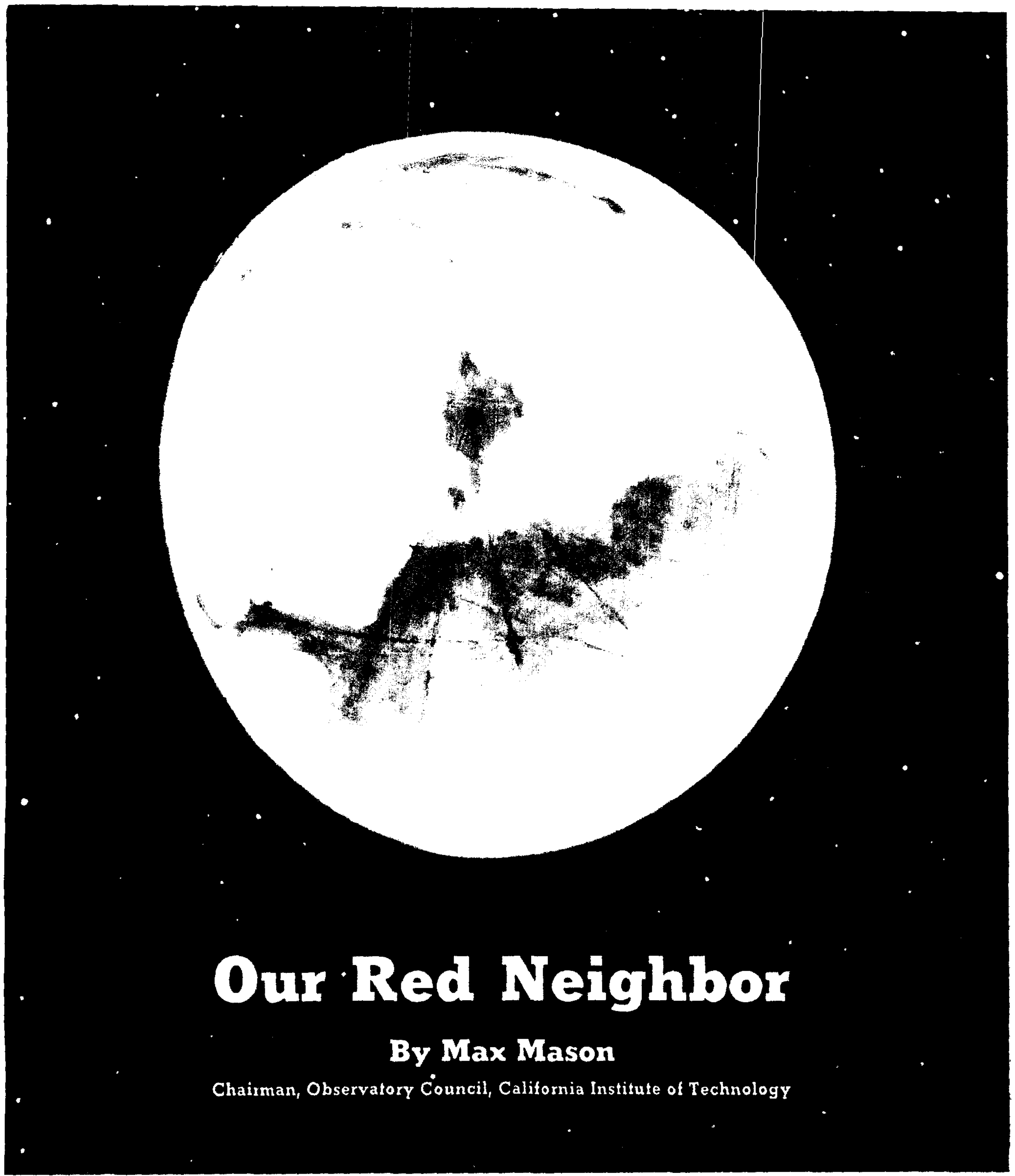


Our Red Neighbor

By Max Mason

Chairman, Observatory Council, California Institute of Technology

COURTESY AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Mars as it would appear from Deimos, its outer moon; a painting by Howard Russell Butler, hanging in the Hayden Planetarium in New York

MARS, a red glow of iron rust in the sunlight, is the only planet whose surface is clearly visible to us and presents by virtue of that fact a fascinating puzzle to the scientific detective.

Does life exist on Mars? Ask a scientist that question and he will reply, "What do you mean by life?"

Life on the Earth is a result of the fact that many carbon compounds are very unstable under terrestrial conditions. Water exists as a medium of solution—a transmission system. Energy is received from the Sun. Carbon compounds form and disintegrate. A pattern of behavior is established. Like produces like, and life goes on. Perhaps life exists on Mercury at sizzling temperatures. At least we know there are compounds of silicon which are unstable at such temperatures, but what life based on silicon compounds might be like no one can picture. Does life of any form whatsoever exist on Mars? No scientist will give a categorical answer.

Although Mars may have the same chronological age as the Earth, its time scale of change is vastly different, and Mars is in effect the older. It is farther from the Sun, and smaller than the Earth. It cooled much faster and lost the lighter elements of its atmosphere faster, for gravitation there is less. If there is life on Mars, its evolutionary speed may have been much greater than on the Earth. For with its exceedingly rare atmosphere the bombardment of Mars by cosmic rays is enormously intense compared to the Earth. If, as we may believe, mutations in organic life are produced by cosmic rays, then if life ever existed on Mars it ran through an evolutionary history very rapidly. Present conditions on Mars preclude the possibility of any type of life resembling our own. Are there living organisms which have been able, helped by the cosmic rays, to adapt themselves to so inhospitable an environment? Nobody knows.

Visual observation of Mars' disk early revealed much of its character. The polar ice cap, receding from halfway to the equator as summer at the pole approaches, shrinks finally to a mere dot a few miles across. Large orange areas, which give the planet its color, and which, like the Painted Desert, owe their color to iron rust, remain unchanged throughout the Martian year. Two thirds of the disk is a dark bluish green in color. These areas show fairly regular seasonal changes, the markings varying in both intensity and color. Large white areas occasionally appear near the sunrise limb, disappearing as the day goes on, and indicate with high probability that they are caused by frost or light snow. There is a slight twilight. Changes of the visibility of the surface occur, and very occasionally faint clouds are seen. All these are indications of at least some slight atmosphere.

These major features are in the range of undisputed fact, clear to every eye, and recorded by photography. But there is a mass of fine detail, difficult to see and even more difficult to photograph, on which there is still no clear agreement. The trouble is due to that tantalizing *bête noire* of astronomy, "astronomical seeing." We must look through miles of turbulent air that sends stars dancing and makes the fine detail of Mars' disk blurred and quivering. There is no way out except patience to observe and to photograph continuously, hoping for one of those rare intervals of really fine seeing.

In the second or two necessary for taking a photograph the fine detail is lost by blurring. The eye can perceive more than can be photographed, for it can follow to a certain extent the quivering images. But human observation near the limit of visibility gives rise to all the distortions caused by an observer's personal convictions. So different are the impressions of the various observers of the fine detail of Mars' disk that it is impossible to reconcile them.

Thousands of drawings have been made by different observers of the "canals" of Mars. They are lines, long, fine, straight and sharp, or they are blurred, curved, short and hazy streaks, continuous or broken, according as credence is given the one or the other of the observers. Lowell, who studied Mars intensively throughout so many years and whose belief in these markings as artificial canals was firm, said that he could not sharpen a pencil to a point fine enough to represent his impressions. Barnard, one of the most keen and accurate observers in astronomical history, saw only short diffuse lines running between a few dark spots. The observations of others lie between these.

The consensus among astronomers is that there is a wealth of fine detail on the surface of Mars which is visible in moments of exceptional seeing. Some of this appears to be arranged in hazy streaks, which may be continuous or may be a set of spots carried by the eye into continuity. But almost no one believes today that there are any real surface features of Mars corresponding to the sharp geometrical lines recorded by Lowell. The explanation for the impressions he gained is to be found by the psychologist and not by the astronomer.

It is a relief to leave an uncertain and controversial field and to turn to the objective contributions of modern science, that combination of refined instrumental techniques and logical deductions.

The telescope gives an image and that image is more than a picture to be viewed by the eye. It is the receiver of visible and invisible radiation, reflected from the Sun and sent out to some extent by Mars itself. Tiny as this image is, minute probes can be made to examine its parts. Filters may be interposed and the kind of light from different portions determined. The light can be sent through prisms and resolved into a spectrum, from which the influence of Mars on the reflected sunlight can be studied.

Any body radiates heat and its temperature determines how much it sends out. Delicate thermocouples can find this out from the image and the temperature of different parts of the disk can be determined.

What of the Martian atmosphere? We have seen above that there is evidence pointing to at least a slight atmosphere. Photographs of the Martian disk under different color filters also show this fact. Recent spectroscopic studies by Adams and Dunham have given definite answers. They show that the Martian atmosphere is very thin and very different from that of the Earth. It cannot contain one per cent of the Earth's oxygen. It can have but a trace of the Earth's water vapor, and no carbon dioxide has been found.

Old-fashioned positional astronomy, aided by theoretical mechanics, told much about Mars. Its radius is half that of the Earth. It spins on its axis with almost exactly the rotational speed of the Earth. The axis is inclined almost the same as that of the Earth, so that it has seasons as we have, but with a year nearly twice as long as ours. It is one and a half times as far from the Sun as we are. Two moons revolve around it, one moving so rapidly that it circles the planet three times a day, rising in the west and setting in the east.

Man is a gregarious animal—he easily becomes lonesome. In spite of the teeming billions of humans on our planet, perhaps we wish to believe that we are not alone in the planetary system. Perhaps we would like, in spite of our own racial hatreds and international distrusts, to think of neighbors. But if there are any on Mars, they are not our kind.

Into what category of the impossible shall we put interplanetary communications by rocket ship? Engineers could design such a ship tomorrow. Air-conditioned and streamlined, it could be accelerated gently enough to keep its passengers comfortable, escape from the gravitational pull of the Earth, reach an enormous velocity in space, be steered with accuracy, and finally decelerated, to sink gently to rest at its goal, if only— If only a substance different from any that we know could exist—one that would give controllable power of enormous energy per pound. Imagination shows the path to performance. But any check which man could reasonably write on nature's bank today would have to be raised to outrageous values to give us this power. Will man ever have such power under his control? Who knows? Our imaginations play many a game with deuces wild, but we don't call that science. ★★★

Murder for Christmas

Continued from page 22

"Yes, I had a chat with him this morning. He was in good spirits then and anxious to hear about a lot of people and places."

"That was the last time you saw him?"

"Yes."

"Did he mention to you that he kept a quantity of uncut diamonds in his safe?"

"No."

He added before the other could speak, "Do you mean that this business was murder and robbery?"

"We're not sure yet," said Johnson. "Now to come to the events of this evening, will you tell me in your own words what you were doing?"

"Certainly. After the ladies left the dining room I stayed and had a glass of port. Then I realized that the Lees had family business they wanted to discuss and that my being there was hampering them, so I excused myself and left them."

"And what did you do then?"

STEPHEN FARR leaned back in his chair. His forefinger caressed his jaw. He said rather woodenly, "I—er—went along to a big room with a parquet floor—kind of ballroom, I fancy. There's a phonograph there and dance records. I put some records on."

Poirot said, "It was possible, perhaps, that someone might join you there?"

A very faint smile curved Stephen Farr's lips. He answered, "It was possible, yes. One always hopes."

And he grinned outright.

Poirot said, "Señorita Estravados is very beautiful."

Stephen answered, "She's easily the best thing to look at that I've seen since I came to England."

"Did Miss Estravados join you?" asked Colonel Johnson.

Stephen shook his head. "I was still there when I heard the rumpus. I came out into the hall and ran hell for leather to see what was the matter. I helped Harry Lee to break the door down."

"And that's all you have to tell us?"

"Absolutely all, I'm afraid."

Hercule Poirot leaned forward. He said softly, "But I think, Monsieur Farr, that you could tell us a good deal if you liked."

Farr said sharply, "What do you mean?"

"You can tell us of something that is very important in this case—the character of Mr. Lee. You say that your father talked much of him to you. What manner of a man was it that he described to you?"

Stephen Farr said slowly, "I think I see what you're driving at. What was Simeon Lee like in his young days? Well—you want me to be frank, I suppose?"

"If you please."

"Well, to begin with, I don't think that Simeon Lee was a highly moral member of society. I don't mean that he was exactly a crook, but he sailed pretty near the wind. His morals were nothing to boast about, anyway. He had charm, though, a good deal of it. And he was fantastically generous. No one with a hard-luck story ever appealed to him in vain. He drank a bit, but not overmuch, was attractive to women and had a sense of humor. All the same, he had a queer, revengeful streak in him. Talk of the elephant that never forgets and you talk of Simeon Lee. My father told me of several cases where Lee waited years to get even with someone who'd done him a nasty turn."

Superintendent Sugden said, "Two might play at that game. You've no knowledge, I suppose, Mr. Farr, of anyone to whom Simeon Lee had done a bad turn out there? Nothing out of the past that could explain the crime committed here this evening?"

Stephen Farr shook his head. "He had enemies, of course; must have had, being the man he was. But I know of no specific case. Besides"—his eyes narrowed—"I understand (as a matter of fact, I've been questioning Tressilian) there have been no strangers in or near the house this evening."

Hercule Poirot said, "With the exception of yourself, Mr. Farr."

Stephen Farr swung round upon him. "Oh, so that's it? Suspicious stranger within the gates! Well, you won't find anything of that kind. No back history of Simeon Lee doing Ebenezer Farr down, and Eb's son coming over to revenge his dad! No"—he shook his head—"Simeon and Ebenezer had nothing against each other. I came here, as I've told you, out of sheer curiosity. And, moreover, I should imagine a phonograph is as good an alibi as anything else. I never stopped putting on records—somebody must have heard them. One record wouldn't give me time to race away upstairs—these passages are a mile long, anyway—slit an old man's throat, wash off the blood and get back again before the others came rushing up. The idea's farcical!"

Colonel Johnson said, "We're not making any insinuations against you, Mr. Farr."

Stephen Farr said, "I didn't care much for the tone of Mr. Hercule Poirot's voice."

"That," said Hercule Poirot, "is unfortunate!"

He smiled benignly at the other.

Stephen Farr looked angrily at him.

Colonel Johnson interposed quickly, "Thank you, Mr. Farr. That will be all for the present. You will, of course, not leave this house."

Stephen Farr nodded. He got up and left the room, walking with a freely swinging stride.

AS THE door closed behind him, Johnson said, "There goes X, the unknown quantity. His story seems straightforward enough. All the same, he's the dark horse. He *might* have pinched those diamonds—might have come here with a bogus story just to gain admittance. You'd better get his fingerprints, Sugden, and see if he's known."

"I've already got them," said the superintendent with a dry smile.

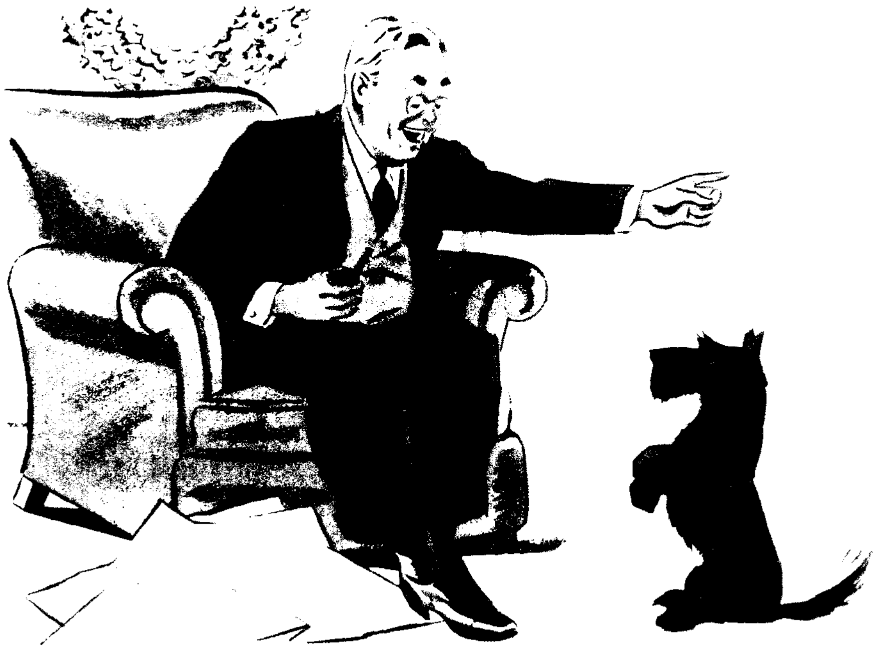
"Good man. You don't overlook much. I suppose you're onto all the obvious lines?"

Superintendent Sugden checked off on his fingers. "Check up on those telephone calls—times, etc. Check up on Horbury. What time he left, who saw him go. Check up all entrances and exits. Check up on staff generally. Check up financial position of members of family. Get onto the lawyers and check up on will. Search house for the weapon and for bloodstains on clothing—also possibly diamonds hidden somewhere."

"That covers everything, I think," said Colonel Johnson approvingly. "Can you suggest anything, M. Poirot?"

Poirot shook his head. He said, "I find the superintendent admirably thorough."

Sugden said gloomily, "It won't be any joke looking through this house for the missing diamonds. Never saw so many ornaments and knickknacks in my life."



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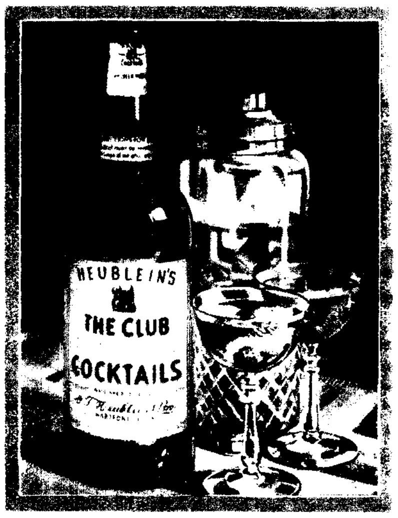

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"The hiding places are certainly abundant," Poirot agreed.

"And there's really nothing you would suggest, Poirot?"

"You will permit that I take a line of my own?"

"Certainly—certainly," said Johnson at the same moment as Superintendent Sugden said rather suspiciously, "What line?"

"I would like," said Hercule Poirot, "to converse—very often—very frequently—with members of the family."

"You mean you'd like to have another shot at questioning them?" asked the colonel, a little puzzled.

"No, no, not to question—to converse!"

"Why?" asked Sugden.

Hercule Poirot waved an emphatic hand. "In conversation, points arise! If a human being converses much, it is impossible for him to avoid the truth!"

Sugden said, "Then you think someone is lying?"

Poirot sighed. "*Mon cher,* everyone lies. It is profitable to separate the harmless lies from the vital ones."

COLONEL JOHNSON looked at his watch.

"Nothing much more that I can do here. You've got things well in hand, Sugden. Oh, just one thing. We ought to see the butler fellow. I know you've questioned him, but we know a bit more about things now. It's important to get confirmation of just where everybody says he was at the time of the murder."

Tressilian came in slowly. The chief constable told him to sit down.

"Thank you, sir. I will, if you don't mind. I've been feeling very queer—very queer indeed. My legs, sir, and my head."

Poirot said gently, "You have had the shock, yes."

The butler shuddered. "Such—such a violent thing to happen. In this house! Where everything has always gone on so quietly."

Poirot said, "It was a well-ordered house, yes? But not a happy one?"

"I wouldn't like to say that, sir."

"In the old days when all the family was at home, was it happy then?"

Tressilian said slowly, "It wasn't, perhaps, what one would call very harmonious, sir."

"The late Mrs. Lee was somewhat of an invalid, was she not?"

"Yes, sir, very poorly she was."

"Were her children fond of her?"

"Mr. David, he was devoted to her. More like a daughter than a son. And after she died, he broke away, couldn't face living here any longer."

Poirot said, "And Mr. Harry? What was he like?"

"Always rather a wild young gentleman, sir, but goodhearted. Oh, dear, gave me quite a turn it did, when the bell rang—and then again, so impatient like, and I opened the door and there was a strange man and then Mr. Harry's voice said: 'Hullo Tressilian. Still here, eh?' Just the same as ever."

Poirot said sympathetically, "It must have been the strange feeling."

Tressilian said, a little pink flush showing in his cheeks, "It seems sometimes, sir, as though the past isn't the past! I believe there's been a play on in London about something like that. There's something in it, sir—there really is. There's a feeling comes over you—as though you'd done everything before. It just seems to me as though the bell rings and I go to answer it and there's Mr. Harry—even if it should be Mr. Farr or some other person—I'm just saying to myself—*but I've done this before. . . .*"

Poirot said, "That is very interesting—very interesting."

Tressilian looked at him gratefully. Johnson, somewhat impatient, cleared his throat and took charge of the conversation.

"Just want to get various times checked correctly," he said. "Now when the noise upstairs started I understand that only Mr. Alfred Lee and Mr. Harry Lee were in the dining room. Is that so?"

"I really couldn't tell you, sir. All the gentlemen were there when I served coffee to them—but that would be about a quarter of an hour earlier."

"Mr. George Lee was telephoning. Can you confirm that?"

"I think somebody did telephone, sir. The bell rings in my pantry, and when anybody takes off the receiver to call a number, there's just a faint noise on the bell. I do remember hearing that, but I didn't pay any attention to it."

"You don't know exactly when it was?"

"I couldn't say, sir. It was after I had taken coffee to the gentlemen; that is all I can say."

"Do you know where any of the ladies were at the time I mentioned?"

"Mrs. Alfred was in the drawing room, sir, when I went for the coffee tray. That was just a minute or two before I heard the cry upstairs."

Poirot asked, "What was she doing?"

"She was standing by the far window, sir. She was holding the curtain a little back and looking out."

"And none of the other ladies were in the room?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know where they were?"

"I couldn't say at all, sir."

"You don't know where anyone else was?"

"Mr. David, I think, was playing in the music room next door to the drawing room."

"You heard him playing?"

"Yes, sir." Again the old man shivered. "It was like a sign, sir, so I felt afterward. It was the Dead March he was playing. Even at the time, I remember, it gave me the creeps."

"It is curious, yes," said Poirot.

"Now about this fellow Horbury, the valet," said the chief constable. "Are you definitely prepared to swear that he was out of the house by eight o'clock?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It was just after Mr. Sugden, here, arrived. I remember particular because he broke a coffee cup."

Poirot said, "Horbury broke a coffee cup?"

"Yes, sir—one of the old Worcester ones. Eleven years I've washed them up and never one broken till this evening."

Poirot said, "What was Horbury doing with the coffee cups?"

"Well, of course, sir, he'd no business to have been handling them at all. He was just holding one up, admiring it like, and I happened to mention that Mr. Sugden had called and he dropped it."

POIROT said, "Did you say 'Mr. Sugden' or did you mention the word 'police'?"

Tressilian looked a little startled.

"Now I come to think of it, sir, I mentioned that the police superintendent had called."

"And Horbury dropped the coffee cup," said Poirot.

"Seems suggestive, that," said the chief constable. "Did Horbury ask any questions about the superintendent's visit?"

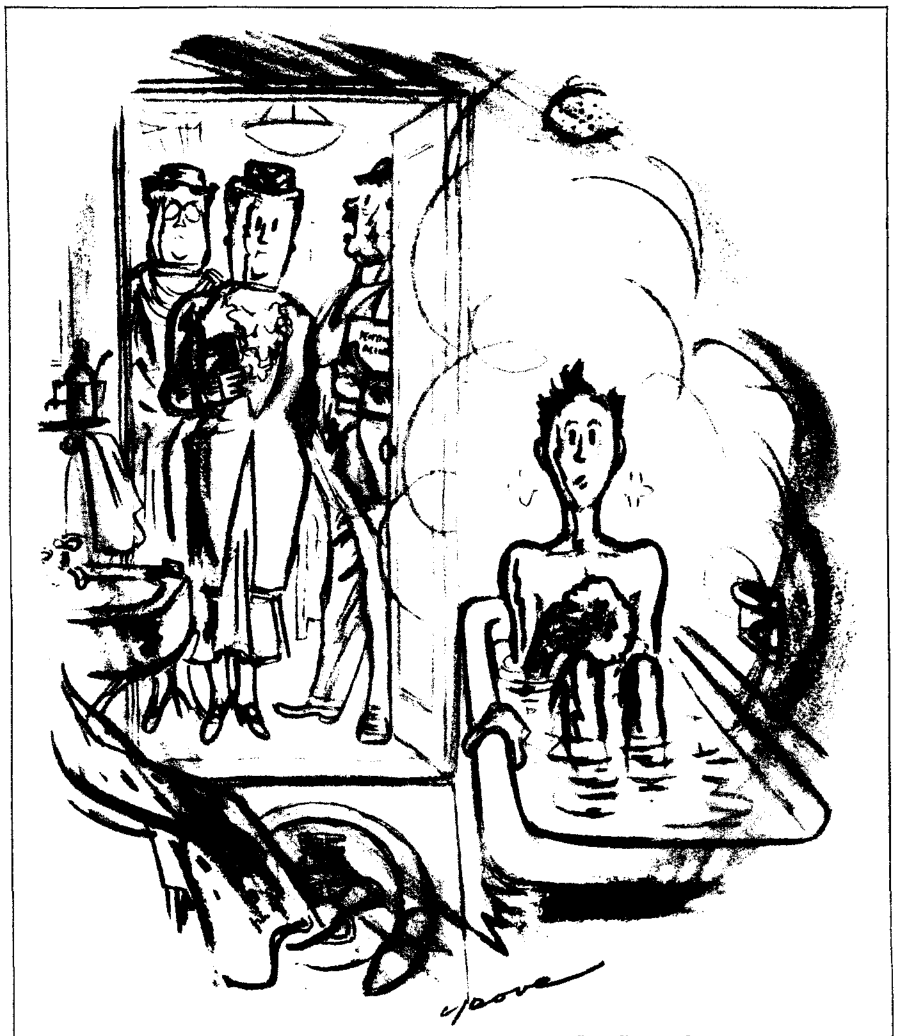
"Yes, sir, asked what he wanted here. I said he'd come collecting for the Police Orphanage and had gone up to Mr. Lee."

"Did Horbury seem relieved when you said that?"

"Do you know, sir, now you mention it, he certainly did. His manner changed at once. Said Mr. Lee was a good old chap and free with his money—rather disrespectfully he spoke—and then he went off."

"Which way?"

"Out through the door to the servants' hall."



"Now this apartment won't be vacant until the first of next month"

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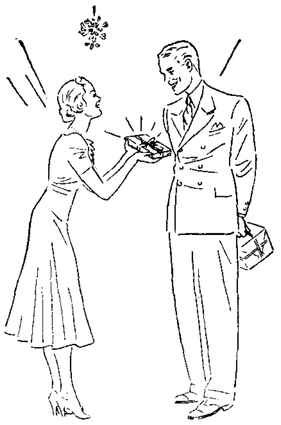

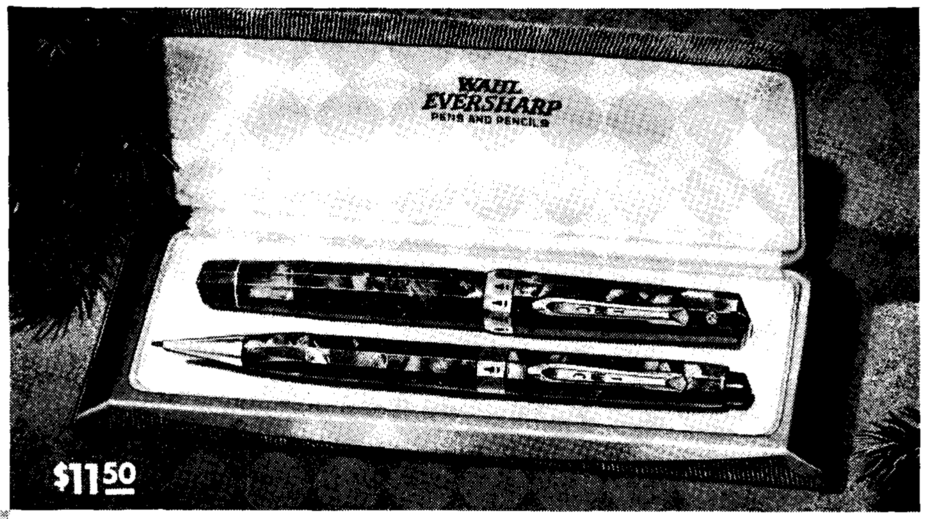

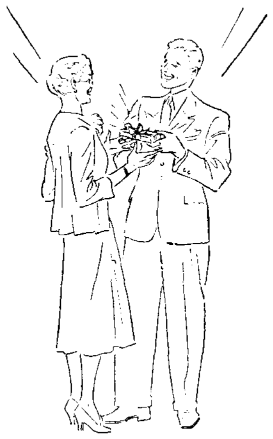

Mystery No. 2—Without making a major investment, what can I give Aunt Eleanor that's smart, new, good-looking, useful?

Solution: You can solve this puzzle in jig time with the new Eversharp Repeating Pencil. Just press the top of this amazing new pencil—and you get a new point or a new lead! It feeds leads continuously—holds enough at one filling to last the average person six months—comes in stunning combinations of pyralin and rhodium or gold—$1.50 to $50.

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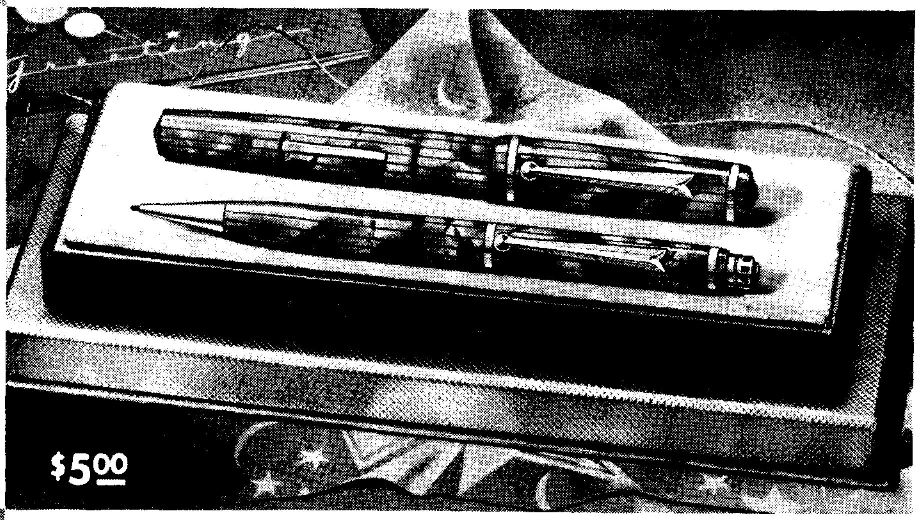
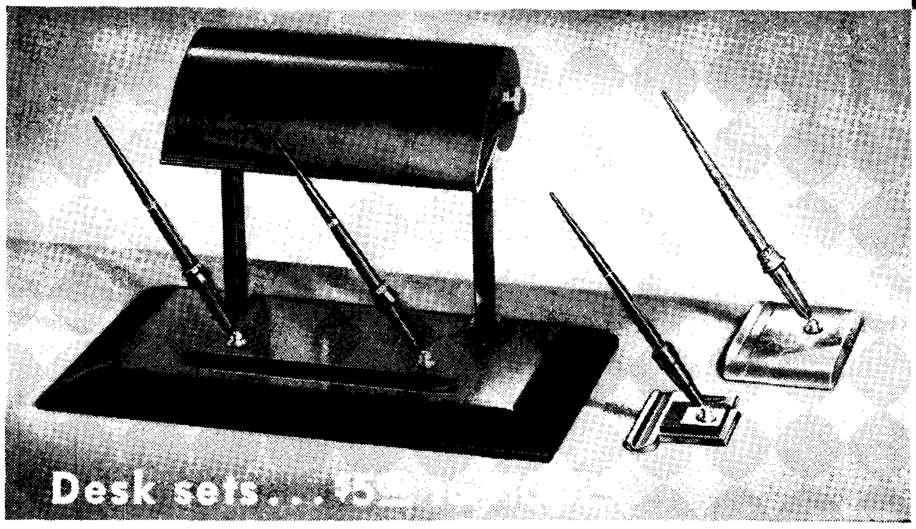
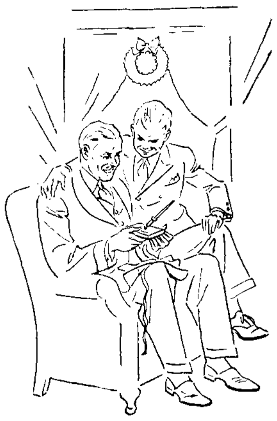
Solution: Give him this sturdy, handsome Wahl-Eversharp pen-and-pencil set. Made in new satin pyralin colors with gold-filled trim, this lever-vac pen and matching Eversharp Repeating Pencil will give him a thrill on Christmas morning—and many years of faithful service. The pen alone is $3.50 and the pencil $2, but the set—packed in an especially good-looking gift box—is only $5.







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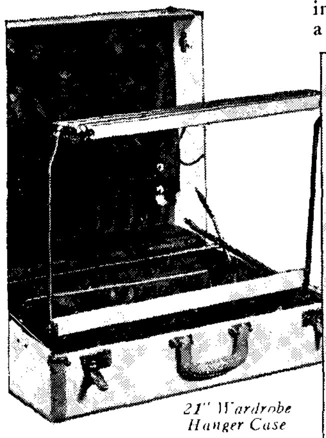

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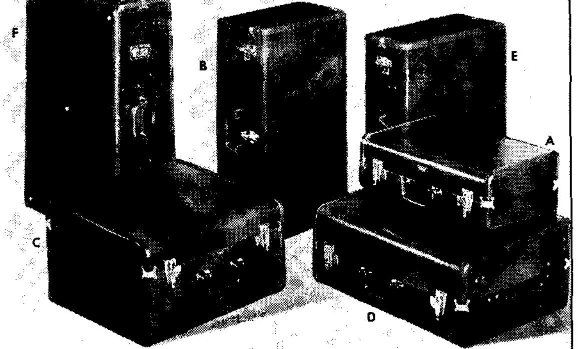

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Sugden interposed, "All that's okay, sir. He passed through the kitchen, where the cook and the kitchenmaid saw him, and out through the back door."

"Now listen, Tressilian, and think carefully. Is there any means by which Horbury could return to the house without anyone seeing him?"

The old man shook his head. "I don't see how he could have done so, sir. All the doors are locked on the inside."

"Supposing he had a key?"

"The doors are bolted as well."

Colonel Johnson said, "That seems conclusive. Thank you, Tressilian."

The old man got up and with a bow left the room. He returned, however, a minute or two later.

"Horbury has just returned, sir. Would you like to see him now?"

"Yes, please, send him in at once."

SYDNEY HORBURY did not present a very prepossessing appearance. He came into the room and stood rubbing his hands together, and darting quick looks from one person to another. His manner was unctuous.

Johnson said, "You're Sydney Horbury?"

"Yes, sir."

"Valet attendant to the late Mr. Lee?"

"Yes, sir. It's terrible, sir, isn't it? You could have knocked me down with a feather when I heard from Gladys. Poor old gentleman—"

Johnson cut him short.

"Just answer my questions, please."

"Yes, sir, certainly, sir."

"What time did you go out tonight, and where have you been?"

"I left the house just before eight, sir. I went to the Superb, sir, just five minutes walk away. 'Love in Old Seville' was the picture, sir."

"Anyone who saw you there?"

"The young lady in the box office, sir, she knows me. And the doorman. He knows me too. And—er—as a matter of fact, I was with a young lady, sir. I met her there by appointment."

"Oh, you did, did you? What's her name?"

"Doris Buckle, sir. She works in the Combined Dairies, sir, 23 Markham Road."

"Good; we'll look into that. Did you come straight home?"

"I saw my young lady home first, sir. Then I came straight back. You'll find it's quite all right, sir. I didn't have anything to do with this. I was—"

Colonel Johnson said curtly, "Nobody's accusing you of having anything to do with it."

"No, sir, of course not, sir. But it's not very pleasant when a murder happens in a house."

"Nobody said it was. How long had you been in Mr. Lee's service?"

"Just over a year, sir."

"Did you like your place here?"

"Yes, sir. I was quite satisfied. The pay was good. Mr. Lee was rather difficult sometimes, but of course I'm used to attending invalids."

"You've had previous experience?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I was with Major West and with the Honorable Jasper Finch—"

"You can give all those particulars to Sugden later. What I want to know is this—at what time did you last see Mr. Lee this evening?"

"It was about half past seven, sir. Mr. Lee had a light supper brought to him every evening at seven o'clock. I then prepared him for bed. After that he would sit in front of the fire till he felt like going to bed."

"What time was that, usually?"

"It varied, sir. Sometimes he would go to bed as early as eight o'clock—that's if he felt tired. Sometimes he would sit up till eleven or after."

"What did he do when he did want to go to bed?"

"Usually he rang for me, sir."

"And you assisted him to bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"But this was your evening out—did you always have Fridays?"

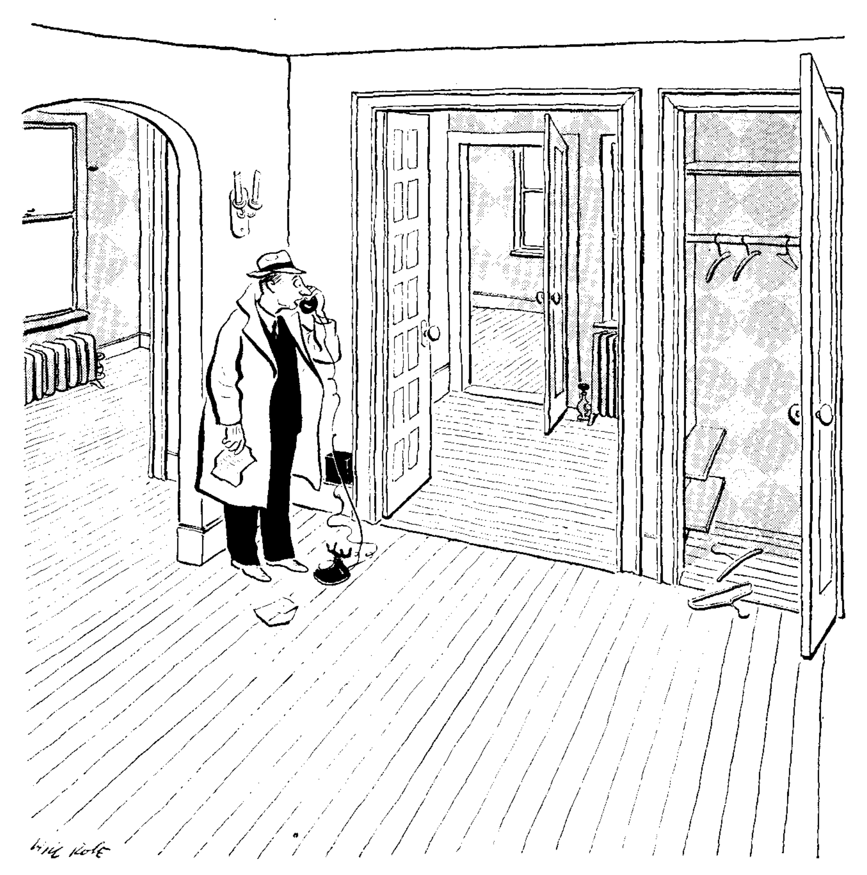
"Yes, sir, Friday was my regular day."

"What happened then when Mr. Lee wanted to go to bed?"

"He would ring his bell and either Tressilian or Walter would see to him."

"He was not helpless? He could move about?"

"Yes, sir, but not very easily. Rheu-



"I wish to insert one of those 'My wife, having left my bed and board—' advertisements"

CARL ROSE

matoid arthritis was what he suffered from, sir. He was worse some days than others."

"Did he never go into another room in the daytime?"

"No, sir. He preferred to be in just the one room. Mr. Lee wasn't luxurious in his tastes. It was a big room with plenty of air and light in it."

"Mr. Lee had his supper at seven, you say?"

"Yes, sir. I took the tray away and saw that everything was in order. I wished Mr. Lee good night and left the room."

"I see. Now there's something more I want to know, Horbury. What can you tell us about the diamonds Mr. Lee kept in his safe?"

"Diamonds, sir? I never saw any diamonds."

"Mr. Lee kept a quantity of uncut stones there. You must have seen him handling them."

"Those funny little pebbles, sir? Yes, I did see him with them once or twice. But I didn't know they were diamonds. He was showing them to the foreign young lady only yesterday—or was it the day before?"

Colonel Johnson said abruptly, "Those stones have been stolen."

Horbury cried out, "I hope you don't think, sir, that *I* had anything to do with it!"

"I'm not making any accusations," said Johnson. "Now, then, is there anything you can tell us that has any bearing on this matter?"

"The diamonds, sir? Or the murder?"

"Both."

HORBURY considered. He passed his tongue over his pale lips. At last he looked up with eyes that were a shade furtive.

"I don't think there's anything, sir."

Poirot said softly, "Nothing you've overheard, say, in the course of your duties, that might be helpful?"

The valet's eyelids flickered a little. "No, sir, I don't think so, sir. There was a little awkwardness between Mr. Lee and—and some members of his family."

"Which members?"

"I gathered there was a little trouble over Mr. Harry Lee's return. Mr. Alfred Lee resented it. I understand he and his father had a few words about it—but that was all there was to it. Mr. Lee didn't accuse him for a minute of having taken any diamonds. And I'm sure Mr. Alfred wouldn't do such a thing."

Poirot said quickly, "His interview with Mr. Alfred was *after* he had discovered the loss of the diamonds, was it not, though?"

"Yes, sir."

Poirot leaned forward. "I thought, Horbury," he said softly, "*that you did not know of the theft of the diamonds until we informed you of it just now.* How, then, do you know that Mr. Lee had discovered his loss *before* he had this conversation with his son?"

Horbury turned brick-red.

"No use lying. Out with it," said Sugden. "When did you know?"

Horbury said sullenly, "I heard him telephoning to someone about it."

"You weren't in the room?"

"No, outside the door. Couldn't hear much—only a word or two."

"What did you hear exactly?" asked Poirot sweetly.

"I heard the words robbery and diamonds and I heard him say, 'I don't know who to suspect'—and I heard him say something about this evening at eight o'clock."

Superintendent Sugden nodded. "That was to me he was speaking, my lad. About five-ten, was it?"

"That's right, sir."

"And when you went into his room afterward, did he look upset?"

"Just a bit, sir. Seemed absent-minded and worried."

Superintendent Sugden glanced questioningly at the chief constable, received a nod and said: "That'll do for you, my lad. Shan't want you again tonight."

Horbury went out gratefully in haste.

Sugden said appreciatively, "Pretty bit of work, M. Poirot. You trapped him as neatly as I've ever seen it done. He may be a thief or he may not, but he's certainly a first-class liar!"

"An unprepossessing person," said Poirot.

"Nasty bit of goods," agreed Johnson. "Question is, what do we think of his evidence?"

SUGDEN summarized the position neatly: "Seems to me there are three possibilities. 1. Horbury's a thief *and* a murderer. 2. Horbury's a thief but *not* a murderer. 3. Horbury's an innocent man. Certain amount of evidence for 1. He overheard telephone call and knew the theft had been discovered. Gathered from old man's manner that he was suspected. Made his plans accordingly. Went out ostentatiously at eight o'clock and cooked up an alibi. Easy enough to slip out of a cinema and return there unnoticed. He'd have to be pretty sure of the girl, though, that she wouldn't give him away. I'll see what I can get out of her tomorrow."

"How, then, did he manage to reenter the house?" asked Poirot.

"That's more difficult," Sugden admitted. "But there might be ways. Say one of the women servants unlocked a side door for him."

Poirot raised his eyebrows quizzically.

"He places then his life at the mercy of two women? With *one* woman it would be taking a big risk—with *two*, *eh bien*—I find the risk fantastic!"

Sugden said, "Some criminals think they can get away with anything. Let's take 2. Horbury pinched those diamonds. He took 'em out of the house tonight and has possibly passed them on to some accomplice. That's quite easy going and highly probable. Now we've got to admit that somebody else chose this night to murder Mr. Lee. That somebody being quite unaware of the diamond complication. It's possible, of course, but it's a bit of a coincidence.

"Possibility 3. Horbury's innocent. Somebody else both took the diamonds and murdered the old gentleman. There it is, it's up to us to get at the truth."

Colonel Johnson yawned. He looked again at his watch and got up.

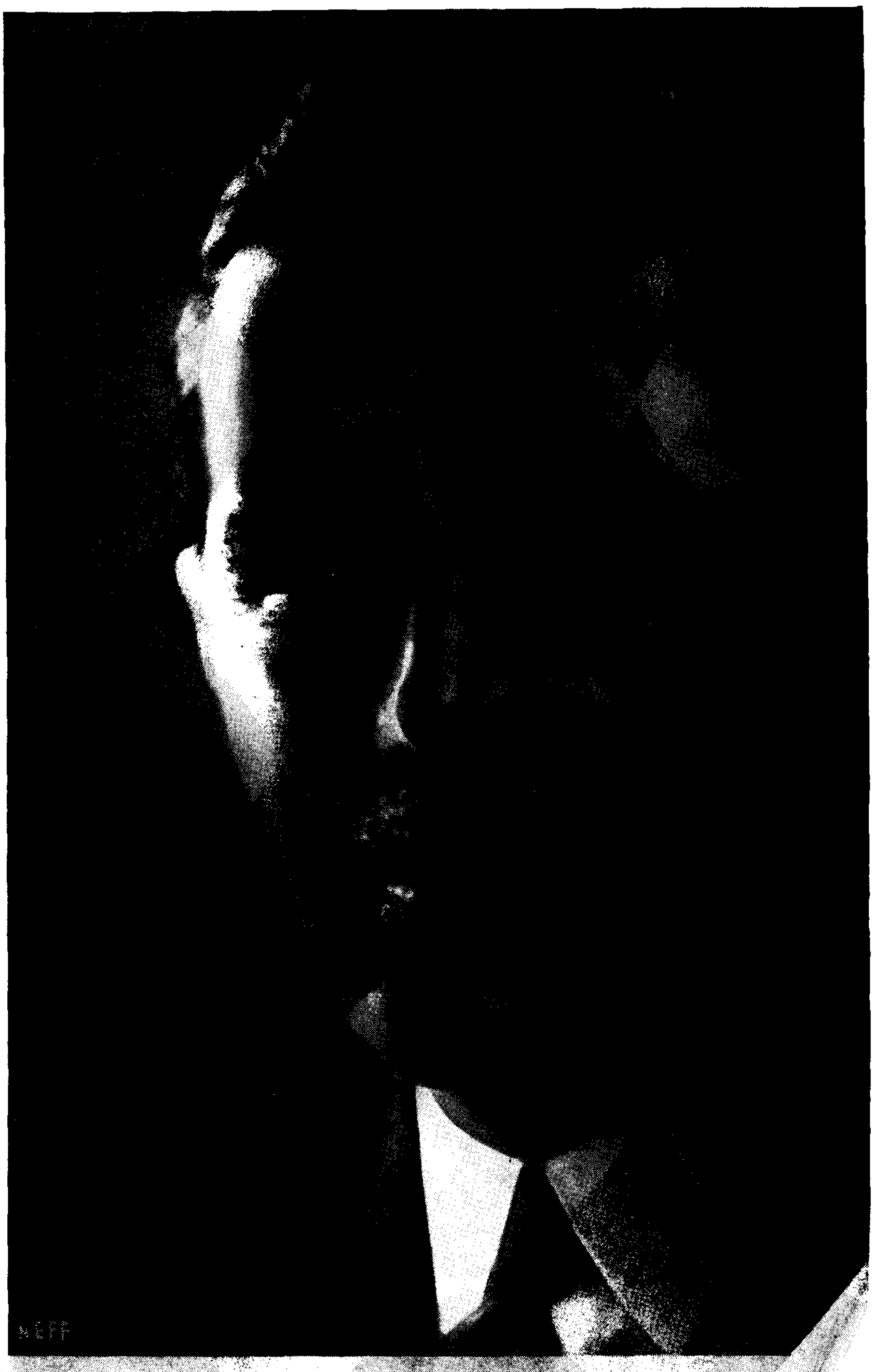
"Well," he said, "I think we'll call it a night, eh? Better just have a look in the safe before we go. Odd thing if those wretched diamonds were there all the time."

But the diamonds were not in the safe. They found the combination where Alfred Lee had told them, in the small notebook taken from the dressing-gown pocket of the dead man. In the safe they found an empty chamois leather bag. Among the papers the safe contained, only one was of interest.

It was a will dated some fifteen years previously. After various legacies and bequests, the provisions were simple enough. Half Simeon Lee's fortune went to Alfred Lee. The other half was to be divided in equal shares between his remaining children—Harry, George, David and Jennifer.

IN THE bright sun of Christmas noon Poirot walked in the gardens of Gorston Hall. The hall itself was a large, solidly built house with no special architectural pretensions.

Here, on the south side, was a broad terrace flanked with a hedge of clipped yew. Little plants grew in the interstices of the stone flags and at intervals



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along the terrace there were stone sinks arranged as miniature gardens.

Poirot surveyed them with benign approval. He murmured to himself, *"C'est bien imaginé, ça!"*

In the distance he caught sight of two figures going toward an ornamental sheet of water some three hundred yards away. Pilar was easily recognizable as one of the figures and he thought at first the other was Stephen Farr, then he saw that the man with Pilar was Harry Lee. Harry seemed very attentive to his attractive niece. At intervals he flung his head back and laughed, then bent once more attentively toward her.

"Assuredly, there is one who does not mourn," Poirot murmured to himself.

A soft sound behind him made him turn. Magdalene Lee was standing there. She, too, was looking at the retreating figures of the man and girl. She turned her head and smiled enchantingly at Poirot.

She said, "It's such a glorious, sunny day! One can hardly believe in all the horrors of last night, can one, M. Poirot?"

"It is difficult, truly, Madame."

Magdalene sighed. "I've never been mixed up in tragedy before. I've—I've really only just grown up. I stayed a child too long, I think. . . . That's not a good thing to do."

Again she sighed. She said, "Pilar, now, seems so extraordinarily self-possessed. . . . I suppose it's the Spanish blood? It's all very odd, isn't it?"

"What is odd, Madame?"

"The way she turned up here!"

Poirot said, "I have learned that Mr. Lee had been searching for her for some time. He had been in correspondence with the consulate in Madrid and with the vice consul at Aliquara, where her mother died."

"He was very secretive about it all," said Magdalene. "Alfred knew nothing about it. No more did Lydia."

"Ah!" said Poirot.

Magdalene came a little nearer to him.

"You know, M. Poirot, there's some story connected with Jennifer's husband, Estravados. He died quite soon after the marriage and there's some mystery about it. Alfred and Lydia know. I believe it was something—rather disgraceful. . . ."

"That," said Poirot, "is sad indeed."

Magdalene said, "My husband feels—and I agree with him—that the family ought to have been told more about the girl's antecedents. After all, if her father was a criminal—"

She paused, but Hercule Poirot said nothing. He seemed to be admiring such beauties of nature as could be seen in the winter season in the grounds of Gorston Hall.

Magdalene said, "I can't help feeling that the manner of my father-in-law's death was somehow *significant.* It—it was so very *un-English.*"

Hercule Poirot turned slowly. His grave eyes met hers in innocent inquiry.

"Ah," he said. "The Spanish touch, you think?"

"Well, they *are* cruel, aren't they?" Magdalene spoke with an effect of childish appeal. "All those bullfights and things!"

Hercule Poirot said pleasantly, "You are saying that in your opinion Señorita Estravados cut her grandfather's throat?"

"Oh, no, M. Poirot!" Magdalene was vehement. She was shocked. "I never said anything of the kind! Indeed I didn't!"

"Well," said Poirot. "Perhaps you did not."

"But I *do* think that she is—well, a suspicious person. The furtive way she picked up something from the floor of that room last night, for instance."

A DIFFERENT note crept into Hercule Poirot's voice. He said sharply, "She picked up something from the floor last night?"

Magdalene nodded. Her childish mouth curved spitefully.

"Yes, as soon as we got into the room. She gave a quick glance round to see if anyone was looking and then pounced on it. But the superintendent man saw her, I'm glad to say, and made her give it up."

"What was it that she picked up, do you know, Madame?"

"No. I wasn't near enough to see." Magdalene's voice held regret. "It was something quite small."

Poirot frowned to himself.

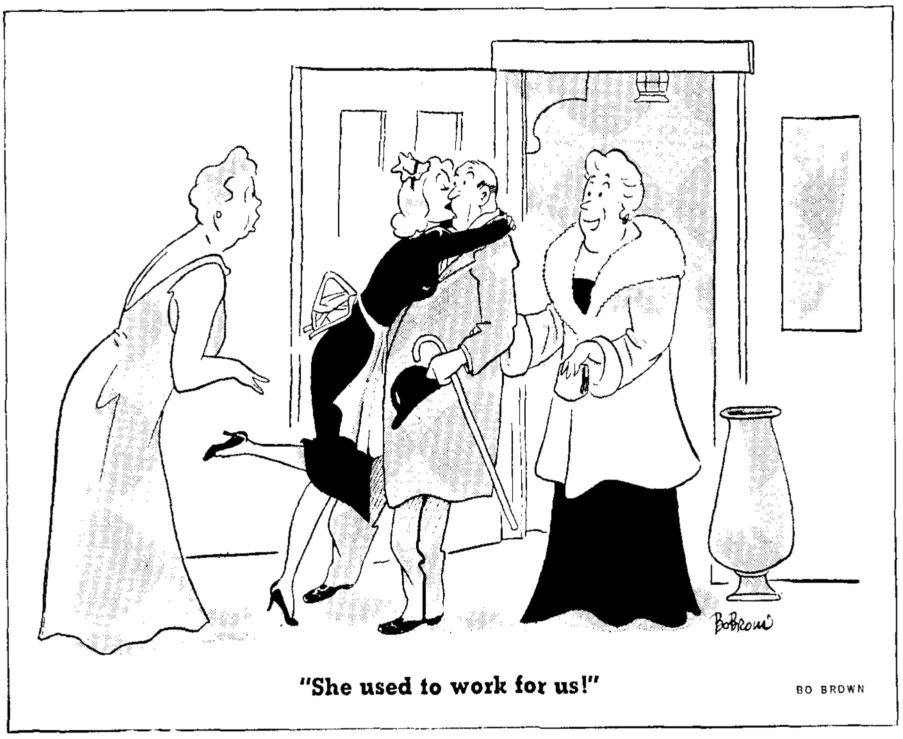
"It is interesting, that," he murmured to himself.

Magdalene said quickly, "Yes, I thought you ought to know about it. After all, we don't know *anything* about Pilar's upbringing and what her life has been like. Alfred is always so unsuspicious and dear Lydia is so casual." Then she murmured: "Perhaps I'd better go and see if I can help Lydia in any way. There may be letters to write."

She left him with a smile of satisfied malice on her lips.

Poirot remained lost in thought on the terrace.

(To be continued next week)



"She used to work for us!"

BO BROWN

Strange Honeymoon

Continued from page 17

bedroom and said, "Behold the bride."

"Behold her yourself," laughed Judith from in front of her dresser. "It should be easy—even for a blind man."

"True enough." Martha's lips expanded into a smile. "You're a considerable eyeful."

Judith's garb in this post-bath moment consisted only of two sheer bits of lingerie, which revealed rather startlingly a figure that was slender and young. She shrugged her way into a flannel robe of blue, and said, "I don't know how a real bride ought to feel, but I feel exactly that way."

"Slightly jittery?"

"We-e-ell . . . uncertain."

Martha slung coat and hat in her closet, and seated herself on the edge of the bed.

"Is Jim Terry coming?"

"In person."

"It'll be a grand evening for him. Just ducky."

Judith seated herself beside her friend. She said, "Jim's not in love with me."

"No? And what makes you think that?"

"I know it. We're buddies—"

"Quit kidding yourself, Judith. Just because Jim seems to have taken this thing in his stride doesn't mean that he's not hurt."

Judith stretched out one rounded leg and slipped into a stocking of the shade known as "atmosphere" and then slid her size-three foot into a black crepe opera pump. She performed the same ritual with the other leg, then dropped the dressing gown and pulled a new dress over her head.

"Bridal costume," she commented. "How you like?"

Martha said approvingly, "Perfect."

The buzzer sounded. "Alan?" asked Martha.

"At six-thirty? For an eight-o'clock wedding? Don't be silly."

"It'll be Jim Terry, then. Let's go."

THEY opened the door to admit a young man who was tall and broad and attractively homely. Jim Terry had sandy hair and blue eyes. His nose and mouth were a trifle too large, but his eyes were perpetually crinkled at the corners. He was big, his voice was big, and his laugh was big. He pitched overcoat and hat on a chair in the foyer, and kissed Judith. And as he did so, Judith winked over her shoulder at Martha as though to say, "You see—he couldn't possibly be in love with me."

"The heartbroken and completely jilted suitor arrives early," boomed Jim Terry, "so that he may suffer long. And also mooch an extra drink."

"Scotch?" inquired Martha.

"With plain water."

Martha went into the kitchen to empty ice cubes and Jim propelled Judith into the dropped living room. "All set for the plunge, Judith?"

"Don't I look it?"

"Sure. But you always did look like one of those gals who belong to marriage."

"And I feel utterly silly."

"You're kidding."

"Dead serious, Jim. Things have been happening too fast and furious."

"Things fast, and me furious." He became serious for a moment. "How's about afterward? You and me?"

"You know the 'phone number, and I'm free."

"You mean we can continue playing around?"

"If you drop me, I'll break your neck."

Martha appeared with a highball glass. She said, "I've been trying to persuade Judith to burn her bridges before she crosses 'em."

"Arson isn't fun," said Judith.

"Crossing the wrong bridge isn't, either."

"You two are all wrong. You were invited to be guests, not pallbearers. And don't forget—Alan's doing me a favor. He's a good guy."

There was another ring at the door. Martha answered and returned with a yellow envelope which she handed to Judith. Judith read, laughed, and passed it on to the others. "Seems to be in the bag," she commented. They read:

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH ON TIME SO HELP ME THIS IS POSITIVELY THE LAST WARNING ALAN

DESPITE the circumstances behind this particular ceremony, there was an air of solemnity in the living room. The minister—brought by Alan—stood with his back to the mirrored fireplace, and the young couple faced him: more impressed than they cared to admit.

Back of them stood Jim Terry, huge and grave; and Martha Hastings with her trim, slender figure, her hair slicked back too severely, her thinly penciled eyebrows drawn into a line that might have been construed as disapproval. Martha was losing the intimacy of a cherished friendship—no matter what the future might hold. Judith was leaving the apartment of which they had both been so inordinately proud, she was projecting herself into another world, and Martha faced a prospect of loneliness that disturbed her. As for Jim Terry, he seemed unconscious of the girl at his side, and had eyes only for the bride. Martha, looking up at him, thought: "He's taking it on the chin. It's a rotten shame."

But when the minister had said, "I pronounce you man and wife," when he had shaken hands all round and left the four alone, when Alan had brushed Judith's lips lightly with his, saying, "Just because that's the natural thing to do," and when there had been congratulations and a gradual lightening of the tension . . . then it was Jim Terry who led them out of the morass of seriousness. His big, booming voice, belying the serious light in his eyes, said, "So now we find our little Judith behind the eight ball."

"You flatter me," grinned Alan.

"I'm speaking of matrimony in general, me lad—not of you in particular."

"It might have been you," said Judith.

"Yep—it might have." Jim chuckled. "To me, you're just another thwarted ambition."

"You talk so practical!"

"And you speak so ungrammatic."

"I'm a full-fledged woman now." Judith laughed. "It *is* silly, isn't it?"

"When you say that," advised Alan, "smile."

"And how I'm smiling."

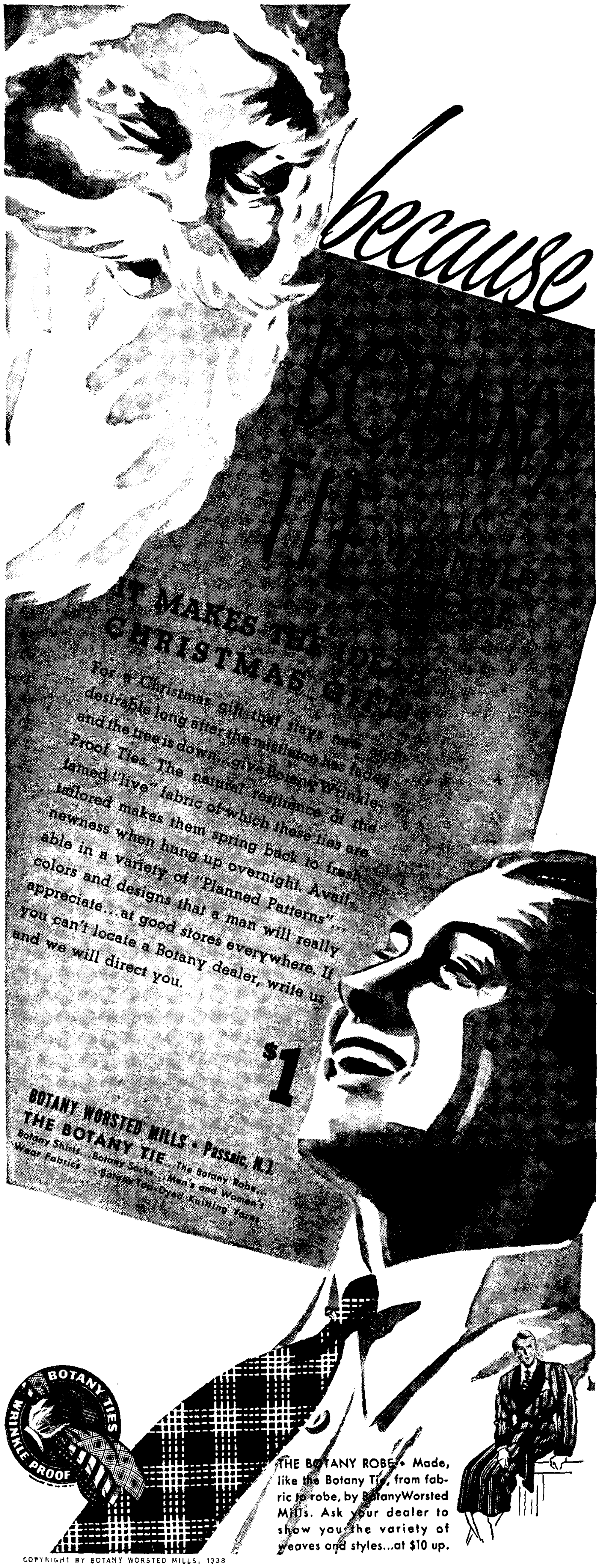
"Couldn't you inject a little light banter into your words, lovely little wife? Couldn't you assume an attitude that would proclaim to all and sundry—including these two particular sundried—that you're really kidding, and that actually you consider yourself a most fortunate young lady?"

"I could, and I shall."

"Which is one way of commencing your married life with deception. You've bought blind, Judith darling—and I'm sorry for you."

"Is that nice?"

"It's honest." Alan smiled down at



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her. "You asked for it, and you got it."

"You sound formidable."

"I've got the instincts of a wife-beater. Also, I suggest that perhaps a bit of wedding supper is in order. Nuts to soup."

"Well," asked Martha, "what are we waiting for?"

"Less than nothing." Judith took Alan's arm. "On our way, Spouse."

He looked down at her and said, "You look lovely."

"Thanks. I tried to."

He asked, "You sent your things over today?"

"Yes . . ." She felt a brief flush of shyness. "I feel like pinching myself—"

"Pray accept my services, madame. It sounds interesting."

The girls vanished into their bedroom. Jim said, "You're a lucky guy."

"Tell me something I don't know." Alan's eyes were grave. "Am I also a louse?"

Jim shook his head. "You've done Judith a real favor."

"I've been talked into it, and I've been worried by only one thing."

"What?"

"I haven't wanted to step on anybody's toes." Alan looked squarely at the larger man. "Yours, for instance."

"I like Judith. Always have, and always will. But she's never given me a serious tumble."

"You'll keep on seeing her?"

"That's up to you, Alan."

"Which is what I'm glad to explain. This little shindig hasn't changed her status. We're both still free. And this arrangement will last only until she wants it to end—for reasons."

JIM TERRY dropped an impulsive hand on Alan's shoulder. He said, "You're a pretty good egg."

"It's perhaps my one virtue." The girls reappeared. "All set?"

"We're practically there," stated Martha, "and I'm famished."

The exterior of the Hughes' mansion, located in the sixties between Fifth and Madison Avenues, was forbidding. Its brownstone front frowned down on the street, its heavy oak door was protected by an iron grille, its basement windows were barred, and the light in the tiled vestibule was for illumination rather than cheer.

The bridal party piled out of Alan's car in front of the house, and Alan led the way up the four steps. He opened the vestibule door, but before he could reach the other one, it was flung back by the self-conscious Jenkins.

Judith started forward, but Alan grabbed her. "None of that," he commanded. "I've been reading my Emily Post."

He picked her up with a strength that amazed her, stepped over the doorsill and deposited her inside. "No use starting this thing with an unnecessary two strikes," he laughed. "And now . . . this is Jenkins. Jenkins, this is Mrs. Hughes . . . and don't laugh."

Judith held out her hand. "Jenkins and I know each other pretty well."

Jenkins said, somewhat awkwardly, "Welcome home, Miss—Mrs. Hughes."

The dinner was not too elaborate, and they managed to be gay. It was difficult for Judith to sit opposite Alan at this banquet table and to know that this was now her home, that she was legally joined to the attractive young man opposite; that she had taken a step which had changed the course of her life, no matter what the future might hold.

Once or twice she detected Alan's eyes on her, and behind them was a questioning light, as though he sought to understand what she was thinking, what she was feeling.

THEY had coffee and cognac in the library, they talked gaily of things that were superficial, Jenkins came in to inquire whether he might be of further service, and then vanished, not to reappear that night.

The light was dim, the street noises seemed miles away, and at eleven o'clock Jim Terry said, "I'm a hardworking lad. Got an early date with a time clock in the morning."

"Me, too." Martha also rose. "There's a heap of advertising copy downtown waiting to be written."

There were goodbys at the door. Judith and Alan stood side by side, oblivious of the January wind that swept eastward from the park. Then he closed the outer door gently, held the inner one for her to pass through . . . and closed that with equal care.

They returned to the library. She seated herself on the couch and toyed with a liqueur glass. He sat on the arm of a brown leather chair, lighted a cigarette and regarded her through the cloud of blue smoke. She said, "Thanks, Alan."

"For what?"

"Everything. You've made it easier than I thought it could possibly be."

"I'll have to watch my step," Alan stated. "I feel more or less awkward."

She said, "I'm not entirely relaxed myself."

He changed the subject abruptly. "Jim Terry is pretty much in love with you, isn't he?"

"I don't believe so."

"I'm laying odds on it. He's your kind of a guy, too."

"That's a real compliment."

"If you should ever find yourself slipping . . ."

"I'd tell you."

"Good. If we play that way, things might work out."

"It goes double, you know."

"Right. You're sure you won't be embarrassed if I continue . . . well, with the sort of thing I've always done."

"No," she said, meeting his eyes levelly. "That's one more reason why I hoped that you would marry me—so that you *could* go right on."

He walked across the room and stood looking at a row of books. He wasn't interested in the books, he didn't see the titles, but he was trying to be less conscious of the pretty girl on the couch—the girl who was his wife.

He spoke without looking at her.

"Well," he said, "what do we do now?"

"What do you think, Alan?"

"I think I take you to your door, say good night, perhaps kiss your hand . . . and proceed to my own quarters."

She said, "That seems to be the idea."

He grinned. "The stuff that dreams ain't made of."

She rose and he took her arm. He snapped off the light switch and said, "The only way I could feel more domestic would be having a cat to eject."

"We'll get one some day."

One by one the lights went out, so that the lower floor was in darkness, except for the pale yellow glow from the single light above the stairway. He walked upstairs with her, and they paused outside her door.

"Your room, madame."

"Good night, Alan."

"Good night. And may I say something?"

"You may."

"You're a pretty splendid person."

He turned abruptly and walked away. She looked after his straight, erect figure and thought, crazily enough, "He didn't kiss me, after all."

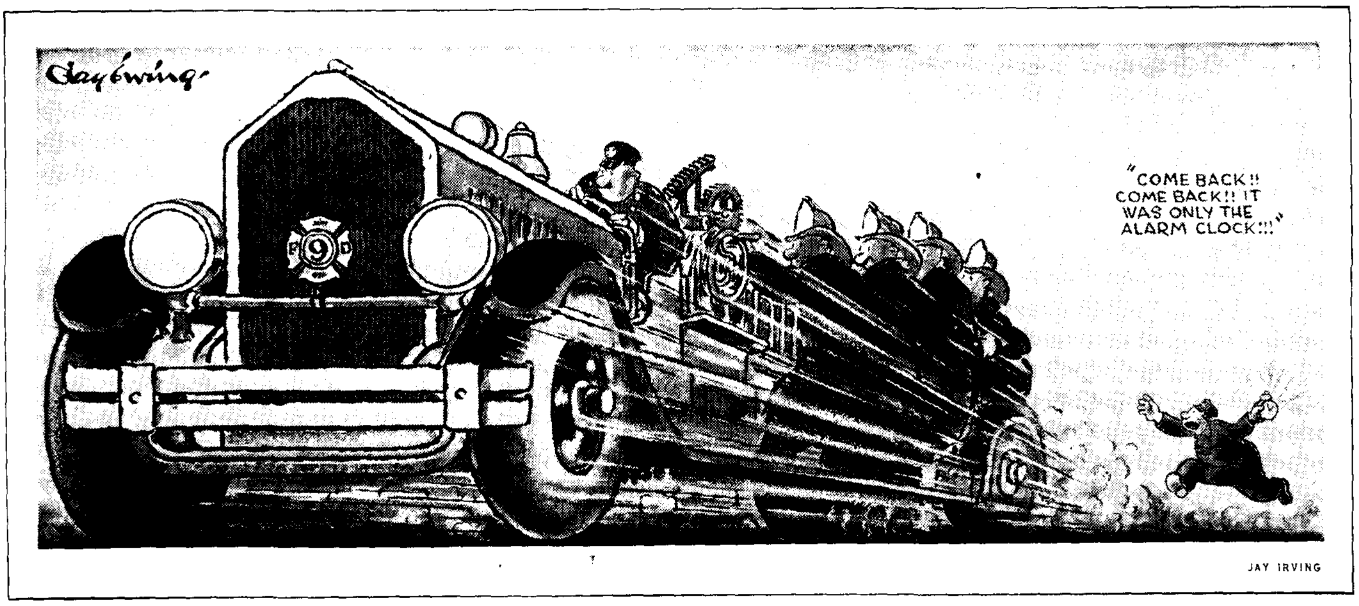
She opened the door and walked into her own suite of rooms. On her pillow was a bridal bouquet: a bouquet of magnificent white orchids and valley lilies. She looked at it for a moment, and felt her heart beat faster.

Then she picked up the note that Alan had left:

"Just so you'll know there's a little sentiment in this marriage. And good night . . . again."

THE Club Tunisia, deep in the East Fifties, is surrounded by new, ornate apartment houses and dilapidated old ones. From the front door you can look eastward and catch glimpses of ships churning the East River on their way to and from Boston and Fall River and New Haven and Providence: you can also see the elevated, and, what is more to the point, you can hear it. You catch more than an echo of noisy First Avenue traffic, you hear the shouting of underprivileged kids at play on the congested street and you marvel at the encroachments of wealth.

There are excellent restaurants in this amazing section of New York, rubbing elbows with good, old-fashioned saloons, pool parlors, markets of the cheaper grade and hole-in-the-wall confection-


Jay Irving
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9
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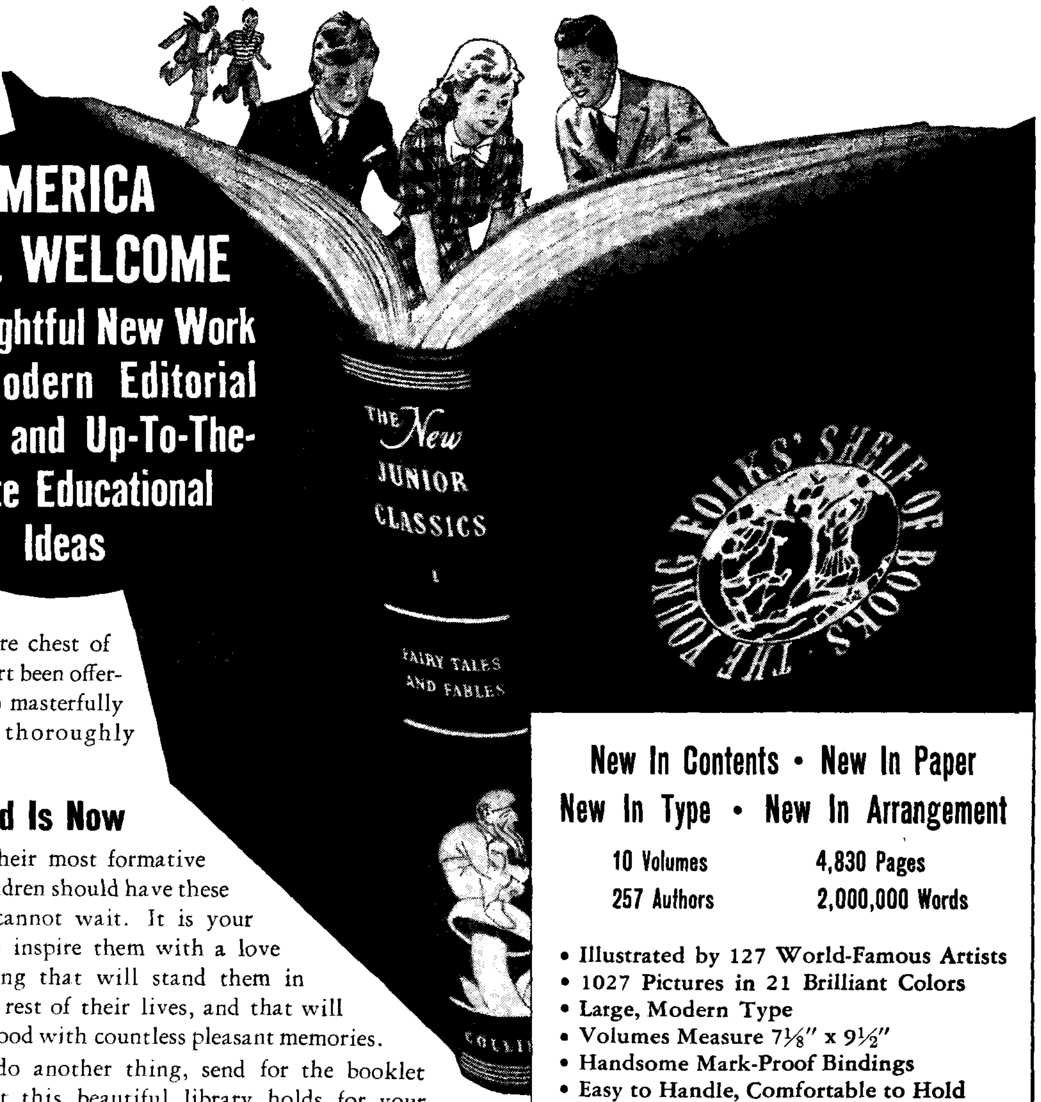

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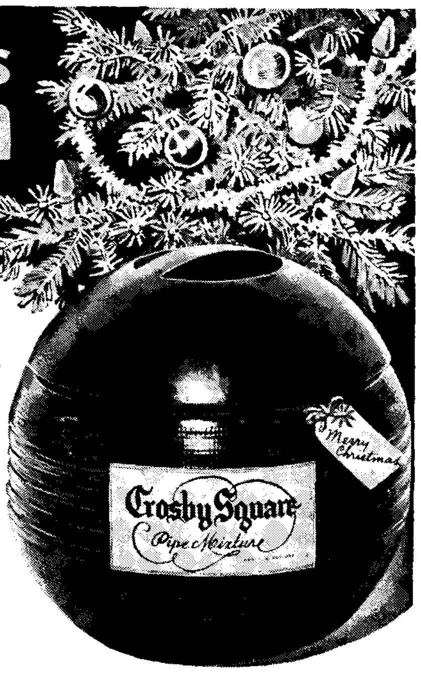

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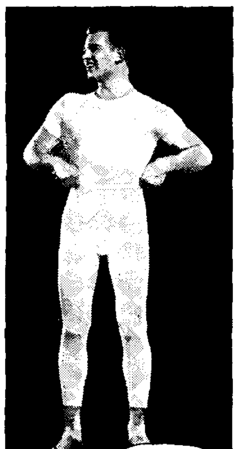

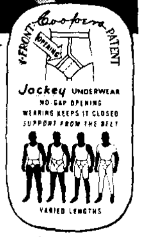

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The Tunisia serves a not-too-bad dinner, to the few who don't know where else to go. It conducts a cocktail hour at its circular onyx and chromium bar and in the tiny room it calls a cocktail lounge, but until midnight, until after the theaters have disgorged their formally garbed patrons, the Club Tunisia cannot be regarded as other than a morgue. From midnight on, however, the complexion changes.

There are in New York a half dozen late spots that do capacity business every night in the week, every month in the year. No one has yet solved the mystery of this: why one club will succeed and its next-door neighbor—equally startling in décor, equally loud, equally noisy, equally uncomfortable—will fail ignominiously. These half dozen clubs succeed under the impetus of success, they attract the genuinely lofty, the would-be lofty and those who wish to stare at the socially eminent. The cover charges are exorbitant and unjustified, the drinks fair, the service atrocious, the floor shows negligible, the music good—and hot—and yet, out of all this hodgepodge there is created an atmosphere of informality that appeals to the New Yorker and fascinates the out-of-towner who wishes to become sophisticated in three easy lessons.

OF THESE half dozen clubs, the Tunisia ranks near the top. Night after night entrance to its main room is barred by a velvet rope; night after night late celebrities or gentlemen flashing ten-dollar bills in the eyes of a bored headwaiter are permitted beyond the barriers, and tiny tables are shoved onto the postage-stamp dance floor for them, so that the other guests will know that they are persons of importance—or wealth . . . and also so that dancing is rendered virtually impossible. The Club Tunisia is a *must* on the night-life rounds of every night-club voyager, and it is most frequently the last stopping place.

Certainly it was all of that for Alan Hughes. It was a habit, a port of call to which instinct guided him. He knew the bartenders, the headwaiters, the lesser functionaries, the cigarette and hat-check girls, and a large percentage of the guests who were socially genuine rather than merely pretentious. He claimed to have been one of the discoverers of the Tunisia, and certainly his loyalty to the place—and his enjoyment of it—had been unswerving.

Tonight he drifted in, tossed evening coat and hat and silver-headed cane to the girl behind the checkroom barrier, and moved into the supper room, nodding to innumerable guests and employees, and eventually being hailed by a rather pleasantly husky feminine voice that said, "Hi, Wonderboy!"

"Angel!" Alan grinned, dropped into the vacant place next to her, and said, "Imagine seeing you here."

"Imagine seeing me anywhere else."

"It's impossible. Let's start over." He observed the two highball glasses, the many cigarette stubs. "Who's the lucky gent?"

"One guess, and you'll be right."

"Gene Lyons?"

"Gene himself. He's over yonder at the bar, talking to one of his young men."

"From the escort bureau?"

"Yeh. You know, it's funny about Gene. He's what he is, which means he knows the score at all times, but he rides herd on his escorts and forces them to live . . ."

"In monastic simplicity."

"Whatever that means, it sounds right. What I mean is, he's giving that kid hell for being here. They're supposed to visit places like this when they're working, but never just for pleasure." She laughed. "It's funny—really."

"Gene harping on respectability, you mean?"

"Sure. He's never pretended to be a lily. This bureau of his is the first hundred per cent up-and-up proposition he's ever had; it's making dough and Gene is too smart to let it slip."

He said, "I like Gene." And he smiled. "So do you, don't you?"

"Little boys mustn't ask questions. Sure, I like him. He's a right guy. Whenever I feel an attack of acute starvation coming on, it's Gene who snaps me out of it. And, Mister Hughes—not changing the subject—how's matrimony?"

"Tops. I'm having fun."

"Doing what?"

"Same things I've always done. Take a look at me now."

"I'm looking." Her face was grave. "One month of it, Alan—and it hasn't left a scar. You're still Public Playboy Number One, and no questions asked. How do you do it?"

"Perseverance. Grim attention to the little things of life. Arduous study . . . and because Judith is a grand gal."

She said, "If I was married to you, I'd keep you curbed."

"You know me better than she does," he replied.

"You mean she just doesn't give a damn?"

"You talk so profane."

"Sorry. Count on Miss Fremont to stick her chin out. From now on, I shall mind my own business—sometimes."

"The important point is that I'm free as air, life is one sweet song, I'm hither and yon—"

"Most particularly yon."

"And no matter when I get home . . . or if I don't go home at all . . . there's nothing said."

"It's whacky," stated Angel firmly, "but since it enables me to see plenty of you . . ."

"You flatter me, darling."

She tried to make her question sound casual: "You must like her pretty well, don't you?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"Don't you ever go out with her?" she asked.

"Naturally. And we get domestic as hell sometimes. Have dinner company and everything."

"They tell me—"

Alan put his forefinger under her chin. "Naughty, naughty! You're going to say that she goes out, too . . . with other men . . . and is that okay with me? And here you just promised to mind your own business."

"Okay, mister." She smiled. "Some day I'll make up my mind whether you're smart or dumb. Right now I've only got a hunch."

"I won't ask," stated Alan. "I hate insults."

GENE LYONS turned from the bar and walked toward them. Men nodded as he passed, and women smiled. They usually smiled at Gene. He was tall and broad and insolently handsome. He was confident and picturesque and intensely masculine. His face was dark to the point of swarthiness, his hair and eyes black, his evening clothes almost too perfectly tailored. And his voice, as he pulled up another chair and said, "'Lo, Alan," was gentle and soft.

Alan jerked his head toward the bar. "The kid seemed dejected."

"He'll be out on his ear if he doesn't watch his step."

"Just coming here: Was that his only offense?"

"Yep. Gives the bureau a bad name. If a client wants him to bring her here—that's okay. But not for pleasure."

"You're a changed man, Gene."

"I play one game at a time. My ace in the hole with this bureau is respectability, and I'll get it if I have to break somebody's neck." He changed the subject. "Drink?"

"Scotch. Angel's been asking questions."

"She usually does. But I never answer."

"Alan doesn't either," stated Angel. "What do you two lugs think I am—a phonograph?"

"Maybe. I wouldn't be knowing."

The waiter brought Alan's drink. Angel said, "Don't look now, but there's an inebriated gent across the room giving me the evil eye."

"Don't blame him," said Gene. He touched her arm. "I like that dress."

"We're unanimous," said Alan. He cast an approving glance at the sapphire evening gown Angel was wearing. He said, "A chap doesn't have to bother wondering."

"Cost sixteen ninety-five," explained Angel. "So they weren't wasting any material."

"And they were particular where not to waste it."

"I've got a hunch," laughed Angel, "that I'm being complimented. It's worth all the bread and potatoes I haven't eaten for six months."

GENE LYONS directed his attention to Alan. He said, "Saw a friend of yours today."

"Who?"

"Joe Carter."

"What's he doing?"

"Nothing . . . and lots of it. He's on the skids."

"So what?"

"Answer me this, Alan—are you a brave man or a damned fool?"

"Neither. A month ago I was scared green. I cut corners wide and walked with my guard up. Naturally, when nothing happened, I commenced to relax."

"Well . . . don't."

"Why? It's nothing in Joe Carter's pocket if he takes a poke at me."

"A man like Joe Carter," explained Lyons, "doesn't always care most about money. He's all washed up, and he knows it. He blames it on you. Hanging one on you would bring him a lot of pleasure."

"I wasn't running a crooked wheel. He was."

"You spilled the beans. At first he wasn't sure how bad they were spilled. Since then he's been trying to get a job . . . the only kind of a job he knows. There isn't a gambling house in the country that'll even talk to him. He's been ruled off for life, and about the only fun left to him would be to square things with the guy who did it."

Angel's eyes were wide with apprehension. She covered Alan's hand with hers, and said, "Gene doesn't scare easy. And he's worried about this setup."

"I think he's nuts."

"He knows Joe Carter," explained Angel. "Doesn't that mean something?"

Alan shrugged and spread his hands. "I'm fed up with being scared. It's no fun, so I simply decided I wasn't going to play that way any more. Besides, if Brother Carter wants to do things, what's my move? What can I do to prevent?"

Angel turned to Lyons. "Can you tie this lad for dumbness, Gene? He thinks you're exaggerating."

"Who says he thinks at all?"

"If Carter puts the clutch on him, he'll go down still saying it ain't true."

Alan was laughing. "Nice act," he said. "You're booked. But I can take ribbing as well as the next."

"It's your funeral, kid," said Gene Lyons. "All I can do is send your favorite flowers."

"You know it isn't that serious."

"What makes you think that, Smart Guy? And don't tell me that this is 1938. I've got a calendar."

"I don't believe I'll ever hear from the man again."

"You probably didn't believe there was a Santa Claus when you were a kid, either."

"I did. But believing in Santa Claus was fun. This isn't."

"I can give you advice. Not brains."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Be careful. At all times."

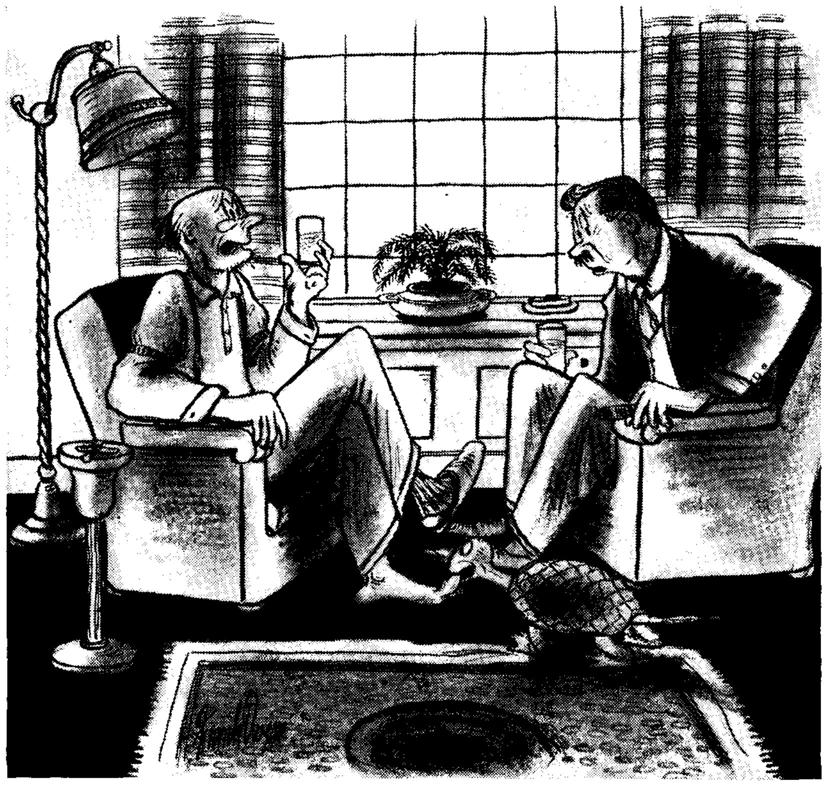
"I still don't see why."

"I'll tell you why." Gene Lyons leaned across the table, and his eyes blazed into Alan's. "It's because this guy Carter ain't only big: he's tough, too. And he's desperate."

"So . . . ?"

"So the first good, square chance he gets, Alan—if you're not careful—he's going to pin your ears back."

(To be continued next week)



"It's a long story, but I'll start from the beginning. Once when I was a boy, I went wading . . ." FRANK OWEN

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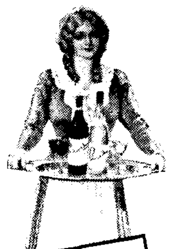

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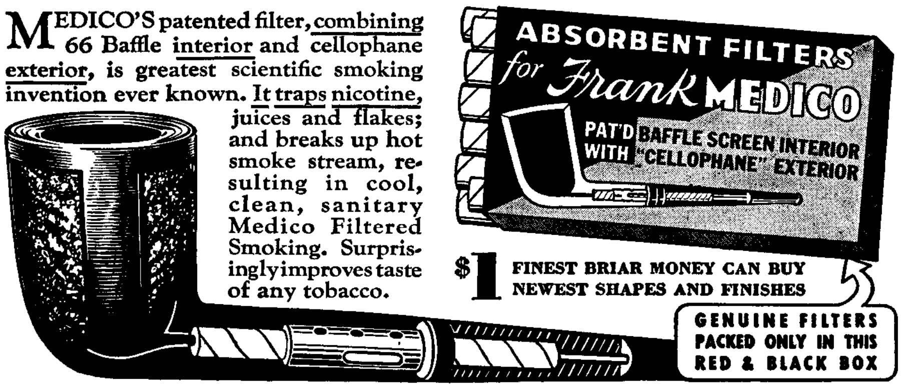
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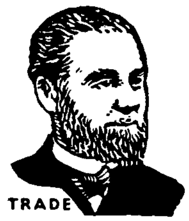

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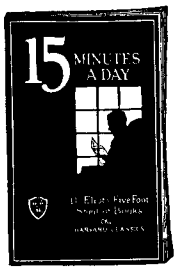

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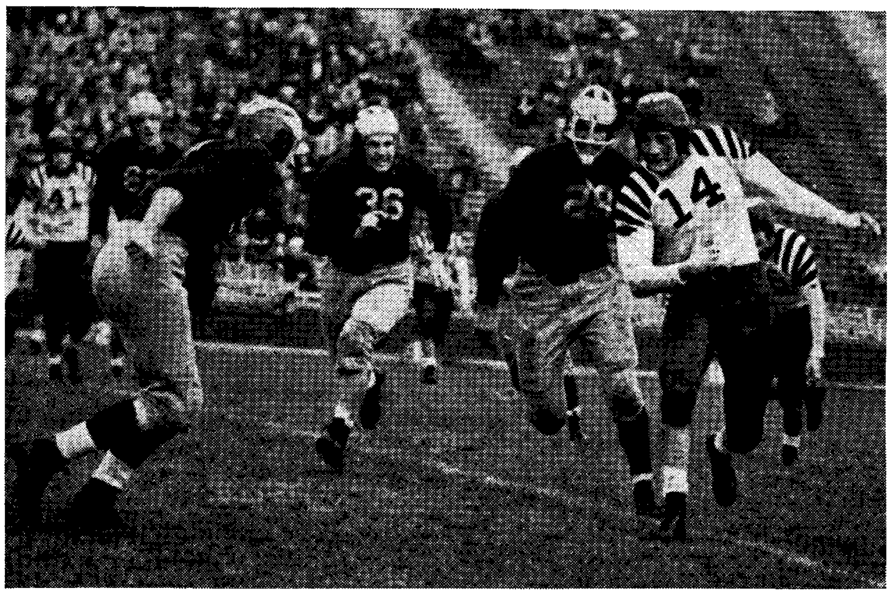


Guard Ralph Heikkinen's (No. 36, above) major subject at Michigan is Economics. He writes excellent poetry. His ambition: public office, after law course to be financed by coaching or pro football. He was Upper Michigan campaign manager for successful candidate for governor in recent election. Above, the Michigan-Chicago game

The All-America Football Team

Continued from page 14

Tackles

Berezney, Fordham
Delaney, Holy Cross
Stella, Army

Guards

Rieth, Carnegie Tech
Raskowski, Pittsburgh
Schwortzer, Boston College
Zitrides, Dartmouth
Petro, Pittsburgh

Centers

Gibson, Dartmouth
Gabrinski, Duquesne
Platt, Yale

Backs

Stebbins, Pittsburgh
McLaughry, Brown
Osmanski, Holy Cross
Condit, Carnegie Tech
Cahill, Holy Cross
O'Rourke, Boston College
Pattengill, Amherst
Muha, Carnegie Tech
Boell, New York University
Luckman, Columbia
Wilson, Harvard
Peck, Cornell
Macdonald, Harvard
Hutchinson, Dartmouth
Hall, Brown
McLean, St. Anselm's
Sidat-Singh, Syracuse

SOUTH

Ends

Kavanaugh, L. S. U.
Wenzel, Tulane
Goins, Clemson
Masters, Newberry College

Tackles

Gatto, L. S. U.
Friend, L. S. U.
Miller, Tulane
Davis, Alabama
Maronic, North Carolina
Coon, North Carolina State
Russell, Auburn

Guards

Suffridge, Tennessee
Yorke, Duke
J. Payne, Clemson
Molinski, Tennessee
Anderson, Georgia Tech
Smith, L. S. U.

Centers

Hill, Duke
Lumpkin, Georgia
Chivington, Georgia Tech
Smith, Tulane

Backs

Cafego, Tennessee
Brunner, Tulane
Shu, V. M. I.
Booth, L. S. U.
Mosley, Alabama
L. Bryant, Clemson
German, Centre
Willis, Clemson
Coffman, Tennessee
O'Mara, Duke
Abel, Southwestern Louisiana Inst.
Hall, Mississippi
Tipton, Duke
Smith, Southwestern (Tenn.)
Marshall, Vanderbilt
Zoeller, Kentucky
Dunn, Univ. of Miami
Foxx, Tennessee
Holm, Alabama
Huggins, Vanderbilt
Fordham, Georgia

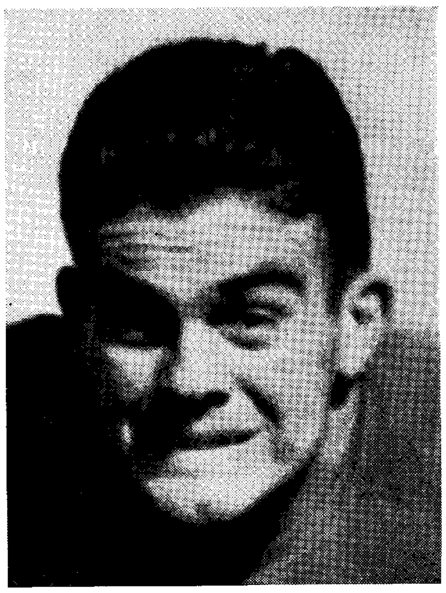
MISSOURI VALLEY AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Ends—None

Tackles

Duggan, Oklahoma

Guard A. Sidney Roth majors in History at Cornell. He is a varsity lacrosse player and was a champion swimmer as a boy. He is an accomplished pianist. His hobby is sailing his own 22-foot sloop. Not interested in pro football but will join relative in photoengraving business after graduation



End Bowden Wyatt of Tennessee is a Physical Education student with an excellent scholastic record. He is considered the handsomest man on the campus and is an outstanding student leader. His hobbies are hunting and fishing. He hopes to coach a college team and not play pro football

COUGHS!

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

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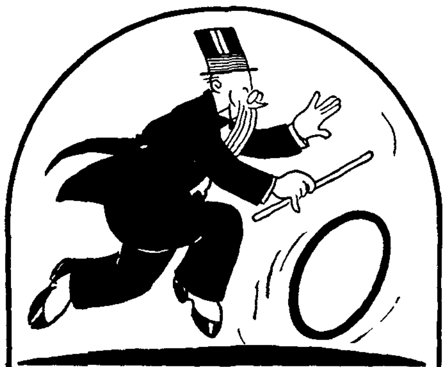

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Do you look like a "forty-niner?" Ingram's shaves are closer, finer!
—ELVA A. HARRIS, CALIF.

THE THRIFTIEST PINCH of Ingram's foams up into billowing brushfuls of luxury lather. And it's cool, Cool, COOL! Get economical Ingram's at your druggist's today.

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Tackle Ed Beinor of Notre Dame is a Commerce student, plans a postgraduate law course. Has no intention at present of coaching or playing professional football after graduation

Guards

Bock, Iowa State
Anderson, Kansas

Centers

Brock, Nebraska
Warren, Kansas
Kinnison, Missouri

Backs

McCullough, Oklahoma
Christman, Missouri
Manders, Drake
Kischer, Iowa State
Fleming, Creighton
Pollard, North Dakota

SOUTHWEST

Ends

Dewell, S. M. U.
Boyd, Baylor

Tackles

Hale, T. C. U.
Murphy, Texas Tech
Boyd, Texas A. & M.

Guards and Centers—None

Backs

Todd, Texas A. & M.
Whitehurst, Centenary
Tarbox, Texas Tech
Patterson, Baylor
Cordill, Rice
Tully, East Texas State

MIDDLE WEST

Ends

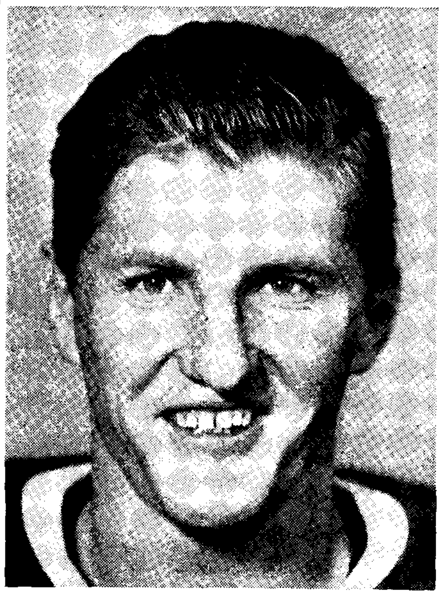
Brown, Notre Dame
Mariucci, Minnesota

Tackles

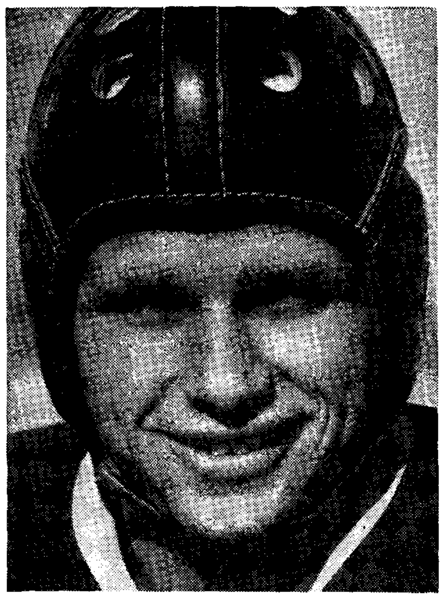
Voigts, Northwestern
Schoenbaum, Ohio State
Siegel, Michigan

Guards

Twedell, Minnesota



Center Ki Aldrich is majoring in Physical Education at T. C. U. and hopes some day to join the ranks of the great coaches of major football teams. He would prefer a job on the coaching staff of his Alma Mater as a starter. Present plans call for a year or two of pro football if a good offer comes along



Quarterback David O'Brien of Texas Christian is majoring in Geology and hopes after graduation to become a geologist for a major oil company. He will not play pro football

Centers

Haman, Northwestern
Kodros, Michigan
McDonald, Illinois

Backs

Weiss, Wisconsin
W. Moore, Minnesota
Kromer, Michigan
Langhurst, Ohio State
Brock, Purdue
Peterson, Illinois
Saggau, Notre Dame
Pingel, Michigan State
Jefferson, Northwestern
Kabealo, Ohio State
Byelene, Purdue
Sheridan, Notre Dame
Zontini, Notre Dame
Harmon, Michigan

FAR WEST

Ends

Fisk, So. California
Anahu, Santa Clara
McDowell, Washington
Krueger, So. California

Tackles

Wolff, Santa Clara
Claxton, Whittier
deVarona, California

Guards

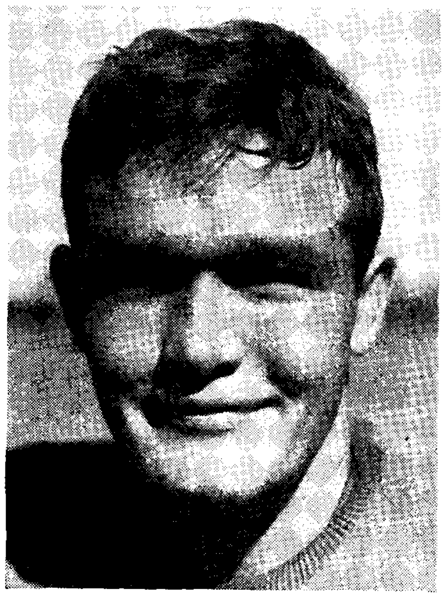
Smith, So. California
Hutchins, Oregon State
Slivinski, Washington
Means, Washington
Clarke, Santa Clara

Centers

Calvelli, Stanford
Dowd, St. Mary's
Ryland, U. C. L. A.
Schiechl, Santa Clara

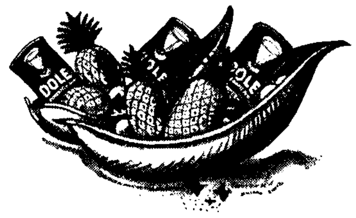
Backs

Dave Anderson, California
Lansdell, So. California
Hoffman, So. California
Kisselburgh, Oregon St.
Merritt, Pomona
Washington, U. C. L. A.
Heffernan, St. Mary's
Johnston, Washington



End Roland Young of Oklahoma studies Arts and Sciences, majoring in Geology. Is considered best college wrestler for his weight, and hopes to make Olympic wrestling team. May try pro football after graduation. Hopes to travel, particularly in South America, in search of adventure

Millard Sheets, noted American painter, pictures the century-old hospitality of friendly Hawaii—when natives greeted visitors from across the sea with luscious fruits.



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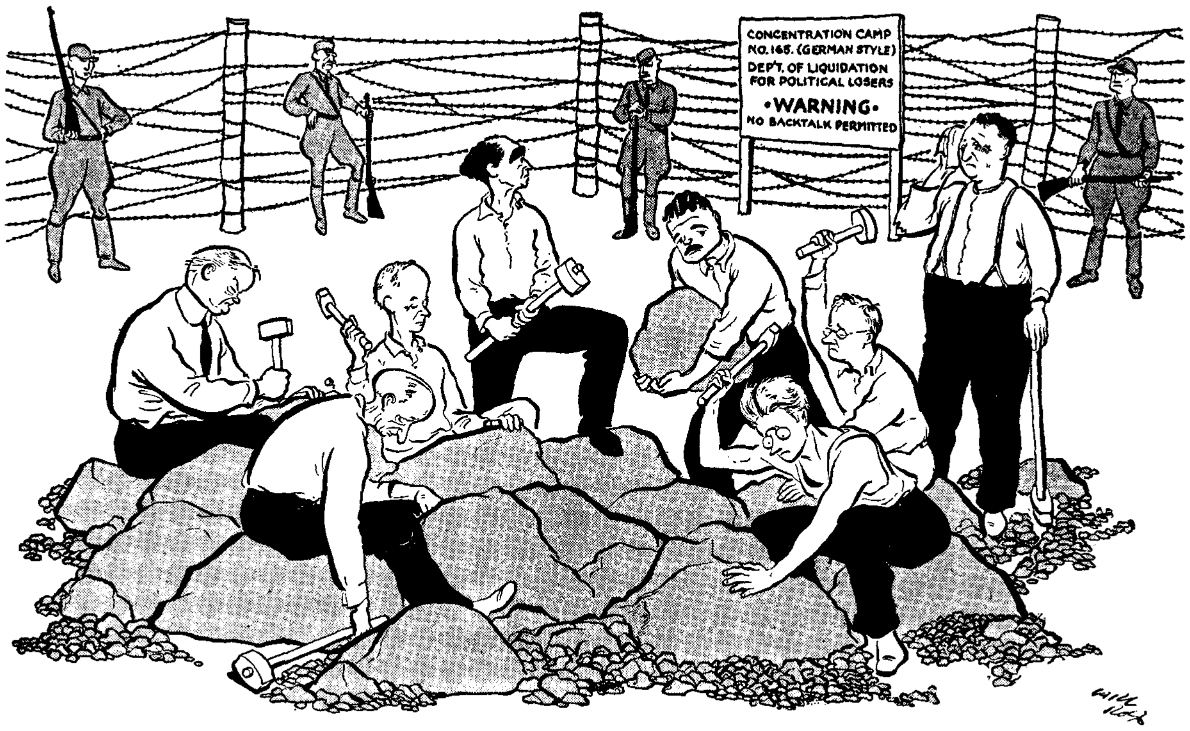


Technique of Tyranny

THIS news story, recently sent out by the United Press, almost writes its own editorial:

> THAELMANN NOW A GARDENER
>
> GERMAN RED LEADER TRAINED IN NAZI PRISON ESTATE
>
> Berlin, Nov. 4 (UP).—Ernst Thaelmann, pre-Hitler leader of the German Communists, has become a trained gardener, friends said today.
>
> Thaelmann was transferred fourteen months ago from the Moabit Prison in Berlin to an estate near Hanover, where persons under semipermanent protective arrest are occupied in agriculture.
>
> A person who had seen Thaelmann said he was now "boss instructor" of thirty men. He seldom speaks, and has come to believe that he will never be a free man.

That's how political scores are settled in the dictator countries.

Ernst Thaelmann, before Adolf Hitler won the last genuine German election in March, 1933, was the leader of a legally constituted German political party. He was comparable to Alfred M. Landon, Earl Browder, President Roosevelt or Norman Thomas in this country today. After Hitler came to power—well, the clipping tells that story. And if Thaelmann's Reds instead of Hitler's Brown Shirts had won that German election, Hitler would now be jailed or dead and Thaelmann would be swanking around and terrorizing the German people like a German edition of Josef Stalin.

Suppose we liquidated political disagreements in dictatorship fashion. Al Smith would have been breaking rocks these ten years in Leavenworth or Atlanta for having presumed to run against Herbert Hoover in 1928. Mr. Hoover would have gone to join Al Smith on the rock pile in March, 1933, for not having defeated Mr. Roosevelt. A richly assorted delegation of politicians would be just getting shaken down to prison and concentration-camp routines at this moment for coming out second best in last month's elections—Thomas E. Dewey, John J. O'Connor, Gov. Wilbur Cross of Connecticut, Gov. Elmer E. Benson of Minnesota, Gov. Philip LaFollette of Wisconsin, Gov. George Earle of Pennsylvania, Senator George McGill of Kansas, Gov. Frank Murphy of Michigan, Gov. F. F. Merriam of California, and all the instigators of the defeated California $30-a-week "scrip tease" pension plan.

Pleasurable as it would be to see an occasional politician Alcatrazed, to make a custom of jailing or killing off political losers can only injure the nation that does it. It stifles opposition, and so it cuts off the free interchange of ideas which alone can keep a nation mentally and spiritually up on its toes.

Tyranny paralyzes a nation, literally, from the neck up. We cannot help believing that that paralysis eventually spreads downward, too. Indeed, Russia has already given evidences of general paralysis, by taking repeated insults from Japan and by failing to make good on all those dire threats about what Russia would do if Hitler should lift a finger against Czechoslovakia.

Democracy vitalizes a nation, and keeps it alive. We may be a bit shaky economically just now; but at least we're all free to think as we choose about our condition, and to try to do something about it. We don't have to wait for instructions from some supergangster installed by force in the White House, then all bow our heads and intone that the great man can't be wrong.

The more you look around at what goes on in various other countries, the plainer it becomes that our constitutional guarantees of free speech, free press, free religion and free assemblage are not mere pious phrases poured on paper by some fusty old-timers about six generations back. Those guarantees are the dynamos and the life-giving currents that keep the whole mighty American engine in operation.

Generosity Pays

SOME passages from a recent speech by Secretary of State Cordell Hull go on ringing in our minds:

"While excessive barriers of trade continue to weigh heavily upon international commerce, the major part of world trade is still carried on by countries which are not attempting to be self-contained regardless of cost. Only a few countries proclaim the attainment of autarchy as their avowed purpose. The striking paradox is that in their attempts to find foreign markets and sources of materials indispensable to their national existence, such countries employ methods of forced and artificial stimulation which inescapably prevent trade from making its full contribution even to their own well-being and economic stability. . . . Trade methods of this type steadily exhaust the countries which practice them, and arouse ever more intense resistance and retaliation on the part of other countries."

It sounds logical and it cheers us up a good deal, after all we've heard about how Germany and Italy and a few other less important countries are determined to become sufficient unto themselves with the rest of the world well lost. That is what "autarchy" means.

These attempts at autarchy remind us of unfriendly, selfish and self-centered people—people who overconserve energy, time, money. The trouble with most of such people is that they are instinctively afraid of life and the world. They are introverts—and their introversion hurts nobody so much as it hurts themselves. The same seems to be true of nations. To get, you have to give.

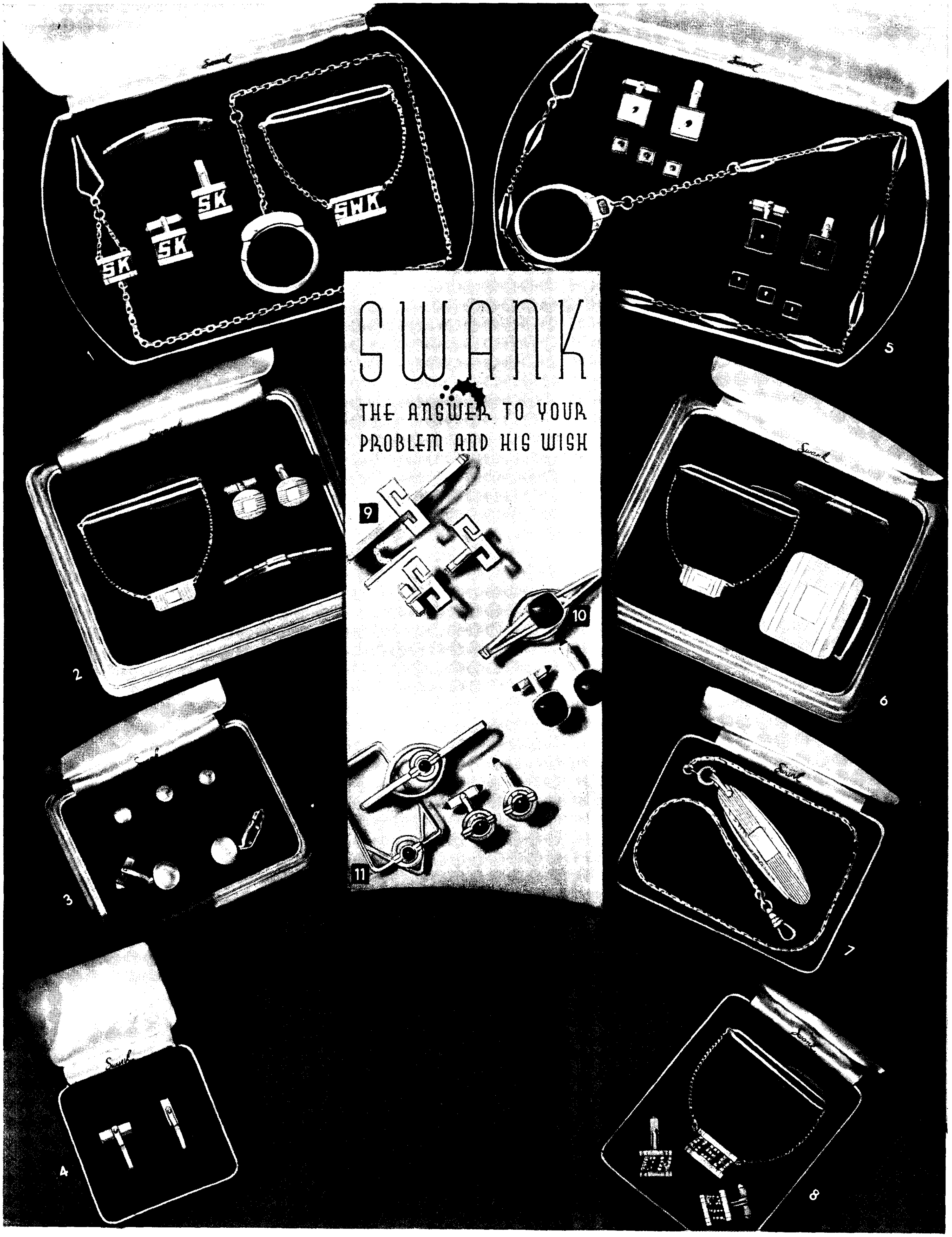
Not that you have to give away all your substance or large chunks of your soul. The person who does that is usually just another introvert, whose fear of life impels him to try to buy mercy from life by giving too much.

As for the forced-export, surplus-dumping schemes indulged in by the nations Secretary Hull speaks of, they remind us of nothing so much as the "You'll buy my beer and like it" practices of the prohibition-era gangsters. Those gents finally got what they had been asking for. The rest of us eventually ganged up on them via repeal and the G-men, and their game is now pretty well shot.

What we've been working around to saying is this: That for all the tall talk of rulers now striving for autarchy, perhaps Americans have been using the highest common sense all these generations by refusing to be that way. We haven't been overanxious to hold world monopolies on our inventions or improvements; we've been willing to swap ideas with anybody. Our business people have been willing to trade anywhere—and to let the people at the other end of the deal profit, too. Americans generally have been friendly and openhearted toward the rest of the world.

Maybe we'd better go on being like that. Believers in national self-centeredness—autarchy—make impressive speeches, especially when they are talking about how happy the autarchy nations are going to be in some diamond-studded future. Just now, though, the people in the would-be autarchies are tightening their belts and being told they like it, while we still have more necessities and luxuries per capita than can be boasted of in any other country.

Until and unless the would-be autarchies outstrip us in this matter of high-average living standards (the acid test, we believe, of any country's policies), let's just go on practicing our traditional American philosophy of live and let live.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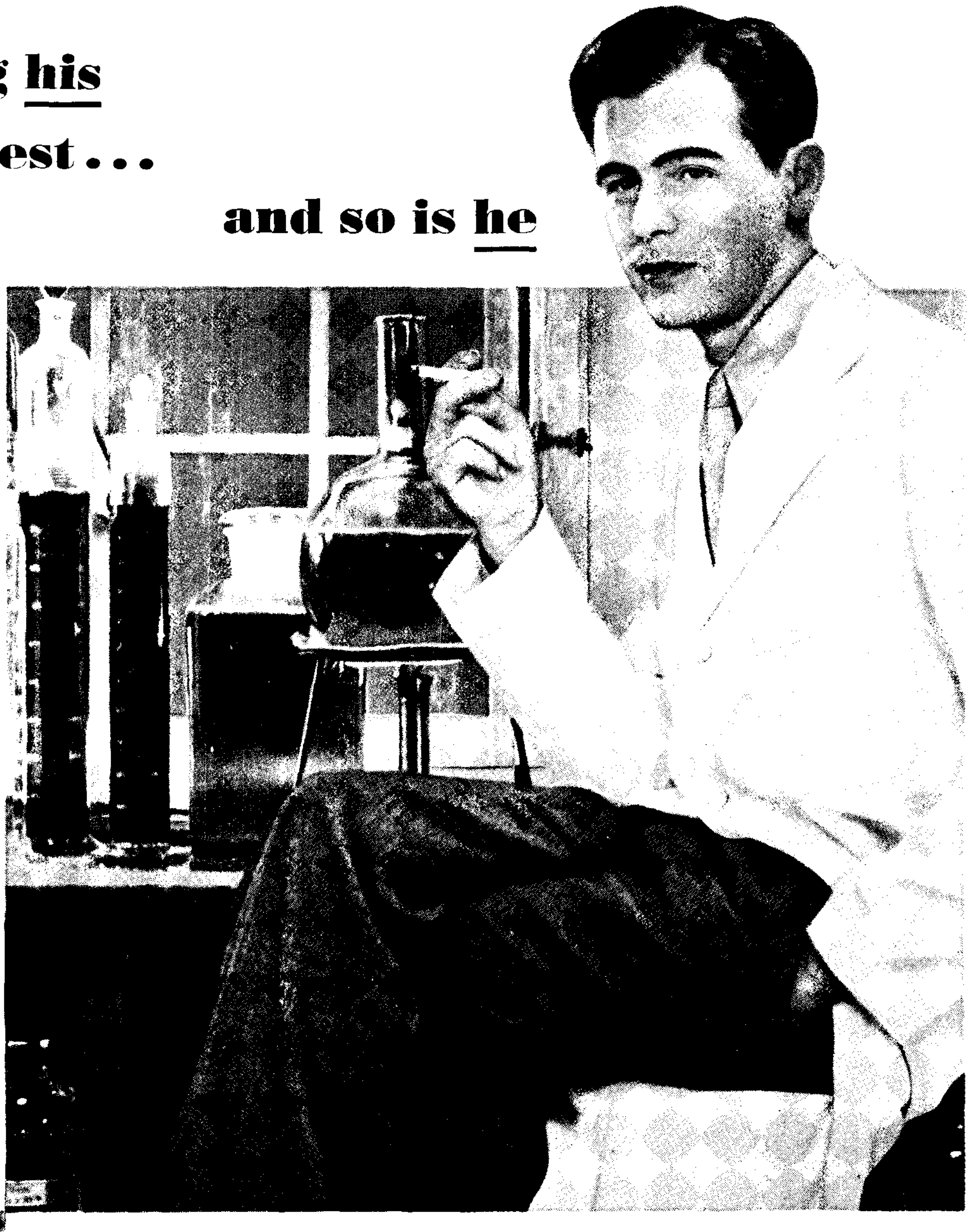
High tension times are hard on nerves

BEAGLE HOUND—English fox-hound in miniature. Solid and big for his inches, true beagle has the long-wearing look of the hound that can last in the chase. One of the oldest breeds in history—close to the original breed of hounds. U.S. standards specify 15 inches maximum height—any true hound color acceptable.

He's giving his nerves a rest... and so is he

A DOG'S nervous system is just as complex as your own. His reactions are lightning-quick. But when his nerves need a rest, he understands that it's time to stop and relax. We, being human, often neglect to give our nerves protective rest periods. We keep going—often pressing on hour after hour, heedless of nerve tension. Take a lesson from the dog's instinct for protection. Ease up—rest your nerves. Let up—light up a Camel. Keeping Camels at hand provides a delightfully pleasant way of giving your nerves a rest. Often through the day, enjoy the mildness of Camels—the rich flavor of their ripe, expensive tobaccos. Smokers find Camel's *costlier* tobaccos so soothing to the nerves.



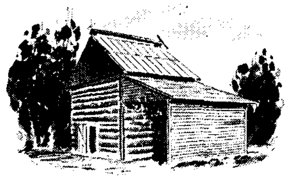
People who know the sheer joy of an active, effective life say:

"Let up—Light up a Camel!"

COVERING TRIALS, ACCIDENTS, sports puts a big strain on the nerves of crack Western Union telegrapher, George Errickson. "I avoid getting my nerves tense, upset," says operator Errickson. "I make sure to ease off frequently, to give my nerves a welcome rest. I let up and light up a Camel."

IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO, Leila Denis and her explorer husband filmed Universal Pictures' epic, "Dark Rapture." Camels were an important item in Mrs. Denis' 42,000-mile trek. She says: "Such ventures can be quite nerve-straining, but it's my rule to pause frequently. I let up and light up a Camel. Camels are so soothing."

DID YOU KNOW:



—that tobacco is dried for the market, or "cured" by several general methods—which include air-cured and flue-cured? Not all cigarettes can be made from the choicest grade tobacco—there isn't enough of it available! Therefore, it is important to know that Camel cigarettes are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.

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Let up—*Light up a Camel*

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves